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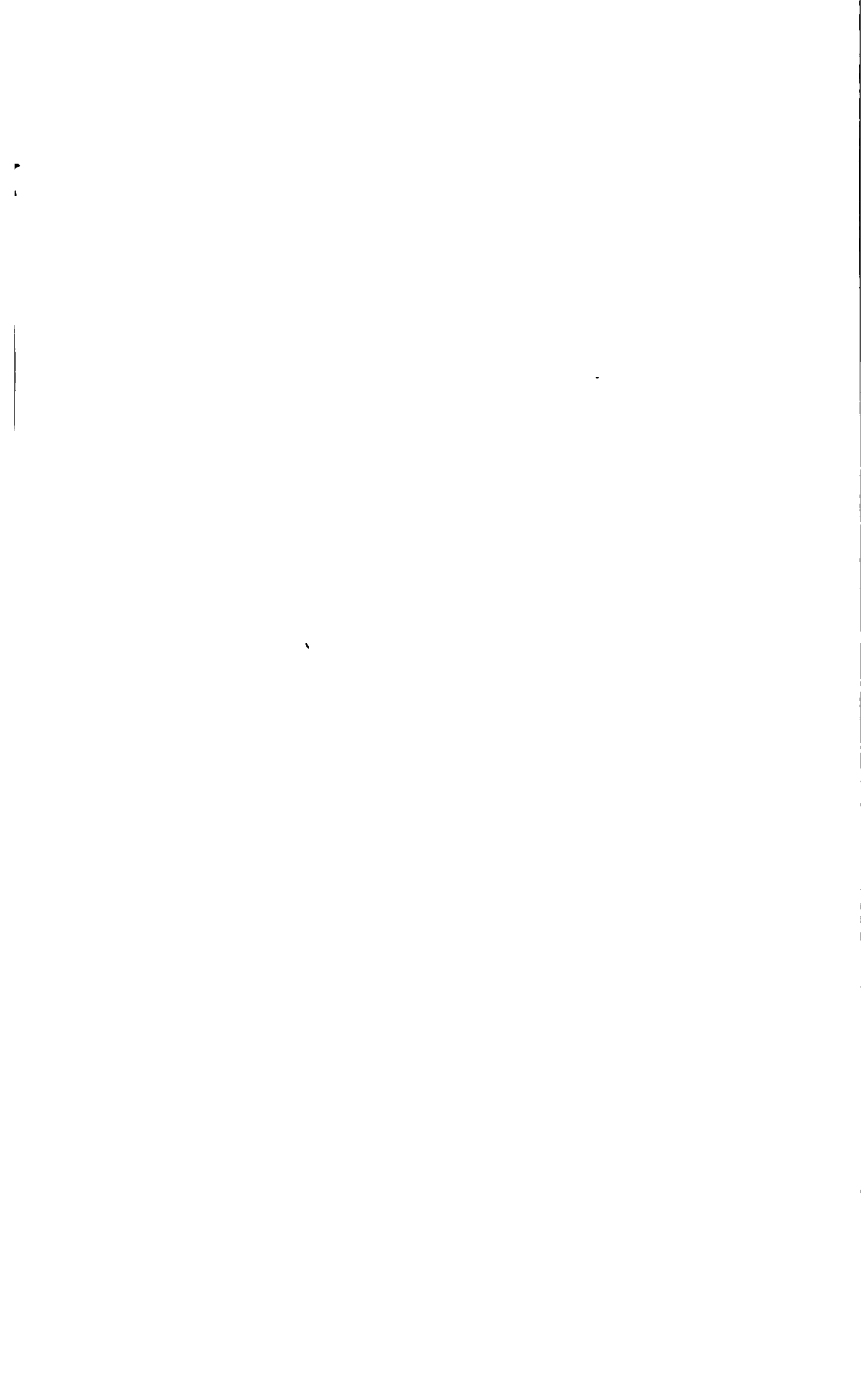


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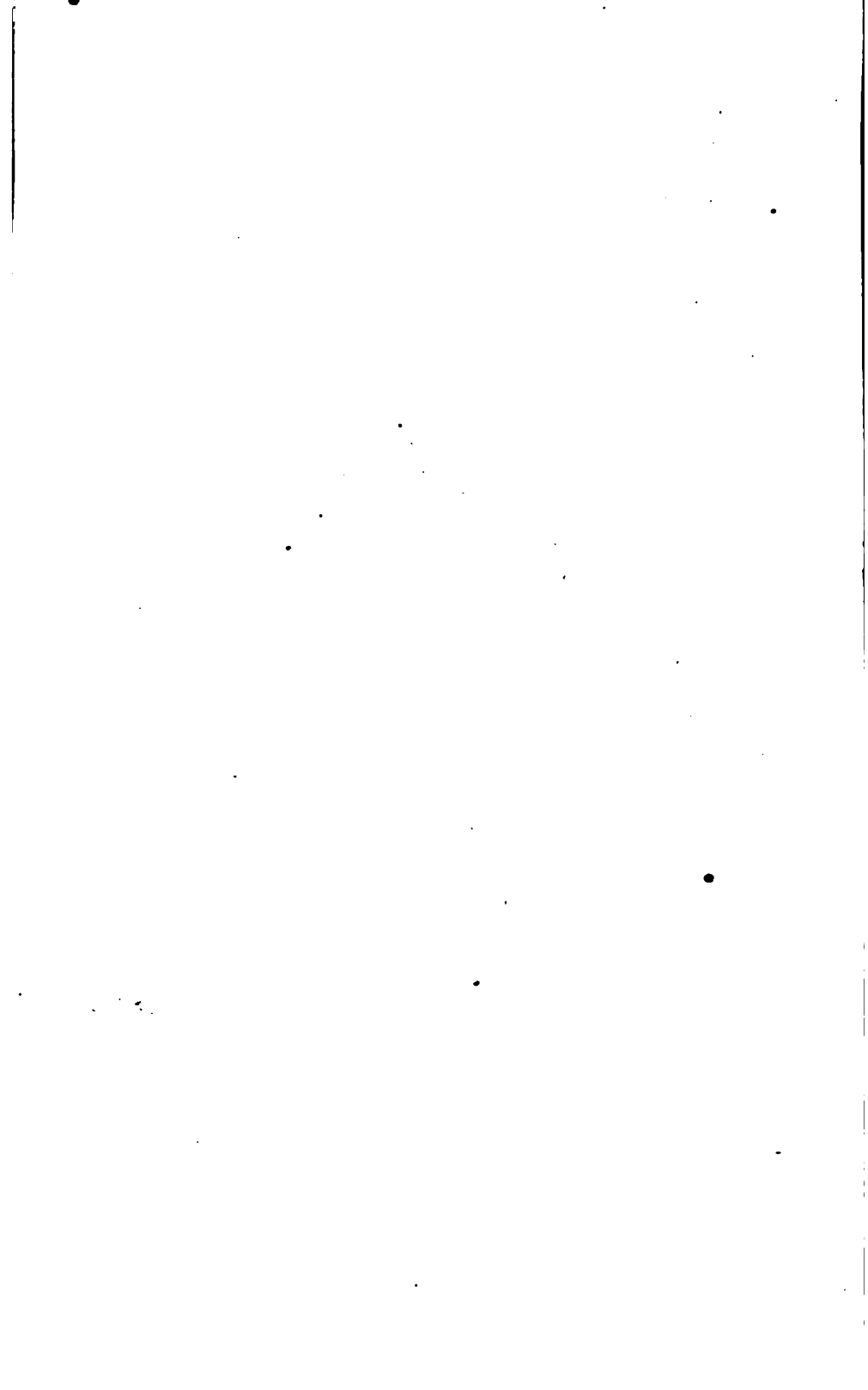
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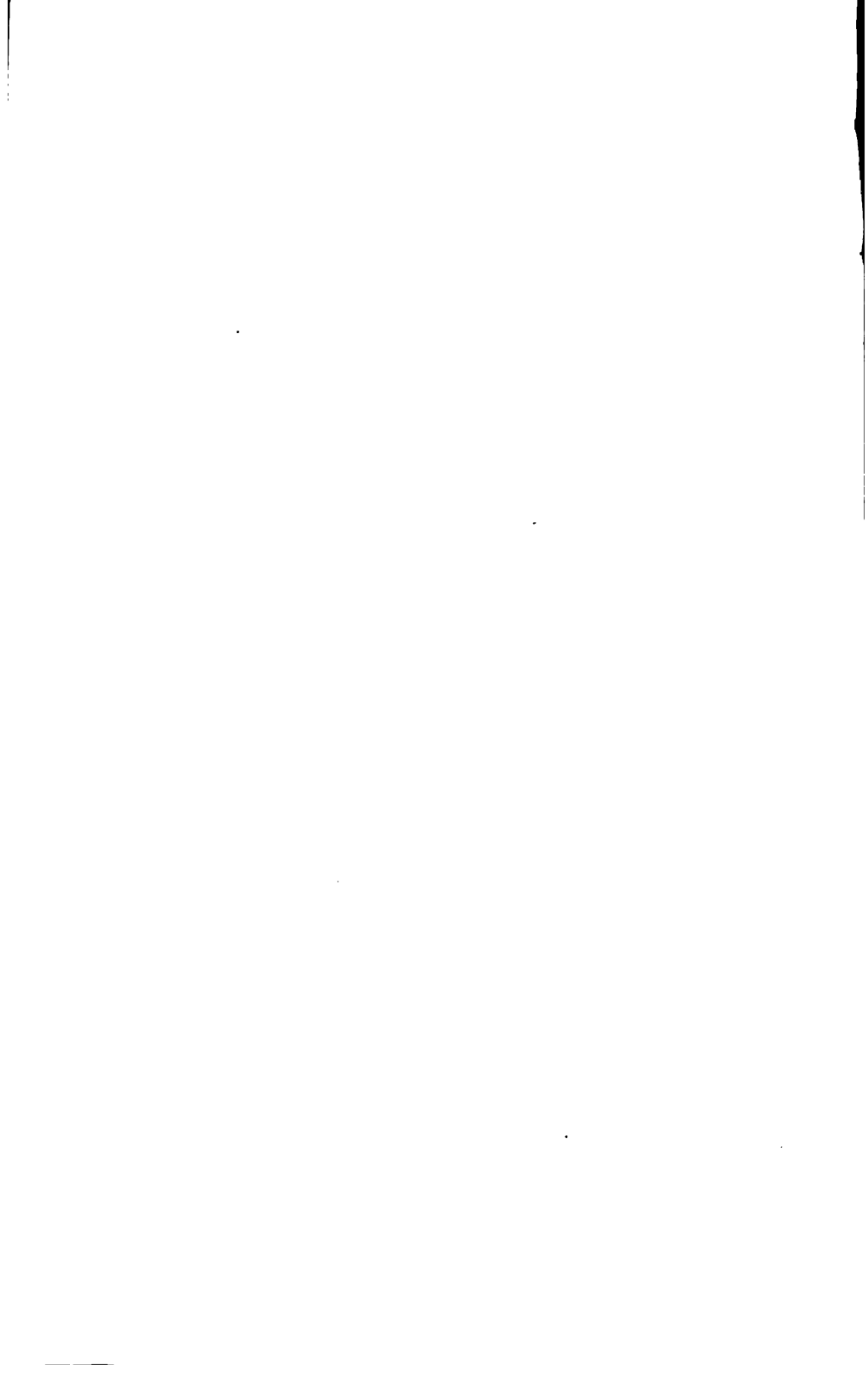
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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVI.

JULY, 1845.

No. 1.

THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

A GLANCE AT THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE, WITH A NOTICE OF A FEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

—
BY THOMAS W. STORROW.
—

THE literature of France was in a languishing state at the commencement of the eighteenth century. The numerous wars and extravagant expenses within the kingdom of Louis XIV., had exhausted the resources of the country. Louis ruled with an iron sway the nobles, the men of letters and the people. The men of letters had vigor within them, but were afraid to make it manifest, and this repression was as much the work of the priesthood as of the king. The latter would not allow his acts to be scrutinized, the former would not allow their power to be called into question, or religious dogmas to be openly discussed. As Louis advanced in age, the vain-glory of the nation had nothing more to feed upon. His people yielded implicit obedience, but withheld their respect. The finances were in disorder; the people were oppressed; the courtiers were tired, and wanted change; the men of letters sighed for freedom of thought. The morals of the higher classes were corrupt; they had no serious occupation for the mind. The external manners of the king and his immediate dependants were correct, but he violated his own laws by living with mistresses and openly acknowledging his illegitimate children; and to show a regard for religion, persecuted the Protestants with every mark of cruelty.

Before the king all bowed, but all around him, without his sight, was disorder. Manners were dissolute and religion ridiculed. Like the king himself, people observed forms, but they sneered at the substance. They doubted first, then denied, and in this state of distraction, moral, political and religious, the nation was handed over to the profligate regent, the Duke of Orleans. The almost perfect virtue of Fenelon and the persuasive eloquence of Massillon could not arrest the course of public degradation. Even under the eye of a despot, their love of virtue overcame the natural gentleness of their characters and they dared

to assert the rights of the people. While they inculcated submission, they reminded the prince that to merit obedience, he should be kind to his subjects. These distinguished prelates seemed to perceive the abyss France was approaching, and that the arbitrary will of the monarch, with the prevalence of harsh and unequal laws, must end in the ruin of the State. They were in advance of the times, and a haughty monarch, surrounded by flatterers, spurned at being lectured by a couple of priests. They were treated with coldness; their admonitions were regarded as presumptuous interference with matters beyond their knowledge, and one was sent into exile. At this time one, who kept himself retired in his closet, ROLLIN, wrote his 'Ancient History' and 'Cours de Belles Lettres;' works which were much prized at the time, and continued long as guides to English students, till their place was supplied by others better adapted to the improved state of the age. The drama at this period ventured to speak out, and was listened to with public favor, because the imagination was sufficiently charmed to hide the censure that lurked beneath. REGNARD DANCOURT, and others, represented, under various forms, the corrupt condition of morals and manners.

Protestant writers, driven out of France, wrote with boldness so soon as they breathed a freer air; and BOYLE came in time to supply new weapons to those who were already disposed to doubt. Notwithstanding the existence, in Boyle's works, of many things our education and habits of thinking must make us condemn, yet it must be admitted that they contain a treasure of knowledge which with becoming reserve we may resort to with profit. His doubts are those of a learned man; they teach a habit of reflection, and those who reflect are least in danger of being misled.

CRÉBILLON had much deserved reputation as a writer of tragedy, which he retained till the master spirit, Voltaire, threw him into the shade. Still many of his plays may be read with pleasure, even at the present day.

J. B. ROUSSEAU was the only lyric poet worthy of mention. He was chiefly a writer of Odes, and those taken from the psalms are written in a language well adapted to the purpose. They would be held in higher repute if the touching simplicity of the original were not already placed before us in language we better understand. They are, however, written in a chaste style, and are well worthy of perusal. His other lyrics are to be avoided rather than read; a pretty convincing proof that his taste was not pure, inasmuch as he could compose an indecent epigram while engaged in a devotional work.

At this period arose VOLTAIRE, a genius formed to mark and almost give a name to his age. Whether his writings be of good or evil tendency, every one acquainted with the French language has read and continues to read them; and so long as the language is known will they show forth a man endowed by nature with astonishing powers, which were improved by education and long practice as an author.

It would be superfluous to enter into a critical examination of his works, so thoroughly have they been commented upon by many able hands; neither would it come within the intent of this slight sketch

of French literature to attempt so great a task. A large portion may be read with delight and profit ; certain parts (and these are too well known to require to be designated) may be passed by or shunned. As a dramatic writer he surpassed all of his time, and his tragedies are full of noble sentiments clothed in beautiful language. As a poet he gave ample proofs of inspiration. If he perverted his talents to base uses, it is to be lamented that at times he yielded to the working of an imagination which he could not always keep pure.

This remark applies with force to many of his tales, yet all are not censurable in the same degree. 'Zadig' which probably gave the first hint to the author of the serious 'Rasselas,' with a few others, are highly entertaining and may be read without danger of producing evil effect. His attacks on religion have done much less harm than many people imagine. It is a subject he knew little about, and did not incline to study ; hence he never reasons, but exercises his wit to ridicule what he thought was amiss, or what he did not comprehend. He lived surrounded by a corrupt people, with a religion debased by forms, dispensed by a dissolute clergy ; and without looking beyond the surface, sought to hold up the system to scorn when he should have turned his censure against those who administered it.

As a historian, Voltaire has little reputation. He was too much of a poet, and too vivacious, to set himself down to the serious labor required of a writer of history. His 'Charles Twelfth' is an agreeable piece of biography and the 'Siecle de Louis Fourteenth' is an historical essay rather than a history. Both will long be read with pleasure. The style is easy and full of animation. The latter, by the form in which it is written, has found favor with the English, and served as a model for the historical writings of this more sedate people.

The writers of this period took their tone from the spirit of the age, which was becoming inquisitive ; thought was beginning to expand, notwithstanding the trammels under which it still was kept down ; and men of letters were not exempt from that which all around them was full of ; neither would their works have found favor, had they not conformed to the new state of the public mind. This may account for the grave MONTESQUIEU commencing his career with a gay production. His 'Lettres Persanes' were the precursors of his fame, and contain covert attacks on religion such as his predecessor Voltaire is condemned for making openly.

Here may find place, a remark which applies to these and other works of the same nature, written at the time. They were regarded as attacks upon religion, when in many cases they were little more than the judgments and opinions expressed by men of letters, not merely on dogmas, but more especially on forms and the character of the priesthood. In Montesquieu's time theological disputes ran high. Voltaire before him, he himself and D'Alembert after him, might without being obnoxious to the charge of absolute irreligion, be fully justified in holding up to derision these harmful controversies which brought true religion into disrepute. Montesquieu's attacks made a greater impression than those of Voltaire, he being a more profound thinker and more capable of the labor of research ; yet he may be believed to have pos-

essed purer intentions than his predecessor. 'L'Esprit des Loix' is a noble work, though it contains many paradoxes. The author sought to discover how far positive laws depend upon the habits of people; upon the form of government, historical events, and many other circumstances which enter into the formation of a nation. In the whole work he shows a strong love of justice and hatred of despotism, and marks them in his book sometimes by strength of reasoning, sometimes by a burst of honest feeling.

Notwithstanding the grave studies to which Montesquieu devoted himself, he had a lively imagination. Even in the serious works of 'L'Esprit des Loix' and 'Le Grandeur et de la Decadence des Romains,' the sprightly style of the 'Lettres Persanes' is perceptible; and while occupied in composing these solid monuments of his fame, he could leave the philosopher's chair to exercise his fancy in the beautiful romance of the 'Temple de Gnide.'

Notwithstanding the overshadowing influence of these two eminent writers, others of an inferior order held a position in public favor. The writers of comedy, DESTOUCHES and MARIVAUX, with humble pretensions obtained distinction, and their theatrical pieces are at this day held in repute by the lovers of the drama. 'Du Medisant,' 'La Fausse Agnes,' and 'Le Philosophe Marié,' of Destouches, are still performed, and always well received. At the same time, PREVOST, as a novelist, obtained many readers, who could not fail to be touched by the simplicity of his narrations; while the light and gay verses of GRESSET, more than his comedies, found admirers among those who were pleased with natural descriptions drawn in the *spiritual* tone of conversation.

Among the same class of authors LE SAGE must not be forgotten. Gil Blas, transferred into every language, and read by all who *can* read, is a work claimed by the Spaniards, who allege that none other than a native could so well depict the manners of their people. But to LE SAGE has always been given by others the merit of being its author; the French being too proud of so popular a book to admit that a writer out of France could compose so delightful a tale. Till the contested point be settled, we must yield to the one who holds possession, and this must be the Frenchman.

In the progress of time, as civilization advanced, and the number of persons without employment increased, the necessity of intellectual and literary occupation began to be felt, and the condition of men of letters improved. The fate of their works no longer depended on the caprice of the sovereign, and they acquired a position in society. Yet this position was not one to satisfy their pretensions. They felt that a higher rank was their due, and they sought by their own efforts to elevate themselves to the station which intellect has ever the right to claim. In urging this right, some of the class went farther, and endeavored to draw down those who stood above them. Still the worth of literary men became apparent; especially, when Frederick of Prussia, drew numbers of them to his court, and thus formed a society which united them in labor, and greatly increased their general influence. The motives of Frederick were doubtless the self-gratification of immediate intercourse with intellectual men, with the hope of infusing into the

people of his kingdom taste and refinement. In seeking the society of Voltaire, the most renowned sovereign of Europe placed himself on a level with the greatest literary man of the age. The gain to literature was immense. The self-love of the lettered was increased, and a new stimulus given to render themselves worthy of their elevation. Other sovereigns imitated the example, and invited men of learning to guide their councils, revise their laws, and instruct their people in arts, science and morals. They left their country to visit them in their homes or their institutions in France, to demand constitutions of government or systems of education.

Can it be wondered at that men of letters should feel proud at being thus honored; or that some of them, of more imagination than judgment, of more theoretical knowledge than experience, should broach doctrines in politics and morals at variance with calm reason, impossible to carry into effect? They doubtless committed many faults, yet it cannot be denied that they produced at the time an incalculable deal of good.

With these remarks we come down to the reign of Louis Fifteenth, at which period the government could not avoid seeing a new power growing up within its bosom, the influence of which it was too feeble to withstand. It was destitute of the glory which once surrounded it even in moments of misfortune. The court was without dignity, the state without laws, morals without restraint; and those who should have upheld religion, were false to their trust. The seeds of the revolution were already sown, the harvest to be afterward gathered amid disorder and ruins. A new era approached. The nation began to find it had intellect, that thought was coming forth; it needed a guide, and fell into the arms of the men of letters, or as they were then called '*Les Philosophes*.' Then came the '*Encyclopédie*.'

In this work the intention of the authors was good: they meant to do the world a service by condensing into a small compass the prominent facts of knowledge. They intended to present to mankind the means of becoming wiser with moderate labor; to open a path for all who were willing to travel in search of what they did not know before. When it was first announced, the government took the alarm. They dreaded the appearance of a work wherein existing maxims would be canvassed, old theories criticized and judged, new ones developed and defended. It is true, there was some danger, but it was magnified by fear. Unwisely they attempted to suppress the undertaking, in doing which the desire for its accomplishment was rendered still greater. Had they fostered it, and taken the lead in making it public, they would have strengthened their hands by enlisting literary men in their cause. The obstacles thrown in its way, and the efforts the authors made to remove these impediments, created a contest between the power of the government and the learning of the age. The whole became a party affair, in which the government gained nothing, and the *Encyclopédie* suffered much. The pride of the *Encyclopédistes* was roused: they set themselves in open hostility to the existing order of things, and inserted in the book new and bolder theories than would have been thought of had they not been molested. The work was diverted in part from its original purpose, and rendered less perfect than the authors origi-

nally intended it should be. The philosophic spirit which was attempted to be suppressed, took a bolder stand and aimed at higher objects. The Encyclopedia, which was conceived with the view of giving to posterity an idea of the progress made in general knowledge, gave to this idea a wider range, and developed it in a spirit to change the character of the sciences in general and that of metaphysics in particular. The operation of the soul was attempted to be traced by an entirely new method, which the Encyclopediasts would fain have believed they alone had the skill to discover.

The development of thought which had commenced some time previously, and which the Encyclopedia helped to quicken, gave birth to a class of students who created a new science called 'Political Economy.' The object of this science was to discover the true sources of wealth, and how far the life and prosperity of nations depended on the pecuniary and commercial relations of individuals and governments. The theories laid down were ingenious and plausible; being new, they attracted attention; kings and people believed a way was found to procure riches and happiness, and they hailed with enthusiasm the coming of these new legislators, who brought with them this wonderful discovery. It was imagined that by following the rules proclaimed by the Economists, these two blessings would naturally flow, and this delusion lasted its time. It was at last perceived that human passions, a change in men's opinions, and a thousand variations of policy, were not duly considered; and that so far from its being a positive law to govern, the science should be received rather as giving counsels to guide. At a later period it became better understood, and is now more useful by being more practical.

While discussing the influence the learned men exercised in France, and the progress of their new theories, I might have brought to notice the different effect these theories produced in an adjoining country in which the same language prevailed, and where an almost daily intercourse existed, where the same books were read; and where there was an equal desire to profit by the new lights the age was throwing out. The republic of Geneva received these treasures of knowledge readily and with satisfaction. The works of the day were studied diligently and well understood, but the minds of the readers were not inflamed as in France, nor were they cast into doubt like their volatile neighbors. The morals of the Genevese were strict, religion was respected, the laws were uniform, and their habits were marked by a strong attachment to long-established customs. Their men of letters were learned, and animated with an ardent desire for the acquirement of knowledge, but at the same time they reflected much, and were reserved in their judgments.

It might be said that the Genevese showed the influence of solid domestic education, which prepared them to receive new truths without being dazzled; while the French, who were accustomed to govern themselves by passion and less by reason, stood in uncertainty between old opinions they were urged to relinquish, and new maxims to which they inclined, but which they knew not how to render useful. This is an instance of the different effect produced on separate minds by the same

objects, and shows how the intellectual food given to one may be rank poison, while to the other of calmer temperament it becomes a healthy diet.

Metaphysical knowledge was developed under new forms by CONDILLAC, aided occasionally by D'ALEMBERT; but the last was more within his proper sphere when occupied by mathematics. Here he acquired a merited reputation, which unfortunately he did not retain. The false ambition of being a universal genius made him seek an addition to his fame by becoming a literary man. He hoped, like Voltaire, to be more popular by attempting various things, and he forced a mind formed for the exact sciences into a new path it was not fitted to tread. He lost by quitting his natural element, and gained nothing in his new pursuit. Still, to those who are not critics, he will be found to possess a cultivated and delicate mind, with a style at once chaste and smooth.

DIDEROT with much talent greatly misused it: he was full of ardor, with an undisciplined mind. He attempted to shine in all departments, by which his defects were rendered more apparent. Had he contented himself with moving in one sphere, and that one reputable to a man of letters, his errors had been less observable, and done less injury to his reputation. As it is, his name is only quoted, and that not with praise; while his works were nearly forgotten, even by his countrymen, in an unfortunate hour, and recently, his daughter wrote his life. One should be indulgent to filial affection, the more so as the author may suppose she is rescuing the reputation of her parent from unjust reproach. But her efforts, though doubtless well intended, entirely fail of their proposed effect; indeed, they tend rather to confirm our previous impressions, by an admission and palliation on her part of many of his most glaring faults. The following passage will raise something more than a smile: 'My father was exceedingly moral in his intercourse with females. He never had intrigues with actresses, or people of that stamp, but confined his addresses to respectable married women!'

Let me not pass without notice BEAUMARCHAIS, one of the most extraordinary men of this or any age. Mechanic, man of letters, intriguer at court, merchant, and speculator; he was all these, frequently at the same time, varied occasionally by a law-suit; and although he was not successful in all his plans, he yet exhibited versatile talents quite remarkable. He succeeded when he should have failed, and often failed where his cause was just. His intercourse was agreeable, and he had in a marked degree the art of drawing others to his opinions, which he put forth with an animated manner that convinced. He was liberal with his money when he had it, and every day made friends whom he would the next day lose by an epigram.

The 'Barbier de Seville' is his best written piece, but his 'Marriage de Figaro' is the one he is most known by as a man of letters. It is full of biting satire, expressed with so much finesse that those who felt hurt could not but admire the polished keenness of the weapon. He struck in all directions, and readily got the hate of all who were near; yet with all this, whenever the piece was permitted by government to be performed, the theatre was thronged by people who went to see how delicately their neighbors could be abused. Even now it always draws

crowds. There were two portions of the community it did not touch; the lower class, and those who were removed from the intrigues of the court or the tumult of public life. Many persons had long thought with Beaumarchais of the abuses of the State, yet no one dared like him openly to condemn them in language so cutting and bold. A calm treatise on the errors of government could not find readers, but here was a piece which exposed them as fully, in language that every one understood and all enjoyed, because it was new.

The work will not bear criticism, any more than common conversation will bear to be analyzed by strict grammatical rules; but the vivacity of the dialogue, the piquancy of the sentiments, the dry humor, and the skill in the management of the plot, render the piece irresistibly amusing. And when it is known that its rebukes are justly merited by the manners of the period when they were delivered, and before the very people intended to be reproved, we may almost assert that a very immoral work was productive of good so far as it held up to ridicule crying abuses.

Among the philosophers of the new school, one of the most faithful was HELVETIUS. If his metaphysics lead to materialism, he wrote in good faith, and believed all he said. He possessed many virtues, and meant to do good. The basis of his scheme is self-love, which in a certain sense is commendable, but as a sole rule of conduct is not solid, and leads to capital errors. It is like a man forming his own conscience; of course his virtue is far from being fixed. His passions will draw him away, and he may have nothing left but his pride, which although a counsellor not to be despised, as it is better than self-interest, is yet the fruitful source of many faults. Religious faith is intended as a surer guide, and is always a safer dependence.

This rapid and imperfect sketch may give an idea of the state of the public mind in France between the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., and the commencement of the revolution. It marks (in a slight manner it is true) the course of literature, and the effect produced on the thinking portion of the nation. The literary men of the period have been the objects of some praise, and an infinite deal of censure. The Encyclopediasts and their adherents have, in an especial manner, shared largely in this measure of blame; they are accused by people of the present day of being the authors of the French Revolution, and are made answerable for the horrors which accompanied it. The charge is unjust, and is made under great ignorance of the state of France previously to that event, and of the many causes which had long been accumulating to bring about the result. The revolution was inevitable, and the persons who took the lead in public affairs at its commencement, were actuated by the sole motive of providing a remedy for present grievances, and guarding by new regulations against the return of them. In what manner the control of affairs passed from their hands into those of others less pure, is matter of history, and forms too large a volume to be traced here.

The despotic government of Louis XIV. and his immediate successors had checked every effort of freedom of mind. When the government fell into feebler hands, and the American Revolution had taught

the people of Europe that civil liberty was within their reach, and might be obtained by a determined will and united efforts, the French nation were inflamed with desire, and in their eagerness to seize the blessing, crushed it within their grasp. The men of letters stimulated the nation to satisfy their wants, pointed out the objects to be obtained, and encouraged the efforts of those who sought the good of the whole. In doing this they acted separately, without union, for the purpose of overturning law and religion, as has been asserted, and without the most distant expectation that their true motives would be impeached, and their writings made the pretext for committing acts of blood and murder.

The men of letters did good service to France, by marking out the proper objects of thought when France was beginning to think, and are not partakers of the guilt which Frenchmen incurred by making an ill use of knowledge freely given for the improvement of their moral and political condition. Many writers were visionary; many uttered impracticable theories; and this is not matter of wonder, all being afloat in an unknown sea, without knowing the art of navigation. It is not to be denied that there were writers with positively bad intentions who wrote bad books, but properly speaking they came not within the pale of letters (with the exception of Voltaire, and a few others of inferior note,) and their works did little to increase the moral depravity of the public mind, already deeply polluted.

The public writers of this period, or as they were styled '*Les Philosophes*,' in their attempts to improve the condition of their fellow men had a mightier task imposed upon them, and greater obstacles in their way, than the philosophers and lawgivers of antiquity ever had to surmount. These studied profoundly and meditated deeply in the calm retirement of the closet, where human passions found no entrance; and when their minds were filled with knowledge, they travelled of choice into other countries, to compare the subjects on which they had meditated with the customs and practical laws of other people. After this test they returned to their countrymen with full ability to give lessons in true wisdom, such as is derived from knowledge acquired in seclusion, modified and confirmed by intercourse with the external world.

Our philosophers of later times, far from being retired, lived in a tumult. Instead of the quiet of privacy, where the passions if not subdued may be calmed, theirs were unavoidably excited by living within the noise of the crowd, and being forced to mingle in contests, they could neither direct nor appease. They possessed no rank which could elicit respect, and exercised no authority to command obedience. The hard task was imposed upon them of pulling down and removing the rubbish of ages; then of instructing a people brought up under the influence of antiquated maxims, anxious to shake them off, but vain and intractable; eager after knowledge, but without patience to submit to the labor by which it is acquired. They had indocile pupils, perhaps; they were also not fully competent to teach, for certain it is they had themselves something to learn.

A manifest defect in their system was a want of respect for religion. The upper classes of French society felt none of its obligations, and a large portion of the clergy were by the irregularity of their lives with-

out influence over the minds of the people sufficient to induce them to listen to religious precepts, even had they been capable of inculcating them. The philosophers were short-sighted, both as teachers and politicians, when they neglected to use this powerful principle of self-government, and lost an opportunity to correct the errors of the existing creed, and to engraft into their code of morals the wholesome precepts of a purer faith. The chance of succeeding was not great, yet the object to be obtained was worthy the attempt. Its attainment would have given them a renown which the sages of antiquity did not enjoy, and would have drawn upon them the benedictions of posterity through long ages of time. France would have been guiltless of shedding rivers of blood, and her history would not be sullied by a catalogue of crimes; the unholy spectacle of a denial of a Creator would never have been exhibited, and the social habits of her citizens would at this day be governed by right moral principles, united with and supported by an abiding sense of religion.

DUCLOS wrote '*Considerations sur les Mœurs de ce Siècle*,' a very interesting work. He did not accord with the literary men of the time, condemns their principles by a cynical manner, and shows an independence which his contemporaries did not believe to be real. He is apt to philosophize on trivial subjects, and his cold manner renders his morality repulsive rather than attractive; yet he portrays with skill the shades of social life, which he appears well to understand.

L'ABBÉ DE MABLY, among other works, wrote '*Observation sur l'Histoire de France*.' His dislike to the philosophers of the new school was more marked than that of Duclos; in short he sets no value at all on their opinions and systems. Yet it is believed he resembled them more than he is willing to admit, and arrives at nearly the same result by taking another road. He is so much enamored of the ancients, that he does not render common justice to the moderns, either in their government, religion, the glory they have acquired, or the histories composed by France and other nations. With a bitter and hostile tone against the existing state of things, he discovers a disposition rather to destroy the ties of present society, than to build up a system which shall improve the condition of the state. He disregards the many points of glory which surrounded the national character in former days, and because the followers of St. Louis had for descendants the frivolous courtiers of Louis XV., thinks nothing good can be found out of Greece and Rome. With all his love of the ancient forms of government, he never stopped to consider whether his countrymen were fitted to be governed by the like institutions; and as he believed the present new systems bad, and that they would lead to bad results, it was easy for him to predict all that did afterward occur, and thus acquire the merit of being a true prophet.

Among the distinguished authors the age produced, no one elevated himself more suddenly or more conspicuously than JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, who from a very obscure origin became eminent by leaving the trodden path of literature, and tracing out a way entirely his own. It is a singular circumstance that Rousseau, without the advantage of education, with hardly a home, and with such friends only as he could make by chance in his wanderings from place to place, should yet form

himself to be one of the best writers in the French language. His style is simple, pure and elegant; his reasoning is generally logical, though his premises are frequently false. This last arose from the marked defects of his character. He was jealous and irritable, and had the impression that all mankind were his enemies, with whom it was necessary to be perpetually at war; hence his estimate of human nature was low, and man in a civilized state was with him almost an object of aversion. His theories were founded not on mankind as they are, but as they are supposed to be before civilization begins, and this he considered as the natural state. He believed his fellow men to have lost the vigor of their intellect and purity of heart, by having their minds cultivated and being brought to submit to the restraints human society imposes.

He was paradoxical and inconsistent. With these views he wrote a prize essay to prove the advantages and point out the best mode of education for youth; and although he condemned in unmeasured terms the French drama, and asserted that the language was incapable of being the vehicle of music, yet he wrote one of the most pleasing musical operas of the French theatre. It was received in his own time with great favor, and still retains its place in public estimation. The writer of these pages well remembers the sweetness and delicacy found at the representation of the '*Devin de Village*.'

Rousseau knew the worth of virtue, for he had a susceptible heart. His writings bear testimony to a high moral sense, but his notions of moral obligations were derived from a code of his own forming, and his method of illustration was peculiar and contradictory; add to this, his personal conduct was subject to grave reproach. His sense of religion was deep, ardent, and while under its temporary influence, sincere; but it was derived from feeling rather than from a conviction which could be defined. He portrayed in glowing colors the charms of domestic life, yet never married, and kept a mistress who was ill-tempered and harsh. He wrote with great feeling on the duty of parents toward their offspring; the nurture of infants and the method of rearing children, yet his own he abandoned to the foundling hospital, where he never went to learn if they survived.

Rousseau was commonly at variance with most people; yet if perchance he made a friend, his conduct toward him soon changed him into an enemy, or he thought he was one, and treated him accordingly. Of course no union existed between him and the literary men of the day; nothing in common. The philosophers he disliked, not only as authors but as men. He disdained to march under their banners, preferring to stand alone, and by his writings charm the world he despised. He chose to shine, and did shine brightly by his own natural light; and this is the more worthy of remark, as from his isolated mode of life, he debarred himself from reaping the advantage which free social intercourse with the world never fails to confer. Other writers consulted the public voice, and to a certain degree accommodated their works to the public taste; he brought the public to him, and showed himself capable of exciting their enthusiasm in his favor by a style full of eloquence and feeling. The world of France read his books with pleasure; were taken with his philosophy because it was new; but could not

associate with one who treated them with scorn, and who disregarded the duties of social life. In vain he inculcated universal justice and love toward mankind ; so long as he estranged himself from individuals, violated good morals, and outraged natural affection, no one could award to him the full merit of sincerity, or call him a friend. Rousseau's virtue seemed to lie in his imagination, and his works took their hue from this bright source : had it been as firmly seated in the heart and understanding, his language, had it charmed us less, would have convinced us more. The true man requires few words to prove his sincerity ; the man of mere ardor employs many, for those alone are all he possesses. I have dwelt long on the character of Rousseau, as few French writers were more read in England and where English is spoken, and the time is not very remote when his opinions were cited with commendation.

'Heloise' was called by Rousseau a moral tale, and as such he wished it to be received, but it is a tale composed after his own fashion of morality. It is not a portrait of men and women as they exist and act before us, but rather such as he thinks they ought to be, and he makes them speak in a way no real personages ever speak. He allows them to reveal the hidden emotions of the soul ; even those which pass in the minds of all people, and are kept secret, being either too fleeting to create desire, and not worth the trouble of describing, or as those they are unwilling to confess.

Rousseau lifts the veil, and exhibits all the mysteries, agitations and impressions which it conceals, and makes Julie, a woman, relate with passion and without shame the thoughts which all perhaps harbor but few dare express. We may praise Julie for her frankness, but would be better pleased with more reserve and more of the modesty which forms the greatest charm of the sex.

Another of Rousseau's works is 'Emile,' which was written with the view of giving the French people a new system of education. His known character and peculiar notions on morality will afford a tolerable idea of what sort of book this must be, and how far he was qualified to discuss such a subject understandingly. Notwithstanding many glaring defects, it is not without merit ; and the advice given on the manner of nursing and bringing up children in their first age, served at the time as useful hints to many French mothers, whose mode of rearing their infants was careless if not neglectful. But as an absolute rule to be observed in the education of children, it is a false guide ; is full of unnatural theories, which can only be carried out into practice by creating a being adapted expressly for the purpose of making them apply. This Rousseau seems to have done. He begins by raising the child as an isolated being, without binding it to other beings by any of the ordinary ties by which mankind are kept together. It stands alone ; not formed for society as it now exists, but rather hostile to it. Then he places it in peculiar positions, where his theories are to receive their practical effect, and flatters himself he can show forth a man with a character formed by fixed rules, each emotion accompanied by its corresponding curb or quickener, the whole to move with the exactness of a mechanical instrument. The being thus fashioned is set

down amid society as it is constituted, to receive impressions which it cannot respond to ; to see before it the effect of many inward emotions and many external operations, without knowing by reflection, or experience why these exist ; and is left to wonder why it should be so totally different from other beings formed to all appearance like himself.

It cannot be supposed that Rousseau was acquainted with the manner the ideas of children develop themselves, he who took such unnatural pains to thrust from him those whose ripening intellects he could most easily have studied. In his want of practical knowledge he resorted to metaphysics, and conjured up a being who was to work out his own civilization by inventing all he required to guide his actions in morality and to render himself virtuous.

This book startled French readers by its novelty ; was read with eagerness, but was found to be little else than the waking dream of a fertile imagination, and was in the end left as an edifice of beautiful workmanship, raised on a baseless foundation, and unsafe to inhabit.

The political works of Rousseau were more thoroughly read, and exercised a more permanent influence over the minds of the French public of the day, than any of his writings, notwithstanding they are deeply tinctured with the same defects as are apparent in his other compositions. Nor was this influence confined to the French, for it crossed the channel and produced a partial effect on their more phlegmatic neighbors. He was as much a theorist in politics as in morality or education : indeed this could not well be otherwise, considering his total want of experience ; yet this was no impediment to his success, for his readers were quite as ignorant as himself. The revolution was germinating : the French people wanted a change ; they saw that one was approaching ; the difficulty with them was to know how to turn it to their advantage. To obtain this knowledge, they were willing to take as a leader one whose notions were plausible, even at the risk of his proving a blind guide. Their ideas of civil liberty were crude, and no person had the slightest knowledge of the manner of administering a representative government ; one where an absolute monarch should be changed into a ruler with limited powers. To give an idea how this was to be accomplished, and to make known the rights inherent in the people, Rousseau went back to the origin of the social state ; attempted to show that the rulers and the ruled were bound by obligations one toward the other for the benefit of each ; and that the latter as a condition of obedience, claimed to be governed not according to the caprice of an arbitrary will, but by fixed rules made conjointly for the well-being of all.

This reasoning is no doubt sound in the main : certain it is the French public, or that part of it who meditated on the subject, were greatly delighted with the new view presented to them : it seemed to comprehend a plan which fitted their case, or rather they believe they could adapt themselves to the scheme, and the '*Inégalité parmi les Hommes*' and the '*Contrat Social*' were read and praised by all classes, and held up as models for the guidance of all those who desired a knowledge of the origin of things from which might be formed a perfect government.

The public in France were as much infatuated as the author ; yet when the Revolution began, and these new born principles were put into practice, they were found to be too refined for the comprehension of those who were to be governed by them ; and when at a later period they came to be examined more closely by the coarser agents who ruled public opinion, they proved totally worthless. The author was lauded without measure ; to perpetuate his name streets were called after him, and his image was multiplied in shop windows and private dwellings that the memory of one of the great benefactors of mankind might ever afterward live and be revered. Yet with all these outward marks of esteem, none of his maxims were adopted, for none of them could be carried into practical effect.

Many minor works were produced by Rousseau, in the same spirit, as regards morals, religion and politics ; several of his controversial writings, though written in a captivating style, betray the cynical disposition of their author in a more marked degree. Pride in a constant state of irritation made him jealous of all the world, and his bitter feelings were displayed often in a total disregard of the ordinary courtesies of life.

It must be admitted that Rousseau was not alone in this frame of mind. The new race of literary men who flourished in France during the latter part of the eighteenth century are amenable to the reproach of vanity and a disposition to dogmatize. Their controversies often degenerated into quarrels, in which a becoming respect for each other was lost sight of, and their malevolence and evil rancor were exhaled in vulgar and indecent terms. Montesquieu is an exception to this censure. He preserved good temper, and at all times maintained the dignity becoming his honorable character.

The last work of Rousseau to be noticed, is the 'Confessions,' one of the most singular productions that any man ever undertook to indite. It is the more remarkable as its author cherished the idea that he was acquiring the admiration and esteem of the world, by exposing his motives of action, and giving a detail of his conduct through life ; all which, when unfolded, too plainly show a tissue of unpardonable faults, and the commission of a thousand ignoble acts. It is worthy likewise of special remark, that in thus revealing the thoughts of the inward man, Rousseau believed himself to be virtuous, and that he could persuade others of this fact, while he made known to them the reveries of his imagination ; his numerous hopes and disappointments, and the many low arts he habitually practised. He blindly supposed he should be thought virtuous, when he was confessing openly that he was not so.

Notwithstanding Rousseau's faults, and they were numerous and glaring, few of the French writers of the day were more read, more praised or more censured, a proof that he must have possessed some power of attraction. His style, by its ease and graceful simplicity, produces a strong impression on the mind, and the reader is led away delighted, until he begins to reflect ; then he is startled at finding he has advanced far in believing what he feels can only exist in the imagination of the ingenious author.

His plans for the better government of mankind are some of them good, but they are refined upon and extended beyond their legitimate application. He starts with a self-evident proposition, and you are delighted to travel on a smooth road with a companion who by his lively conversation makes the time pass agreeably; presently you find you have been misled, carried out of the track, are forced for your own safety to quit your fellow traveller as a false guide, and grope your way back to common sense, little improved by your excursion. Rousseau, in his plan of education, threw out many useful hints, which the French people might have profited by, for they were founded in Nature; but unfortunately with them he projected many innovations which society as it is now constituted cannot adopt. His motives here were good; a little more practical knowledge and a little less imagination would have made his scheme feasible. In like manner, in his ideas of government, he has many correct views, and in giving them forth to be acted upon, his intentions were equally pure; but common sense and experience were wanting to render them intelligible to those for whose benefit they were formed.

The remainder of the eighteenth century was not fertile in distinguished writers, after Rousseau, with the exception of BUFFON. This author was chief of the 'Jardins des Plantes,' of course a professor of Natural History; yet he appears to enjoy less reputation for this knowledge than he does for the agreeable manner he describes the result of his experience. Science in general was less cultivated in his day in France than it is now; and those who chose to read works on the subject were willing to receive a little instruction, provided it was mingled with much amusement. Buffon's inaccuracies, which would not be quickly passed over at the present time, were not observed, or if they were, escaped reproof when he wrote; and as he clothed his thoughts in a smooth and engaging style, his readers were delighted with his productions, and believed that of all authors he was the only one who knew how to strew with flowers the rugged path of scientific knowledge.

The rapid progress Natural Science has made of late years, throws the works of Buffon into the shade; and if they are now read, it is chiefly with the view of admiring a pleasing description. Those who will submit to the rigid study which Science demands, to discover her secrets, and who wish to examine the numerous facts which time has accumulated, will resort to works of a deeper cast, where sober reasoning takes the place of amusing speculation.

Buffon, in the midst of a description of the earth, of man, or of animals, is apt to see things in a picturesque or poetical point of view, a manner particularly well adapted to please a lively, imaginative people like the French; yet his speculations are wonderfully enticing; and whether they are such as are warranted by a close observation of nature, or are the product of a too ardent imagination, they cannot be read without lively pleasure. His beautiful description of the first sensations of the first man, and the manner knowledge came to him, is worthy of perusal by all who like to see abstract subjects clothed in the language of Nature; nature with the superadded polish of Art.

The following translation will give an idea of his method of theorizing and his style of writing:

'I REMEMBER the instant of joy and anxiety when I felt for the first time my new and singular existence; I knew not what I was, whence I had come or where I was placed. I opened my eyes. What delightful sensations were awakened! The bright light, the vaulted canopy, the verdant earth, the clear waters, occupied my thoughts and animated me with an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me and made a part of me. This new-born thought gained strength when I turned my eyes to the light; yet its brilliancy dazzled me. I voluntarily closed my eyelids and felt a slight pain. During this moment of obscurity, I thought I had lost nearly all of my being. Afflicted at the thought, and while dreading the change which seemed to be coming over me, I heard various sounds; the singing of birds, the murmurs of the air, formed a concert which filled me with soft impressions, and as I listened long, I thought this harmony was produced by myself. All attention, and entirely engrossed by this new species of existence, I forgot the light, the other part of myself which came to my knowledge the first, and opened again my eyes. How great was my joy at beholding myself surrounded by so many brilliant objects! The pleasure surpassed all I had felt before, and for a moment suspended the effect of sounds which had so much charmed me. I gazed on a thousand different objects, soon perceived that I could lose and recover them, and that I had the power to destroy and reproduce at will this pleasing part of myself; and although all appeared immense, by the quantity of rays of light, and the infinite variety of shades of color, yet I still felt that all I saw was contained in a portion of my being.

I began to see without emotion, and to hear without being troubled, when a light air, of which I felt the freshness, brought with it perfumes which almost overpowered my senses, but which brought forth a love for myself. Greatly agitated by all these sensations, and pressed on by the pleasures of this sweet and unaccountable existence, I suddenly rose and found myself impelled by an unknown force. I made but one step in advance, for the novelty of my situation rendered me nearly motionless; my surprise was intense; I feared that my existence was flying from me; the movement I had made seemed to confound all objects, and I imagined that every thing about me was falling into disorder.

I carried my hand to my head, touched my forehead and my eyes and passed it over my body. This gave me an idea that the hand was the chief organ of my existence, the feeling was so distinct and complete. I felt a pleasure more perfect than that which was caused by the light and by sounds, and my ideas began to acquire more depth and reality by the reciprocal feeling imparted at the same time to my body and hand, by which a double idea was created. I found confusion in my notions as to the size of my person, as I brought parts, such as my hand near to my view, and I began to think that my sight created illusion, and that I ought to rely only on the touch, which had not yet deceived me. Emboldened by the thought, I advanced with confidence, my head erect and my eyes fixed on the heavens, when all at once I struck myself against a tree. Full of alarm, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I judged it to be because I experienced no reciprocal feeling; it did not return me sentiment for sentiment, and I turned from it with horror, and for the first time learned that something existed which was not myself.

To guard me from farther accident, I determined to touch every thing I saw, and I stretched my hand to the sun and to the horizon, and found nothing but vacant air. My surprise continued to increase, and it was only by repeated trials that I at last learned to guide my hand by my eyes; even then my impressions were different from those I had received from the touch alone; my judgment became imperfect, and my whole being seemed to be falling into a state of confusion. In this uncertainty, my mind became fatigued, and I sought repose under the shade of a tree, on which hung clusters of purple fruit within reach of my hand. These I touched gently, and they separated from the branches as figs fall off when fully ripe. I brought the fruit close to my eyes, to contemplate its form and color, when its delicious flavor made me bring it still nearer to my sight, and as I drew in by long draughts this embalmed air, my mouth opened to receive it, and opened again to take in more. I felt an increased pleasure as I drank in the perfume, till at last I brought it close to my lips and tasted the fruit. Then what delight unfelt before! Till then it seemed as if I had felt mere pleasures, and now the taste gave me a sentiment of voluptuousness.

This internal feeling of enjoyment gave me an idea of possession; made me think that the fruit was part of my own substance, and that I had the power of transforming external subjects.

As I continued to eat I found a languor affected my senses; the objects around me became dimly reflected, the power over my muscles was suspended, and I yielded to the influence of this inaction by reclining my body on the grass. Every thing disappeared, my train of thoughts was interrupted, and I lost all sentiment of existence. My sleep was profound, but I cannot say if it was long, for I had no means of measuring time, yet I awoke refreshed, with all the feelings of a second birth, with a faint idea that for a time I had ceased to be. This idea produced a sentiment of fear, which caused me to think I

might not exist always, and this fear was increased by the thought that I might have lost a part of my being during my state of repose. I exercised my senses as well as I was able, and passed my eyes over the limits of my body, to feel sure that all I ever possessed of my self still remained to me. While thus engaged what was my surprise at beholding near me a form like my own ! I took it for another self, and so far from having lost, as I feared, had actually been increased and made double.

'I placed my hand on this new being. O wonderful ! A tremulous feeling shot through me, different from all my former emotions. It was not me ; it was more, and better than me ; and I thought my existence was about to change and pass entirely into this second half of myself. The form became animated as I drew near, and I could see thought awakening as our eyes met. A new source of life seemed to circulate in my veins, and I felt as if I had acquired a sixth sense, so completely was my whole will given up to this novel impression.'

BUFFON seems to disdain to make history a mere nomenclature of facts, but seeks to make these facts more impressive by presenting them in an agreeable form. There is no objection to this. So long as the facts are kept in the fore-ground, and not perverted or beclouded by extraneous coloring, or rendered obscure by fanciful illustrations, a polished style will not diminish their comprehension, but rather tend to engage the attention more intensely. If the frame work of the picture dazzle the eye by its brightness, the subject represented on the canvass will lose its effect, however worthy in itself of our admiration.

When Buffon is engrossed by deeper thoughts, and elevates himself to speculations on general causes, he preserves the same tone of refinement ; yet there is too much reason to suspect that in recitals so animated he is more engaged in describing his own vivid sensations than in imparting the knowledge a student of natural history has a right to require from him to whom he looks up as a teacher. He is likewise reproached with a want of reverence for a First Cause, and of giving too much weight to the operations of physical Nature. Yet with these drawbacks, he advanced the study of Natural History ; and as he was a man of amiable character, he deservedly holds a distinguished rank among the learned men of the eighteenth century. His manner of viewing his subject enhanced his value in the eyes of his countrymen, who still award him the praise of being an eloquent writer, as well as a delightful delineator of Nature.

Since Buffon's time science has been studied more thoroughly, and a more exact method of writing is adopted by learned men. The *following* style is laid aside, and the knowledge acquired by experience and rational observation, instead of meditation, is alone conveyed in language adapted to the understanding. Science has gained by becoming more within the reach of all, and is rendered still more useful by being connected with the Arts.

After this came many authors, principally in lighter productions. With the exception of THOMAS, few prose writers appear : in poetry, MALFILATRE, COLARDEAU and MARMONTEL, brought forth several works more gay than grave. The latter did not succeed in poetry, and derives all his reputation from his prose writings. Colardeau is an easy and graceful poet, and his 'Eloise et Abelard' has a well merited reputation. The versification is smooth, and his skill in portraying the operation of the passions is as natural and delicate as that of Pope. MARMONTEL is best known by his 'Belesaire,' wherein he pretty freely

expresses himself on maxims of government, which drew upon him a little persecution, that materially helped his work. The 'Incas' is very well written; is interesting, though at times the author is a little prosy. The idea is evidently taken from the *Telemaque* of Fenelon. 'The Contes Moraux' is the work from which the author derived his greatest fame. They were much read at the time, and are still in repute. Why the tales should be called 'moral' is difficult to say; it is certainly a kind of morality not recognized by our code. It is probable that these tales presented a pretty faithful copy of the manners of the times; as such they found many readers, for all are willing to listen to the recital of the faults of their neighbors, especially if the story be told in an agreeable manner.

Marmontel is never profound, and has the crude ideas of new converts without experience; but all who love happy invention, with an easy and lively style, cannot fail of being charmed by his manner. Several of the 'Contes Moraux,' being no longer portraits of living characters, have of course lost much of their interest; yet some, such as 'La Bergère des Alpes,' and a few others which treat of feelings common to all, are written with chaste sentiments, are very touching, and may be read with safety and pleasure.

Marmontel was succeeded by LAHARPE, much his superior, being more learned and a more profound thinker. His 'Cours de Littérature' is a compendious account of the most distinguished of the French writers. His style is dry, and he is sometimes harsh in his judgment; yet his book is very useful to those who wish to obtain an acquaintance with the best authors in the language.

At this period, France possessed no good historians. 'La Vie de Charles Twelfth,' and 'Le Siècle de Louis Fourteenth,' of Voltaire though intended as histories, are far from being such; they are no more than highly agreeable memoirs. From the perusal of the latter, however, many useful hints may be derived as to the manner history should be written; and although it found no imitators in France, it was received with favor by the English, who have adopted and much improved upon the method. This deficiency of historians is the more surprising, inasmuch as France has long enjoyed the reputation of producing able mathematicians; and surely the intense thought that this department of science exacts, must be more than equal to the labor of collecting facts and arranging materials for history. During the period in question, mathematical studies received great attention; and even during the heat and fury of the revolution, so far from being neglected, mathematics reached a degree of eminence that was the envy of the other parts of Europe.

Many French writers make the avowal that their countrymen have peculiarities of character which unfit them to be historians. To assign the true cause would extend this slight sketch beyond reasonable length; yet a few words may be said on the subject, *en passant*. Many years previous to the revolution, the form of government, arbitrary laws, and the habits of thought these create, prevented the French from holding distinct views on historical events, or from giving expansion to their ideas. No person was bold enough to write an impartial history

under the reign of Louis Fourteenth ; under that of his successor the disasters of the nation were too mortifying to be recounted : then the revolution came, by which the usual course of studies was entirely deranged.

The French were full of what they called philosophy, but which in fact was only some new scheme of morals or government ; or they were too intent upon providing for their own safety from the troubles that surrounded them. The bonds of society were loosened : there was no concerted union, and the new spirit that pervaded all minds was ill adapted to harmonize with grave compositions. No one could abstract himself from the exciting movements of the day, and identify himself enough with the narrative of former times, to write a history of past events. Moreover, the French nation was surcharged with new ideas. They considered themselves as the creators of a new order of things, which was to improve the condition of the moral and political world ; and became so vain of superior knowledge, so impressed with the belief that on them devolved the task of breaking down old land-marks and setting up new ones, that they looked back with scorn on the wisdom of the ancients. They seemed to think that civilization had become stagnant, and that the mass should be greatly agitated, so that the vapors might exhale and leave a pure current of morals and politics. No attempt was made to modify or correct existing abuses : every thing was first to be overthrown, and then something else, no one knew precisely what, was to be created anew. The consequence of this was, that instead of studying the old masters, students set up theories of their own ; and in place of receiving with respect the lessons of elder teachers, sought out a new road to wisdom by shallow reasoning, which they tried to pass off as knowledge. Erudition was thrown into the shade, and its place supplied by vain modern philosophy.

No people succeed better than the French in the art of narration, in engaging the affections, and presenting pictures to the imagination, as may be seen in their '*Memoires*,' in which department of literature they are unrivalled. But it is this very power, ill-governed, that disqualifies them from being good historians. An imagination sufficiently strong to interest the feelings is necessary even in the recital of historical truths ; and in fact history would be dull without it ; but this faculty should be under severe control, that truth may not be perverted ; and herein the French essentially fail. Diligently to collect and skilfully arrange facts, give to them the animating spirit of philosophy ; lay aside the feelings of the present age, and transport them back to the past, so as to become contemporary with former times ; in short, the science of history ; this is what a highly imaginative people like the French have yet to learn.

The ABBÉ RAYNAL was of the new school. His '*Histoire des deux Indes*' contains many facts relating to commerce and the arts, which are tolerably exact : to these he added much speculative reasoning, well suited to the times, but which is out of place in a historical work. His reasoning, moreover, is bad ; at least generally unsound, to use a gentle term : it is such as a man shut up in his closet, removed from

the realities of life, and left to his own meditations, may prepare in his mind, but so far from being useful, is actually productive of much harm.

Notwithstanding the disorder that reigned throughout France, and the consequent derangement of men's minds, amid this confusion two works appeared which one would suppose required calm retirement and quiet passions to compose. One was 'Paul et Virginie,' by Saint Pierre, the other 'Les Voyages d'Anacharsis,' by l'Abbé Barthelemy.

The first author evidently inherited an ardent love of Nature, with the tranquil pleasures she bestows, for he speaks with simplicity and feeling; the other possessed a deep fund of erudition, and the talent of giving to his personages the semblance of real life. And then his descriptions are so vivid, and his language so natural, that we transport ourselves at once to the scenes he paints, believing that we are conversing with the distinguished men of antiquity, whom until now we had only known through our books. He offers a '*tableau parlant*,' which, while it charms by its spirit and coloring, brings us in a moment into intimate acquaintance with the persons and the events of ancient states.

A few other writers stood exempt from the contagion that overspread the land: among these was NECKER, who wrote with the calm dignity of a philosopher and the pious sentiments of a christian. He was able to preserve moderation in a time of ferment, and to defend the cause of religion by words of piety and peace.

Here this sketch may be brought to a close. The French revolution now took up its train of horrors, and for several years France was buried in literary darkness. At last, when the nation was exhausted by its own gigantic efforts, appeared BONAPARTE. By his vigorous mind and powerful arm, the nation was restored to respect, and new laws were made, in harmony with the improved condition of mankind. The disorganizing passions of the people were calmed, the agitations which had almost destroyed the country were allayed, and order reigned throughout the land.

Under these favorable omens the nineteenth century opened; and it may be imagined that, amid this tranquillity, literature would have taken a new impulse, and recovered the loss it had sustained by a long period of disorder. But the spirit that had rent France asunder assumed a new form. Peace was within her borders, but the thirst of domination manifested itself in foreign enterprises, encouraged and directed by the military genius of one of the greatest captains of modern times. Literature was 'frighted from her propriety,' and calm study was disturbed by reports of battles and sieges, triumphs and reverses, and a thousand moving accidents; to record which comes not within the scope of this sketch, but is the proper office of history.

EPIGRAMATIC EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone my wife doth lie;
She is at rest — and so am I.

CLERK-VESPERS IN WALL-STREET.

TWELVE hours since morn I've toiled away,
Dear hours of blithsome boyhood, yet
As one who never dreamed of play,
Or dreamed but to forget.

I know not what the day has been
Abroad beneath the vernal skies ;
I only know that here within
It seemed of sombre guise.

Perchance on circling hills the while,
And flowery slope and dimpled bay,
The golden sunlight's softest smile
Has played the livelong day.

Yet what is Spring's glad light to him,
Or Earth's fresh lap whereon it falls,
Whose heaven is yonder sky-light dim,
Whose scope these dingy walls ?

Here is my world ; relieved by nought
Of swarded green or vaulted blue ;
Here day by day must thews and thought
The same dull task pursue.

Chained to the oar, like galley-boy,
When youth should float with pleasure's tides,
I row against the stream of joy,
And gaze the way it glides.

But thanks to thee, returning Eve,
That smil'st with starry eyes so fair,
And bring'st the blest though brief reprieve
From this dull round of care !

Hence ! figured tomes, whose soulless lore
But treats of Mammon's loss or gain ;
I feel your shadows fall once more
Alike from heart and brain.

Farewell ! till morn, the din and jar,
The tumult of the bustling street,
The rumbling of the ponderous car
And tramp of eager feet.

The loveliest of suburban nooks
All green with rustling vine and bough,
And voices sweet and fond, fond looks
Await my coming now.

And, haply, o'er the moonlit dews,
When sleep has hushed those voices sweet,
For trysting dear night's coyest muse
Shall seek my green retreat :

And, with some charm of measured thought,
Again bid joy's reviving wings
Forget what cares to-day has brought,
And what to-morrow brings.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WATER-DROP.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN the awful roar of the Deluge overwhelmed the earth, I fell in the fearful torrent, and mingled with the waves that swept in gigantic billows around the globe. Long was I enchained amid the darkened waters, as they foamed in wild fury through the earth's hidden caverns, and dashed over the prostrate forms of its sinful children, so fearfully destroyed ! But at length the sun beamed forth in splendor, and as with my sister Naiads I met his glance, we strewed the surface with countless jewels of the watery realm, in welcome of his bright presence. Awhile longer I dwelt amid the bounding waves, but soon I rose sparkling in the sun's embrace, to the fields of ether, and joined the gorgeous prisms that formed the 'bow of promise,' which spanned the watery world, and filled the patriarch of the lonely ark with triumphant hope.

When the fairy arch of the rainbow vanished, I lingered in my airy height, laughing in the sunbeams, or gazing enraptured on the glittering girdle of the stars and the moon's soft splendor. Days, weeks, were borne away, in the grasp of Time, and the earth appeared in its ancient garb of loveliness, clothed with verdure, and rejoicing in its varied forms of beauty. But anon, its gay expanse was darkened ; day broke, yet the sun's bright smile was no longer seen ; cloudy masses rolled through the atmosphere ; and ere long I quaked at the awful reverberations that pealed around me, and seemed to shake even the foundations of the earth. The lightning glared fiercely across the horizon ; the 'gates of heaven' once more seemed opened ; and amid the pattering rain, again I sought the bosom of the earth. Scarcely had the foliage of a majestic tree received my trembling form, when the gloomy aspect of the sky was changed ; the sun burst forth in his wonted splendor, and peace reigned through the realms of air. A second time, with a sunbeam for my car, I ascended the clear atmosphere, and resumed my abode in its sunny depths.

The glorious luminary again declined, and while his parting rays beamed faintly above the western horizon, an irresistible impulse drew me downward, and with myriads of dew-drops I softly descended once more to earth, and lodged on the grass of a verdant meadow. The moon arose, and shed its soft lustre round ; when a sweet melody stole along the breeze, and soon a fairy troop appeared, to hold their revels on the grassy plain. Innumerable were the tiny forms, decked in robes of the fragrant rose-leaf, or the tulip's crimson drapery, that moved in the graceful circles of the dance, or gamboled in sportive glee across the green, while the music rose sweetly on the air, and perfected the enchantment of the lovely scene.

But at length the stars beamed more faintly, the moon grew dim, and the fairy sentinel gave warning of day's approach. At the instant of

the signal-sound, the sprites vanished ; the music grew fainter and more faint ; and soon the meadow slept in calm repose. The sky grew brighter, and presently the sun appeared in brilliant pomp, when the grass seemed strewed with diamonds, as the dew-drops met his rays. Not long, alas ! did we sparkle in his beams. Again a resistless power impelled me, and I slowly sank beneath the earth's bright surface, bidding a sorrowful adieu to the realms of day.

Long, weary ages, I slumbered in my hidden chamber, but at length emerged rejoicing to the light, in a brooklet that sprang from my dark home, and carried me gently down its murmuring pathway, through noble forests, where the trees' long branches kissed its tiny waves ; and through broad fields, whose rank grass waved, and wild flower nodded over the brink.

On, on I sped, until the little brook became a mighty river, bounded by gigantic rocks, with forests towering on their lofty heights, and with the eagle soaring proudly above his eyrie.

Still onward I swept, till the long winding course of the river was passed, and I entered the grand domain of the Ocean king. Even here I paused not, but dashed in the rolling billows that raged o'er the vast expanse, when storms and darkness held their terrific sway ; or sparkling on the glassy surface when calmness reigned, and the sunlight streamed upon it : still was I borne rapidly on, till I reached the frozen home of Boreas, and beheld his ocean throne of glittering ice. I no longer rushed swiftly through the waters ; my progress grew slow and slower ; and I felt myself congealing amid the island mountains of this wintry realm.

Unnumbered years flew by, and in the heart of a towering pinnacle of ice I dwelt a weary prisoner. The vast concretion floated sluggishly through the frozen sea, crushing the ice that obstructed it, till in the lapse of time it entered the pathway of an opposing mountain. Nearer and nearer they approached, until at length, with irresistible attraction, they rushed together, meeting with a concussion that reverberated for miles around, and shivered the contending islands, strewing the surface of the frozen deep with glittering fragments of the mighty masses. Once more I rejoiced in freedom, and thrown by the shock far from the scene of my enchantment, my icy fetters were soon dissolved, and I leapt gladly through the bounding waves, till the confines of the cold North were passed, and I entered the sunny clime of the tropics, where soon amid the rippling waves I laved the shore of Western India.

But not long did I linger in this bright region. Lowering clouds bedimmed the horizon, and ere long a fearful hurricane sped in fury over the land, till it burst in terrific grandeur above the 'world of waters,' calling the storm-spirits from their hidden caves, and rousing from their peaceful sleep the ocean billows, dashing them miles away in gigantic waves.

I was borne with resistless might far, far beneath the tumult of the angry waters and the sound of the rushing blast, till at length I arrived at a region of gorgeous beauty — a palace worthy of the nymphs of ocean.

'THE floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the dusty snow;
From the coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, when the tides and billows flow.

There, with a light and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.'

Long have I dwelt in this lovely abode, watching the gambols of the beautiful fish that play in the deep waters, and the toil of the coral insects, as with patient care they rear their splendid piles of architecture.

Ages have rolled away, and still my home is in the depths of ocean. But I covet not any brighter habitation, and trust no impulse will draw me hence, till Time has run his mighty race, and Earth is enveloped in the flames of its final hour.

M. S.

N I G H T.

'Be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!'

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, calm, and holy Night!
Wrapped in a shadowy robe, begirt with stars,
And bearing high thy silver beaming lamp,
With noiseless step thou traversest the earth!
Goddess of rest! sweet soother of all care!
Even as the dew that from thy censor falleth
Upon the parched and sunshine-wearied earth,
Bringing fresh verdure to her withered plains
And added sweetness to the sleeping flowers;
So sinks thy soothing influence in the heart
Refreshingly. Passion and toil and strife,
The dreams of mad ambition, and the cares
That bind our spirits with resistless force
To the dark, grovelling earth — all these
In thy most holy presence fade away,
And trouble us no more. Sorrow thou chastenest,
There is such strange power in thy calm, glorious beauty;
And thy low voice, murmuring amid the leaves,
Whispers the soul of peace.

Inspirer of sweet thoughts! what fancies rush
To fill the heart thy spells have purified!
What visions bright, stolen from the future, come
To chase away the present! Obedient to thy call,
From Memory's caves returns the buried Past,
With 'long forgotten music.' Oh, solemn Night!
Not utterly in vain are thy most holy teachings;
For dost thou not awaken in the soul
A yearning for the true, and beautiful?
To the hushed heart thou whisperest of repose,
And bid'st the spirit commune with its God.

SUDAN PINDAR.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, PITTSBURGH.

BY CARL BENEDIOT.

I.

HOARY and rude, its rugged walls
Upcreased by honest hands,
When art was new, and hearts were few
In these primeval lands,
Mid laughing vines and broad leaf'd boughs
Our old gray CHRIST'S CHURCH stands.

II.

Its walls are thick, and firm and strong,
Though every stone between
The wild-moss finds a place to store
Its woof of velvet green;
And swallows twitter as they sit
And build their nests within.

III.

O'er the low roof the belfry towers,
Mildewed, and warped and gray;
And when the sexton rings the bell
On the still Sabbath day,
The antique frame reels to and fro,
And totters from decay.

IV.

A solemn and an awful tone
Ever has that old bell;
Or when it chimes for funeral rite,
Or peals for festival,
Or shakes the aspen leaves around,
Tolling a dead man's knell!

V.

Nuptial or burial, still the same
Its heavy tone you hear;
And e'en the sexton's daughter seeks
The open casement near,
That she may know if each new train
Be led by bride or bier.

VI.

The sexton, he is old and wan,
(God's blessing on his head!)
Yet still he hovers in his place,
Still plies his dismal trade;
Tolling beneath the belfry-rope,
Or bending o'er the spade.

VII.

How many dead his hands have housed
In their lone lodge of clay!
How, always, ere the grave was filled,
His labor would he stay,
And list, amid the weeping throng,
To what the priest would say!

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VIII.

I love the gray-grown temple now,
It's mouldering roof and wall;
The bell, whose melting memories
Such friendly tones recall;
But oh! I love the sexton old —
The sexton more than all.

IX.

It may be that his voice is kind,
Or that his cheeks are sore,
Or that he blessed me long ago,
When blessings were held dear;
Or — once I wept a father dead,
And *he* let fall a tear!

X.

Upon an autumn day it was,
Well graven in my mind;
When forest trees, half rubed, half bare,
Their shivering boughs entwined,
And faded leaves like butterflies
Were fluttering in the wind.

XI.

I was — would I were yet! — a child,
But years have rolled around;
They bore his body in a hearse,
And through the woodland wound,
And where the church-yard shadows fall,
They laid him in the ground.

XII.

Then words in low-voiced whispers ran,
And tones, suppressed, of weeping,
And straying footsteps lightly fell,
A trembling silence keeping;
'Wake not the wearied saint's repose;
He is not dead, but sleeping!'

XIII.

The parson breathed a solemn prayer;
'God ward the sleeper here!' [hands
The mourners round, some clasped their
From grief, and rose from fear;
The busy sexton toiled and toiled —
None saw, save I, *that tear*!

XIV.

Grief falls not lightly when it falls
On a young, tender breast!
Boy-hopes are blossoms of the spring,
As frailly fair at best;
The blast that throws a blight on one
Will scatter all the rest.

THE FRIENDS: A COLLOQUY.

Miss M. L. P. Bridge

INTERVIEW SECOND.

CYRIL.

My father, what a joyous afternoon! This old earth looks as young and vigorous as at its first creation: how every object lies lengthened in the golden sunlight, sleeping in love on its own mother's bosom! The atmosphere is so clear and exhilarating, that each inspiration is like a draft of happiness. I feel as if I could make a boat out of my own good spirits, and float round the universe: the sweet spicy air of the languid south, heavy with perfume, could never send such a gushing, free, unmeasured gladness through heart and brain, as this soft bland breeze, that has wandered and fluttered through many a bright place in our own dear land!

MEDON.

DULL and heavy must be the spirit that would not yield to these sweet influences. All in nature is harmony, and the heart of man would be ungrateful should it not chord in the joyful anthem. I hope, after the excitability of youth has passed, that my Cyril may ever retain his love for the beautiful; a taste for all that is chaste, pure, elegant, and refined. It is wise in youth to cultivate every feeling of happiness, and to take an interest in all innocent amusements; for a certain degree of pleasurable excitement is necessary to the health and welfare of all animated beings. The nervous sensibilities, in a young mind, dwelling on gloomy prospects, and harassed by premature cares, are rendered painfully and preternaturally acute, and often end in insanity; or else the circulation is retarded, the brain loses its vigor, the sensibilities become torpid, and you see a most miserable being, who has lost or never had a hope; a young body with an old heart. Happiness is as necessary to youth, for the full development of its faculties, as sunshine is to vegetation. It is true we sometimes have seen severe early trials stimulate the intellect to extraordinary and prodigious exertions, whereby the mind has acquired a profound and gigantic strength, and the bodily health remained unimpaired; but they are such rare exceptions that they cannot militate against a general rule.

CYRIL.

FATHER, it seems as if happiness were the great, universal and alternate aim of all; and yet how widely different are the means whereby men endeavor to accomplish this great end! Every mind has its own estimate of what is desirable, and every one appears to crave exactly that which he is the least likely to obtain; and if by any fortunate possibility, his wishes and exertions are crowned with success, the

object then appears valueless, or acts as a stimulant to excite still farther desires.

M E D O N.

PERHAPS, my son, positive happiness never has been the lot of any human being ; for the soul, heavenly in its origin and destination, must at times long and sigh for purer and better pleasures than she is capable of tasting on earth : she must at times look from out her crevices of day, soar above the world, and feel that she is made for eternity. And do you not perceive that it is when practising those duties which fit her for this blessed future, that she is best reconciled to her present habitation ? Unhappiness generally arises from a war between soul and body : thrice happy is he in whom the soul proves victorious. Beside, my son, see the vast advantage this active, restless, stirring spirit is, to the general prosperity of the world. If after years of patient industry, or mental exertion, an individual should find his estimate of happiness had been false, yet society during that time has had the work of his hands and the labor of his head. It is wisely ordered that none will believe in the insufficiency of earth's best gifts but those who have possessed them. They who have never owned property, or large possessions, nor commanded the services or attentions of others, think that by so doing they would live a life of perfect pleasure, and ease, undisturbed by a single care ; not knowing that property of all kind brings heavy responsibilities, and onerous duties on the owner, which if neglected, or misunderstood, destroy his peace, and often involve himself and others in utter and hopeless ruin. Rights always impose duties, and duties in the minds of the conscientious are always attended with cares and scruples. Yet, observe how all this tends toward the general good, at the same time fitting the individual for a more extended sphere of action.

A poor, ambitious, active-minded youth sees others rich, and apparently esteemed, and feels himself poor, friendless, and unknown. Upon comparing himself with the wealthy, he finds that in the world's eye such as he are units, and they are figures : at first he has vague wishes that he had been born to the same happy destiny ; but as his understanding increases, he feels his immense value as a man, a consciousness of inborn strength superior to outward circumstances : he then not only compares his situation, but also himself, with those favorites of fortune. He sees his outward proportions equal, perhaps superior to theirs ; his mind as capable, his nerves as firm ; he shares the same feelings and passions, loves as sincerely, hates as intensely, and feels, though fortune has made them unequal, that Nature has created them the same, and he impetuously demands in her name a due share of all that humanity can receive or enjoy. His wits and ingenuity are exercised in plans for future aggrandizement ; his powers of observation and reflection are keenly excited ; he scrutinizes the minds, deeds and modes of proceeding in those who have been successful, and perceives that honesty, industry, perseverance and prudence usually accumulate wealth and win regard : he accordingly respects those qualities in others, and resolves to practice them himself. He enters the service

of another, in which he practically learns obedience, self-denial, and a sympathy with those who work : he unites in fellowship with, knows the necessities and esteems the virtues of, the hard-handed laborer : he actually sees mankind face to face, without any conventional veil between them ; and if not learned in the arts, sciences, or polite literature, he has an invaluable knowledge of mankind ; and by the time he has gained sufficient capital to employ, is from consideration and experience fitted to govern others.

O Y R I L.

I SEE, father, that nothing but work in some shape will ever make a true man ; and yet how many dream that idleness is bliss !

M E D O N.

AND so it is, my son, with a sloth or an oyster ; but surely not with a reasonable intelligent being, who is created capable of taking an interest in the social and political business of life ; who has a heart that can love, and a mind that can appreciate friendship and feel patriotism. Perhaps since the creation the talents and exertions of mankind have never had such general employment as at the present time. War used to be the business of the world ; plunder and piracy their glory, if not their means of subsistence : thanks to commerce, that civilizer and peace-maker, industry and the security of property are proved to be of far more profit to a people and nations than war and unlawful violence. The times are past when Robbery sat triumphant, crowned with glory on the hill tops, and like a ravening wolf, turning her hungry eyes in all directions, ready to spring with unrelenting voracity upon whomsoever she could devour : and this carnivorous spirit was deified, and called nobility. Thus have men often bestowed the finest names on the worst acts. This is a sophism that has always been employed by classes to deceive those beneath them, who in their ignorance have taken names for deeds ; but now men, from the extension of education, the diffusion of books, and equalization of property, have a far juster sense of their own rights, a clearer understanding of cause and effect, whereby they perceive that law is the support of the poor and the security of the rich. It seems probable that they can never again become so darkened as to mistake words for things, or crimes for virtues.

When a great truth is once made known to mankind, it can never be entirely forgotten. Violence and excited passion may obscure it for a time, but as these excesses pass away, it shines with additional and more convincing brightness. The benevolence and kind feelings of the old philosophers, with exceedingly few exceptions, were restricted to the limits of their own state or country ; men were Carthaginians, Romans, Athenians, Spartans, scarcely ever Grecians, excepting when fear of foreign domination forced them to unite for general defence. Each people looked upon the other as natural enemies, and treaties of amity were generally entered into from motives of fear, as master and slave, not for mutual benefit and the peaceful interchange of commo-

ties, as free and equal powers ; or else for the oppression, or perhaps extinction, of some nation too powerful for either to attack singly : there existed no universal sympathy, no bond of brotherhood : each people had their own deities, and no more expected to be united in love in heaven than to live in peace on earth. But those words were spoken, which once uttered, Earth's children never can forget ; that God is the universal Father, and that all men are brothers : then national rights, ingrained as they are, like men's affections, sank before the rights of man, and a bond, God-created, was felt as wide as man's existence.

This is one of the many vast advantages that the Christian has over any heathen religion : it gives to man higher and grander ideas of his own nature, while he deeply feels and laments the fallibility that all flesh is heir to : he feels that both the highest and lowest, the learned and unlearned, share the glory and the sin, and have a love blended with pity or respect for all within the circle of humanity. But the purple of evening is in the west ; the shades of night are drawing around us : may happy thoughts and good angels be your companions until we meet again !

INTERVIEW THIRD.

MEDON.

How fares it with my Cyril to-day ? You look pale, anxious and disappointed, son of my heart ! That brow, which yesterday was open and expanded, where joy sat enthroned as a god, is now contracted and furrowed. You look like a man whose thoughts have chased sleep.

CYRIL.

It is true, father ; my mind has been asking questions which neither my own experience, nor the books that I have searched into, could answer. I wish to know exactly what are the various obligations of life, and how best to reconcile those opposing pursuits and interests that appear at variance with each other. I want to be discreet, prudent, gain riches, and at the same time be benevolent and generous. I wish to be perfectly sincere, yet obliging, conciliating, and beloved ; in short, to sum up the excess of my folly, at which I am sure you will smile, I desire two charts by which to steer my course through life ; one on a grand scale, on which are engraved the magnificent and heroic virtues ; the other a detail on which I can find those little every-day home virtues that make glad hearths and happy faces.

MEDON.

Ah, my son ! there is but one blessed Book wherein you can find such a chart, which must be read by the eyes of the Spirit, by him who would understand, and printed on the heart of him who would be influenced by it. There you will find all virtues interwoven in that of christian ; what man owes to himself, what to the world : public and private duties here meet reconciled, infused with a benevolence, an activity, a meekness, that cannot be imagined save by him whose mind

habitually connects man with his Almighty Parent, and, God-taught, feels that every man is a brother.

CYRIL.

My father, would that I could come under this blessed bond ! It shines upon me as a far-off gladness. Teach me, O teach me, how I can climb this steep mountain that commands, a view of Eternity !

MEDON.

If my own experience can aid you, or point toward the way, the cherished wish of old age would be gratified. Let us endeavor to find out what man owes to himself, for this, my son, may be the purpose of all. We will first consider his outer tenement, which he is bound to take good care of, for the sake of its celestial inhabitant, and that it may be a ready and efficient agent to perform its works and requirements. Since the divine spirit has chosen a temple, it is our duty to take proper care and concern for it. In the active duties and actual business of life, health and nerve are indispensable requisites. Good nature and buoyant spirits generally owe their existence to this source ; and if we could trace odd whims, disagreeable, crabbed dispositions, morbid, depraved imaginations, listless indolence, and various other distortions that some minds are subject to, we should no doubt often find these mental disarrangements owing to physical causes. So close is our connexion with clay, that much of our moral and mental health depends on our physical ; and though there are some firm souls that utterly command the body, (for such I believe have always and do still exist,) through continued pain, sickness and inaction ; preserve unaltered their serenity, benevolence and good temper, yet no one but the sufferer could imagine the amount of resistance and passive decision necessary to keep unstrung and refractory nerves in subjection : it is like extracting sweet music from discords, and this can only be done by a heavenly hand. The consciousness of possessing such a mind naturally begets a wish for action ; a stirring spirit chained by weakness must at times prey upon itself to avoid wounding others. Health, even in the estimation of those who possess it, ranks above all outward gifts ; and he who risks and loses that invaluable blessing, for either place, power or wealth, only places a gilded crown on the brow of a spectre.

I know that there are some pure spirits, refined and sanctified by suffering, as the pure ore is purged by fire from all dross, on whom faith and immortality shed such a light that it shines through the pale and attenuated countenance like an inward glory, and gives to the features a divine illumination, far surpassing all earthly beauty ; but though, in a religious point of view, ' it is good to be afflicted,' yet, as human beings, we all shrink from sickness as one of the extremes of human ill : and if we incur this evil through imprudence, love of pleasure, or too great greediness of gain, most bitterly shall we repent the purchased suffering. Afflictions that are sent by the hand of the Almighty we naturally and confidently beg his aid to bear ; but those

which are inflicted by ourselves gall us with an exceeding soreness : it is a fretted wound, that conscience continually chafes. But though it is a positive duty, which every person owes to himself, society, and his Maker, to use proper care and precaution regarding health, yet there is nothing more ridiculous, or that more defeats the purpose intended, than that constant vigilance and minute superintendence which some people keep over themselves.

C Y R I L.

Yes, father, I know just such persons, who discuss and analyze every article, nay every mouthful of food that they swallow ; weighing by *scruples* each component ingredient, and detecting at a glance as many as ten deaths in every ordinary dish. With such, a cup of coffee is epilepsy ; a speck of butter an engorged liver ; soup a dropsy ; spice in an apple-pie, gout ; a damp pair of shoes, consumption ; a dark day, inflammatory rheumatism ; good sound sleep, apoplexy : and each one of these black deaths has an arm round their innocent necks, continually choking but never killing ; for these phantom-frightened persons appear to live as long as other people, although they grow lean, green-eyed and cream-colored, upon the same diet that fattens and freshens their neighbors.

M E D O N.

Ah, my son ! have pity on poor near-sighted man, who frequently is so blinded by ridiculous fear, or a too selfish eagerness after good, that he cannot see, though it may stretch directly across his path, the medium line where virtue rests ; but, led by some fancied will-o-the-wisp, wanders off on this side or that, until he reaches one or the other extreme, either of which terminates in vice. Inordinate selfishness always defeats its own intention ; it magnifies petty interests, and holds them so closely and constantly before the mind's eye, that they obscure the more important ones that lie a little farther off. It is owing to our limited and partial knowledge, that the duties or interests of ourselves and others appear to be contrary, or in opposition ; the discipline of the affections, the moral obligations, the cultivation of the mind, the present and ultimate happiness of man, are but parts of a whole, which only when viewed in agreement and connexion can be thoroughly understood : each of these acts and reflects upon the other, and accordingly as they are neglected or cultivated, produce good or evil fruits : if either is distortedly elevated, so as to crowd down and depress the rest, man becomes either a fanatic, a fool, or a knave. Heart, mind and soul must all accord ; and this will produce that divine harmony which is ever singing in the heart of the good, 'Peace, peace be unto thee !' A deep, earnest, quickening sincerity ; a benignant, placid temper, united with an active, unconquerable will, is the only foundation upon which a truly great intellect can be built or supported.

To cultivate sincerity, we must begin by speaking the whole truth to ourselves ; ascertaining and acknowledging what are the ingrained faults of our nature, either dormant or active ; what the acquired ones that we have contracted from habit, education or example : for in many a man, unknown even to himself, lies concealed a crouched lion, which,

if temptation offers, is sure to spring upon and devour him. Now it is certainly better to grapple with and strangle the whelp in its infancy, than to be torn to pieces by it in its full strength. Evil circumstances and company have no power over humanity, only as the inner man makes partnership and alliance with it. With God's help, we must endeavor so to sustain the soul's strength that she may serenely anchor on the great sea of eternity : if we aim not at this, the etherealescence, all that is divine in man, will sink down, confound itself with, and in time be wholly overpowered by, the sensual. We have two natures ; let us rather exalt the earthly into the heavenly, than degrade the heavenly into the earthly. We must unravel our motives, searching into them with a keen and truthful impartiality : these are often mixed and intricate, when glozing self-love calls them good and simple. A man can never study the heart of another, until he has unravelled the depths and convolutions of his own nature : by nature we are all one kindred, but how shall we feel this, if we have never known or listened to our great mother's voice ? If we practice sincerity to ourselves, we shall naturally be sincere with others, for the sincere man cannot live with conscience for his enemy ; and as he is not conscious of wilfully thinking or committing wrong, he has nothing to hide : his own mind is open to the inspection of all, and he is the owner of a key that unlocks the hearts of all ; for he who possesses inward truth, almost unconsciously sees outward truth ; at a glance he discovers the real relations of things and of society ; what is intrinsically valuable, and what is nominally so ; until at last there is to him no vitality in the world, save that which exists in the true and beautiful.

Many bewail, that knowledge destroys rainbowed illusions, idle dreams, and ingenious doubts ; but does it not replace this cloudy far-rago, by hopes realized, purposes attained, and satisfied certainties, instead of sailing about tempest-tossed, and wind-driven, in a frail balloon over an unknown, and because unknown, dreaded space ? He has erected a firm ladder, whose foundation is planted in earth, but whose summit reaches to the skies ; and which, if made evident to his fellow creatures, will sustain their weight in the ascension as well as his own. Sincerity is also a great saving of time and labor, it being a direct road to the right, instead of a roundabout way to the wrong ; it teaches a man how to use his talents in the most direct and best manner, and almost always in the end enables him to achieve any proposed purpose. In the first place, he is not influenced by vanity nor ambition ; he does not over estimate either the object to be gained or the talents employed in winning it ; he is not infected by the fears of the timid, nor inflated by the flattery of the foolish ; but with a calm, consistent, concentrated tenacity, clings to his original intention, making all possible circumstances aid and advance that one design : his clear mind can instantly discern the line that separates difficulties from impossibilities ; difficulties he thinks were created but to be conquered ; impossibilities he never attempts. A man may be gifted with all brilliant and varied talents, yet will they fly off into eccentric and often ruinous courses, unless he possess inward sincerity : this is the axis around which they must revolve ; the only centre that can sustain them in their proper orbit.

CYRIL.

FATHER, you have explained to me what I have so often wondered at and been distressed by ; that faults, follies, inconsistencies, and gross crimes should exist in conjunction with dazzling talents, splendid virtues, and noble aspirations ; so that we might by turns write demon or angel almost on the same man ; of such surely were Alcibiades and Demetrius Porliorcetes ; they wanted but truth to make them almost gods ; and having that want, they wanted all.

MEDON.

Yes, my Cyril ; for want of this royal virtue we often see the greatest talents perverted to the worst of purposes ; and by it, moderate ones raised to the performance of almost divine things ; for it is sincerity alone that can give consistency to virtues, or unity to a life. But a man must learn many virtues before he can attain this great one, that is to consolidate all the rest ; he must have a cheerful, benevolent, placid, patient temper, before he can observe or reflect correctly ; and he must of necessity have a reliance upon the stability and truth of these observations and reflections, or he can never hold a steady, permanent, sincere opinion upon any one subject. The irritable, capricious, morose man shuts out from himself the opportunity for observation, and consequently has not the right material for reflection : his hasty uncongenial temper isolates him in the midst of society, creates a desert around him, though he be the father of a family, or a near relation in the social circle : he plants a hedge of thorns around himself, that tears and wounds all who endeavor to enter the inclosure ; he repels or misconstrues the efforts of duty, the impulses of kindness, the laugh of hilarity, the genial joke of humor, and in time crushes all that is spontaneous in the feelings of others toward him : they measure their words and answers so as to suit his humors and whims ; avoiding any collision of thoughts or opinions, for fear of receiving uncouth and wayward replies : the sensible portion of mankind walk as far on one side as they can, so that he may have room to pass them by : this he attributes to any cause but the true one, and always has hung in his memory a quiver full of small inquiries, ready to discharge into the ear of any patient or polite listener.

From this annoyance all turn away, except the sycophant and time-server, who sometimes for the sake of the honey will nourish the bee. Now is it not evident that such a one, who lives in the false, is surrounded by the false, and sees through a false medium, can never feel any thing truly. He shares neither the sorrows, hopes, joys, nor familiar thoughts of neighbors ; he enters not the inner sanctuary of men's feelings ; they seek not his sympathy in their distress ; they name not his name in their prayers ; the weak and erring shrink from his severity ; the good avoid him ; who is there that he is a brother to ? And thus he passes life in a triple slavery, a slave to circumstances, a slave to his temper, and a slave to all the designing who choose to puppet him by it ; and though perhaps of warm affections, as the irritable often are, yet for want of a little self-restraint, he goes down to

death unloved, disappointed, querulous, dissatisfied, and at war with his own nature ; as all must be who but in part fulfil their human destiny. But worse — though not so disagreeable as the hasty disposition, for that is often accompanied by noble and strenuous efforts after good — is that sluggish, inert temper, which is so frequently mistaken by the possessor, and sometimes by the on-looker, for a calm, philosophic equability ; when in fact, it is too indolent to care for right or wrong, only as they affect its own ease and comfort. These are mostly persons of indifferent feelings, feeble, yet easily excited imagination ; cold judgment, fond of luxuries, credulous as children, though talking skeptically of all things ; extreme self-complacency, with a small diluent of benevolence, which runs through their character, and leads the individual to shun the actual sight of distress, or give a shilling to relieve it, when immediately before his eyes.

Among this class of men, we often find those who, when waited on by attentive servants, and sitting in a well-furnished room before a good fire, carefully dressed with silk stockings and polished slippers, a table by their side, and on it a decanter of good wine, expatiate eloquently upon the duties and delights of charity ; argue that abstract rights ought always to be carried out into practice, cost what it may ; and unfold to you vast and magnificent schemes, whereby imaginary rail-roads are to be laid down, on which all mankind can travel securely and directly, up to perfect virtue and happiness ; they wonder that every thing in the world is not conducted better, and deny that there is any difficulty in overcoming obstacles that they have never attempted ; yet these very men, who in discourse could take the stars out, and set them in, in better places, feel impatiently if they wait five minutes for their dinner, and in the actual concerns of life expect others to think and do for them : there is in them neither resistance nor consistence ; and having faith in none, they listen, believe, and trust all.

CYRIL.

Yes, father, these are the men that I call St. Martin's wrens ; for I once read a story of a 'little bird in Germany, of that name, that had a very small body, and extremely long, weak, slender legs. One autumn day he was sitting on the branch of a dry tree, swelling, ruffling up his feathers, and endeavoring, at the risk of bursting, to look wise, grave, and dignified ; when between blinking and winking he discovered a dark cloud in the distance : what care I, said he, if the heaven's should fall ? — my strong legs would support the universe ; when a withered leaf, becoming detached, blew past him : in an agony of fear, he dropped from the branch, shrieking, Oh ! kind, good, mighty, blessed St. Martin ! have mercy on and protect your poor crushed, bleeding, dying bird !'

MEDON.

THAT is a very fair and excellent satire upon those who borrow names from virtue to throw over their vices ; and I have seen persons do this so skilfully and adroitly, that the picturesque and gracefully

disposed drapery passed for the real substance, with all who were not practically and intimately acquainted with the virtue. There are indeed some so fallen in the depths of deceit and vanity, that they practice this imposition even on themselves ; and those persons I consider as the most pitiable objects in the whole range of human existence : they have put out their own eyes, that they may not see light, and nothing save a beam or blast from heaven can pierce through such utter darkness. My dear Cyril, believe me, *to do*, is the only corrective for innumerable faults ; a continued self-contemplation pursued exclusively apart from, and unaccompanied by, active duties, generally produces one of three extremes ; it either makes a person timid, irresolute, purposeless, or it fosters a baseless, overweening self-confidence ; always planning, never executing, yet taking credit for the name, as if it were the deed ; or else it nurses a cold, callous, proud egotism, that calls indifference heroism, and contempt intellect. Oh ! fallible man ! why endeavor to stifle nature in thy bosom, and put far from thee thy brother ? Why hold thyself so far above what God has created and loved ? My dear child, to think and to do are the two great occupations of a human being ; so to think as may best enable him to do, and fulfil those difficult and important duties, which God has intrusted to his care ; for be assured that the seeds planted in this world are those which bear fruit in the next. But see ! the risen moon is shining through the plane-tree branches : it is time for an old man to say good night.

CYRIL.

Oh ! father ; pause but for one moment to look on that small, wan, ghost-like cloud, that lies like a dead infant on the blue ether ; and now see it as it reaches the moon's disc ; is it not living amber and gold ? — bright, luminous, irradiated as an angel's wing ?

MEDON.

EVEN so, my son, can divine love illuminate man's soul, turning the darkness into light, and heavy sorrow into exceeding great joy.

' H O P E O N . '

DREAMS there are that sometimes
Come to us in sorrow,
Giving us the sunshine
Of a sweet to-morrow ;
Telling us to press on,
Fearless to the last,
Doubting never, never,
Sorrows will be past.

Sorrow thus becometh
Oft a fount whence gushes
Wisdom like the light
Which from heaven rushes ;
Mighty lessons learn we
Of the mighty Plan,
Creating and controlling,
In its mercy, man.

Thou who sit'st in sadness,
Seeing nothing bright,
Deeming life all madness,
And its day all night,
Wiser, O, far wiser,
Look forth, and believe,
There is ONE who watches
Spirits when they grieve.

And if thou 'in patience
Dost possess thy soul,'
Trembling, yet still trusting
The Infinite control ;
Thou, amidst thy sorrows,
Shalt a light behold,
Purer than the dawn's flush,
Sweeter than its fold.

W H A T I S H E A V E N ?

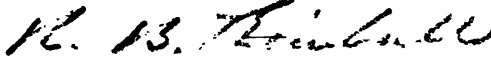
Is heaven a place where pearly streams
 Glide over silver sand?
 Like childhood's rosy dazxling dreams
 Of some far fairy land?
 Is heaven a clime where diamond dew
 Glitter on fadeless flowers?
 And mirth and music ring aloud
 From amaranthine bowers?

Ah no; not such, not such is heaven!
 Surpassing far all these;
 Such cannot be the guerdon given
 Man's wearied soul to please.
 For saint and sinner here below
 Such vain to be have proved:
 And the pure spirit will despise
 Whate'er the sense hath loved.

There shall we dwell with Sire and Son,
 And with the Mother-maid,
 And with the Holy Spirit One,
 In glory like arrayed:
 And not to one created thing
 Shall our embrace be given;
 But all our joy shall be in God,
 For only God is Heaven.

FACIUS.

L E T T E R S F R O M C U B A .



NUMBER FIVE.

Havana, May 15th, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You must have wondered long before this what has become of me, especially as I promised positively to write you every month, and it is now more than three since I have sent you a word. The fact is I promised you at parting more than I could well perform. You will perceive that none of my former letters have treated upon the subject you most wished to hear about, and I determined to inflict no more upon you until I could speak to the point. As it is, I come lamentably short of what I wish to do; but believe me, I have labored hard to give you impartial information. It must be interesting to you to learn something positive relating to the nature and acts of the late insurrection of the colored population in this Island. The great scope of the commerce now carried on between Cuba and our own country gives deep importance to any fact tending to alter or lessen the mercantile ties between them; and the similarity of circumstances attending our Southern States with those of Cuba, calls forth our diligent observation of every step which may influence our own political or physical welfare.

It is well known that the ancient balance of influence established by the Spanish law between the military class and the judicial, or lettered

part of the community, has been lost here altogether ; the former having been intrusted with every branch of the administration, even to the making of by-laws for the black slave population, which have been submitted to the control of government agents, perhaps under the direction of their allies, the slave-dealers. At the same time an ominous policy was created ; the colored inhabitants were particularly favored ; had numerous meetings, called *cabilds*, and enjoyed even greater privileges than the whites ; being formed into military bodies for the public defence, whereas the whites cannot form a militia for their own safety, even in moments of pressing danger, and in those places where the disproportion of the races is most frightful.

Enactments were written down, purporting to alleviate the condition of the slaves ; an apparent protection, calculated more to harass the owner than to realize the improvement of the former, without any attempt to instruct either. This was accompanied with the continuation of the slave-trade, and the barbarous political oppression of the native creoles, whose every thought was looked upon with jealous suspicion. It seemed evident that the policy consisted in placing the lives and property of the inhabitants of Cuba in so imminent danger as to choke any feeling of resentment respecting the political changes which the Spanish government adopted for the exclusive advantage of the metropolitan part of the community. Thus was the dissatisfaction of the blacks fostered. How else could we explain the cause of the progress made in this Island in that respect, and not in those slave-holding countries which surround it, and which, having a more frightful disproportion in numbers between the races, and greater freedom in the press and institutions, are withal enjoying perfect tranquillity ?

The bonds between master and slave were gradually severed ; the affections destroyed ; mutual relations of the races, for which the Spaniards had been always distinguished, were broken ; and while every one deprecated the perilous situation of the Cubans, the latter continued unarmed ; the slave-trade augmented the causes of fear ; and no moral reform was adopted to soften the harsh features and discordant views of the subjected or of the dominant race. It seemed as if an occasional rupture, that would awaken the natives to a sense of danger, was the most acceptable offering to the administration. Such have come to pass from time to time ; and you will be enabled to judge what they were, from the following extract from the work of the Countess of Merlin, in her work entitled 'The Slaves in the Spanish Colonies ;' for though not a solid writer, she has a style which savors of her sex, and is quite entertaining. She wrote somewhere about 1840 :

'The suavity of manner of the Cuban toward his slave inspires the latter with a respectful feeling, which is akin to worship : there is no limit to this affection ; he would murder his master's enemy publicly in the streets at mid-day, and would perish for his sake under torture, without giving a wink. To the slave, his master is his country and his family. The slave takes the family name of his lord, receives his children at their birth ; shares with them the food which was prepared by nature in female breasts ; serves them in humble adoration from earliest infancy. If the master is sick, the slave watches over him day

and night ; closes his eyes in death ; and when this takes place, throws himself sorrowfully on the ground, cries wofully, and with his nails rends his own flesh in despair. But if a vindictive feeling is awakened in his bosom, he recovers his natural ferocity ; he is equally ardent in his hatred and in his love ; but very seldom does it happen that his master is the object of his revengeful fury. When an insurrection is not excited by foreigners, (which by the by is not often the case,) the cause of it may be traced to violent enmity toward the overseer. Here is a fact which proves the moral influence of the masters over the minds of these savages. A few months previous to my arrival, the blacks of the sugar estates of my cousin Doctor Rafael, became insurrected. The slaves lately imported from Africa were mostly of the Succomee tribe, and therefore excellent workmen, but of a violent, unwieldy temper, and always ready to hang themselves at the slightest opposition in their way.

‘It was just after the bell had struck five, and the dawn of morning was scarcely visible. Dr. Rafael had gone over to another of his estates, within half an hour before, leaving behind him, and still in tranquil slumbers, his four children and his wife, who was in a state of pregnancy. On a sudden the latter awakes, terrified by hideous cries, and the sound of hurried steps. She jumps affrighted from her bed, and observes that all the negroes of the estate are making their way to the house. She is instantly surrounded by her children, weeping and crying at her side. Being attended solely by slaves, she thought herself inevitably lost ; but scarcely had she time to canvass these ideas in her distracted mind, when one of her negro girls came in saying, ‘Child, your Bounty need have no fears ; we have fastened all the doors, and Michael is gone for master.’ Her companions placed themselves on all sides of their female owner, while the rebels advanced tossing from hand to hand among themselves a bloody corpse, with cries as awful as the hissing of the serpent in the desert. The negro girls exclaimed, ‘That’s the overseer’s body !’ The rebels were already at the door, when Pepilla, (this is the name of the lady,) saw the carriage of her husband coming at full speed. That sweet soul, who until that moment had valiantly awaited death, was now overpowered at the sight of her husband coming unarmed toward the infuriated mob, and she fainted. In the mean time Rafael descends from the vehicle, places himself in front of them, and with only one severe look, and a single sign of the hand, designates the purging house for them to go to. The slaves suddenly become silent, abandon the dead body of the overseer, and with downcast faces, still holding their field-swords in their hands, they turn round and enter where they had been ordered. Well might it be said, that they beheld in the man who stood before them the exterminating Angel.’

Let me observe, with regard to this moral influence, which can always be perceived more or less, that it is the source of safety for every slave country as long as slavery is sustained, and the guarantee of order when it is abolished. Painful is it therefore to see it fast declining in this island, since the military menials of government in

the interior take pleasure in, and extort scandalous profit by, debasing and robbing the degraded, uninstructed white population.

Where a white free man can be carried publicly through the country with his arms tied behind him, merely on suspicion or through the malignant avarice of an illiterate, ignorant soldier, acting as sole authority in the land, the white race cannot command that respect, and exercise the influence, which saves our southern states from continued insurrections.

‘Although the movement,’ the Countess continues, ‘had for a moment subsided, Rafael, who was not aware of its cause and feared the results, selected the opportunity to hurry his family away from the danger. The *quitrin*, or vehicle of the country, could not hold more than two persons, and it would have been imprudent to wait till more conveyances were in readiness. Pepilla and the children were placed in it in the best possible manner; and they were on the point of starting, when a man covered with wounds, with a haggard, death-like look, approached the wheels of the *quitrin*, as if he meant to climb by them. In his pale face the marks of despair and the symptoms of death could be traced, and fear and bitter anguish were the feelings which agitated his soul in the last moments of his life. He was the white accountant who had been nearly murdered by the blacks, and having escaped from their ferocious hold, was making the last efforts to save a mere breath of life. His cries, his prayers, were calculated to make the heart faint. Rafael found himself in the cruel alternative of being deaf to the request of a dying man, or throwing his bloody and expiring corse over his children: his pity conquered; the accountant was placed in the carriage as well as might be, and it moved away from the spot.

‘While this was passing on the estate of Rafael, the Marquis of Cardenas, Pepilla’s brother, whose plantations were two leagues off, who had been apprised through a slave of the danger with which his sister was threatened, hastened to her aid. On reaching the spot, he noticed a number of the rebels, who, impelled by a remnant of rage, or the fear of punishment, were directing their course to the *Sabanas*,* searching for safety among runaway slaves. The Marquis of Cardenas, whose sense of the danger of his sister had induced him to fly to her help, had brought with him in the hurry of the moment no one to guard his person, except a single slave. Scarcely had the fugitive band perceived a white man, when they went toward him. The Marquis stopped his course and prepared to meet them: it was a useless temerity in him against such odds. Turning his master’s horse by the bridle, his own slave addressed him thus: ‘My master, let your Bounty get away from here; let me come to an understanding with them.’ And he then whipped his master’s horse, which went off at a gallop.

‘The valiant ‘Jove,’ for his name is as worthy of being remembered as that of a hero, went on toward the savage mob, so as to gain time for his master to fly, and fell a victim to his devotedness, after receiving thirty-six sword blows. This rising, which had not been pre-

* THE *Sabanas* are large open and barren plains, the last abodes resorted to by runaway slaves.

meditated, had no other consequences. It had originated in a severe chastisement inflicted by the overseer, which had prompted the rebels to march toward the owner's dwelling, to expound their complaint. They begged Rafael's pardon, which was granted, with the exception of two or three, who were delivered over to the tribunals. A remarkable proof of the love of the slaves toward their lord, is the fact of their stopping in the outset the engine which was at the time grinding, and preventing the explosion which would otherwise have taken place. Not only do the inhabitants of Cuba forward the emancipation of their slaves by procuring for them the means of gaining money, but they often make the grant without any retribution. A service of importance, a mark of attachment, the act of nursing the master's child, assiduous care during the last illness, or the priority of services of an old member of the family, are all acts rewarded by the gift of liberty. Sometimes the slave considers this benefit as a punishment, and receives it weeping.'

These are very charming ideas. It is a pity that the countess should, by entering continually in the field of romance, get so far from the regions of truth. I must, however, be understood to impugn in this respect no other statement of the above paragraph than the assertion that the slaves in any case object to being made free, or that such gifts are so common. There are facts both pleasing to the philanthropist and worthy of credit. Let us hear some of them from the touching pen of the lady of Merlin :

' Though the slave enjoys the right of holding property at his death, it passes to the master ; but if he leaves children, the proprietor never deprives them of the inheritance. It sometimes happens that the free negro makes his will in favor of his former master. Here is an example. During the scourge of the cholera, an old woman was attending the sick negroes of my brother. She had continued in his service, although she had freed herself many years before. Being taken with the disease, she called my brother and said to him : ' My master, I am going to die. These eighteen ounces of gold are for your Bounty ; this piece of money for my comrades ; and this good old man, my husband, also, if your Bounty will let him have an ounce to help him on through life, it is well.' The poor old woman did not die, but had a most miraculous escape.

' I will refer to another anecdote, showing the lofty and delicate feeling in the heart of a slave. The Count of Gibawa owned a slave, who being desirous of ransoming his person, asked his master ' how much he required for him ? ' The answer was, ' Nothing ; thou art free henceforth.' The negro was silent, looked at his sire, wept, and went off. A few hours afterward he returned, bringing with him a fine *bozal*, or newly-imported African, whom he had purchased with the sum intended for his freedom ; and he said to the Count : ' My master, your Bounty had one slave before ; it has now two.'

' The blacks become identified with the affairs of their masters, and take part in their quarrels. The Captain-General, Tacon, who, during the time of his government in Cuba performed some few beneficent acts in this colony, but from his harsh and inflexible temper excited

much ill-feeling, and took pleasure in humbling the nobility by his despotism, had persecuted the Marquis of Casa Caloo, who died while exiled. Some time afterward, and for the purpose of a magnificent banquet, which Tacon was to give the latter, he solicited the more renowned cooks of the city; but the best of them was a slave to the Marchioness of Arios, a daughter of the unfortunate Casa Caloo. Dazzled by the very height of his station, the General imagined that nothing would oppose his will; and he asked the lady to allow him the services of the cook; but she, as might be expected, refused. Mortified with the failure, the General offered the negro not only his freedom, but an additional and abundant gift, should he choose to enter his service; but the negro answered: 'Tell the Governor that I prefer slavery and poverty with my master, to wealth and liberty with him.' These acts however of devoted fidelity on the part of the slaves are descriptive of a period in the history of the slavery of Cuba long since passed. Though the romantic and very youthful heart of the Countess would prolong the dream, we must be awakened to the sad reality, which now covers this land.

Not very far apart, in time, from the insurrection of Montaloo, my friends have informed me of another, somewhere near Agustate. In 1842, there was one in Martiartus, for the second time. On the last occasion, the slaves were made bold by the impunity which, through the deranged system of justice, and the influence of their owner, had been obtained for them previously. In the same year the captain of the district of Lagunillas found an incendiary proclamation, which had fallen from the pocket of a foreign mulatto, who was employed as mason. A monk appeared on an estate near Limouar, under pretence of requesting alms for the Virgin, whose image he carried with him, and went on prophesying to the blacks that on St. John's day they would become free. In July of the same year the slaves of an estate near Bemba committed several acts of insubordination, and murdered a neighbor. An Italian hair-dresser was imprisoned in 1841 for receiving proclamations of an incendiary nature. The negroes of Aldama, under the very walls of Havana, refused to work, and claimed the right of freedom. In January, 1843, a colored man, suspected by his companions of having revealed the particulars of the murder of an officer of government, by the name of Becana, was assassinated by one of his own class, who being afterward taken, committed suicide in gaol. In March, 1843, there happened at Bemba an insurrection of five hundred negroes, belonging to the rail-road company and others. Very soon after, there was another movement on a large estate; and before that year closed, it occurred a second time. Soon after, the insurgents made a formal rally, doing many bloody deeds, and murdering numbers of the whites of different ages and sexes.

The above brief retrospective view of a few only of the principal signs which were indicative of disquietude among the slave population is very important at the present day, when the irregularity of the proceedings in the discovery of the plot has been the origin of an absolute disbelief of all charges against every one of the slave population. The information received officially at Havana from the Spanish min-

ister at Washington, and through the court of Madrid, as far back as 1834, in which the dangers which threatened the island were fully shown, had been altogether slighted. So also were these events, though marked with blood, and showing unequivocal symptoms of a coming storm. It gathered not in a single day, but came gradually on; and the humbled landholder was doomed to see the clouds of destruction hanging over his property, amid the general apathy of the officers of government, who alone were intrusted with the care of that in which they felt no interest.

A rich planter, having obtained, subsequently to the last bloody insurrection of November, 1843, by means of a negro woman, and by hiding himself during the night in the room where she slept with her husband, the particulars of a plan of devastation and bloodshed so extended as to make him shudder with horror, the local government seemed at length to awake from a sleep fraught with such imminent danger. One of the immediate results was a meeting of the planters called in the city of Matanzas for the third of December. The meeting was held; a committee named to propose, on the seventeenth, a report, which report being unfavorable to the slave trade, the planters were not allowed to meet again, and the military administration went through those difficult circumstances, guided by its own incompetent intelligence, or by the suggestions of the ignorant.

How did they act? What system did they adopt to quell the general commotion among the colored population, which was so visible to every eye? The answer to these questions will be found in the ungrateful task which I must now perform.

Under the impression derived from some testimony obtained by the military tribunals, established for the occasion, and composed of officers of inferior grade, it was supposed that the conspiracy framed by the blacks comprehended every individual of that unfortunate class. No one was excepted: every one must be guilty; and those who would or could reveal nothing, were marked as the most criminal. Acting upon this ground, a general investigation, or what was called '*expurgo*,' was ordered throughout the whole land, and intrusted to the most ignorant officers, whose system of inquiry was reduced to questions implying the answers required, and accompanied by the most violent chastisement, often inflicted in such a manner as sooner or later to produce death. Suggestions were made of the utility of employing lawyers of eminent standing, whose ingenuity and capacity would have advanced the proceedings efficiently; but nothing of the kind met a hearing. That you may understand what it is to intrust judicial powers to soldiers, let me report a few of the most remarkable acts which have come to my knowledge.

Under date of March 6th, 1844, the Captain-General addressed a letter to General S —, who presided over the military tribunal stationed in the interior, in answer to the despatches of the latter, consulting him as to the necessity of using violent means in the prosecution of those *free* colored persons under indictment, who should refuse to discover their associates, and setting forth the good effects which those means had produced among the slaves. In this letter His Excellency

authorized these same means to be employed with the free colored population, and manifested his approbation of their chastisement in the country where they should be taken, and of the attendance of the officer, in order to certify the testimony.

These officers, thus raised by a power above the laws, and above the dominical rights of the owners of slaves, with very few exceptions, excited their authority in a manner the most sordid, brutal and sanguinary. Under the universal alarm raised, and extending to every hut, whoever was bold enough to insinuate a doubt respecting facts revealed under the most atrocious tortures, was deemed an abolitionist; although his interests and previous conduct presented a much safer guarantee of his opinions than the trust which should be placed in uneducated and hungry officers of the army. It was quite common for the latter to demand and obtain money from the accused, in order to save their lives, or their bodies from barbarous lashing.

One of these prosecuting attornies, judges and executioners, at one and the same time, namely, Don Ramon Gonzales, ordered his victims to be taken to a room which had been white-washed, and whose sides were besmeared with blood and small pieces of flesh, from the wretches who had preceded them in this cruel treatment. There stood a bloody ladder, where the accused were tied, with their heads downward, and whether free or slave, if they would not avow what the fiscal officer insinuated, were whipped to death by two stout mulattoes selected for this purpose. They were scourged with leather straps, having at the end a small destructive button, made of fine wire. At the spot called the farm of Soto, were butchered in this manner M. Ruiz, C. Tolon, George Blakely, and other freemen; and their deaths were made to appear, by certificates from physicians, as having been caused by diarrhoea. This new minister of the law had been formerly prosecuted for theft, extortion, and even deeper crimes, committed while he commanded the criminal's dépôt.

Don Mariano F—— brought on himself the execration and odium of the whole city of Matanzas for his barbarous treatment of Andrew Dodge, a colored man, born free, who was generally beloved and esteemed, and was the owner of a considerable property. He was tied to the ladder and flogged on three different occasions, but never avowed what he was accused of; and finally, he was executed, in defiance even of those sanguinary laws of old, which instituted the ordeal of torture in ages called barbarous. He had also a free negro, Pedro Nunez, tied hand-and-foot and hung to the ceiling of the house, keeping him in this painful position through the night, his body having been previously lacerated by the whip. Again, by threatening to inflict punishment, he obtained from the mulatto, Thomas Vargas, an affidavit against a man of the same class, called Fonten. He used to visit Vargas at his dungeon every day after sentence had been passed on him, to assure him sportingly that he would not fail to receive four bullets through his body. The prophecy was of course fulfilled.

Don Juan Costa, another of the acting officers, had likewise his share in this work of accusation; and there were in the process of his making ninety-six certificates of an equal number of deaths of the indicted during

the investigation. Of these, forty-two were freemen and fifty-four slaves. They all had died under the lash ; and that you may judge of the intensity of their sufferings, I will record what appears from the process, viz : ' Lorenzo Sanchez, imprisoned on the first of April, died on the fourth ; Joseph Cevallo, imprisoned on the fourth, died on the sixth ; John Austin Molino, imprisoned on the ninth, died on the twelfth : and thus the number is infinite.

Don José del Peso punished a negro one hundred and ten years old, who died at the Matanzas gaol. Don Francisco Lebas, the enlightened and human fiscal officer, who appears among those of his class as if to redeem the Spanish name from the dark stain brought upon it by his associate, was called to certify to the death of this old man ; but he drew back horror-struck from the spot when he beheld a man so worn by age, having his body cut into pieces by the pitiless lash. The unfortunate victim had complained of the fiscal Peso, accusing him of stealing from him forty-five dollars. Del Peso, after inflicting severe punishment, found sport in hanging the accused victims on a tree, and then cutting the ropes to see them fall to the ground in bunches. He had been a journeyman-tailor at Havana.

Don Ferdinand Percher presented his process, having seventy-two certificates of deaths of prisoners during the prosecution ; twenty-nine freemen and forty-three slaves. ' I have one hundred prisoners in house,' said he once, before a number of respectable citizens, ' and if one escapes I am willing to have him nailed to my forehead.'

Don Leon Dulzides, in July, 1844, had a free negro placed in the gaol in what is called ' campaign-stocks,' which is a most distressing position of the body, the arms being arranged so as to hold the legs ; and thus placed, ordered him to be whipped unmercifully, until he should confess. Another of the fiscals, who was acting in his official character in the next room, was called by the cries of the victim, and obtained for him a suspension of punishment. Dulzides demanded the punishment of death for twenty-seven prisoners, but the council sentenced only two. During the reading of the sentence, he used to ask money of such as were saved from death. Seventy prisoners of Don Jyacinth — died during the prosecution, of whom thirty-five were freemen. This fiscal was suspended from office.

Don Miguel Ballo de la Rore, being on the estate of Oviedo, extorted from the negroes affidavits accusing their master, who being absent, was apprized through his administrator or *econome*, that he was a lost man, but that the fiscal would save him, provided he paid two hundred ounces of gold. The administrator wrote several letters on the subject, which were handed to General Salas, president of the tribune, who wrote to the fiscal, ordering him not to continue the prosecution on that estate.

Don Manuel Liburu, fiscal of the prosecution against the English and American machinists, had demanded in his accusation the sentence of death upon an Englishman named Elkins. The members of the military tribunal, however, being intimidated by the consequences that might follow, and at the same time well aware that the testimony had been extorted by the lash, consulted respecting the case with General

O'Donnell. The latter answered, that they should proceed from what they found in the process, and look well to what they did ; which, as there was no mention of the torture in the proceedings, meant that they should crown by their sentence the system of barbarous cruelty commenced by the fiscals. The consultation was repeated, and a similar answer obtained. At the same time Mr. Crawford, the English consul at Havana, officially informed the Captain-General that he was aware that the British Majesty's subjects were being indicted and judged at Matanzas in a manner different from that adopted toward Spanish subjects ; that as the testimony had been obtained by forcible means, whatever had been done was null ; that there existed a treaty between the two nations, wherein it was stipulated that no Englishman should be judged in the Spanish dominions by special tribunals or committees, but by the regular order of the Spanish law for Spaniards. The consul was persevering in his demand, and the Captain-General, embarrassed also by the consultations aforesaid, was obliged to give up ; and he consequently ordered that the prosecution against foreigners should be placed in the hands of Don Francisco Silvas, to be made anew. This able officer soon perceived that nothing was to be met with in what had been done but falsehood, infamy, and calumny, disconnectedly thrown together by the stupid Liburu. Within two months afterward the prisoners were declared innocent, and liberated. It was in the presence of this same Liburu, that another of his prisoners, the aged and respectable mulatto Ceballos, well known and esteemed by the merchants of Havana, suddenly expired on being shown the place of torture.

Don Pedro Linares had three old Indians whipped in Cardenas, two of whom died, who lived in that neighborhood, and had resided on the Island since the acquisition of Florida by the United States, whence they had come hither, from their attachment to the Spanish nation. Don Pedro Arevedo, fiscal of the proceedings against the negroes on the coffee estate of Domech, who had been accused of possessing poison (which by the by was never found) for the purpose of killing their master, so contrived it as to throw the guilt on a young white man, a native of the Canary Islands, aged between nineteen and twenty-one, who was executed, declaring his innocence to the last moment of his life. On being exhorted by the priest to pardon his enemies, he complied with the request, excepting the fiscal Arevedo, whom he could not pardon.

Don Pedro Llanes, another of the fiscals, filled up the measure of his crimes, which cried so loudly that he was at length accused of numberless robberies, extortions of money, and all kinds of wickedness, and at last was stopped in his dark career, and imprisoned in the Havana gaol. There, under the stings of conscience, he placed in the hands of General O'Donnell two hundred and fifty ounces of gold, which had been the fruits of his rapacity ; and soon after committed suicide by cutting his throat. Don Manuel Mata, lieutenant-colonel of the Carlist ranks in 1834, another of the fiscals, is imprisoned at Havana for excesses and robberies committed in his official character during these disgraceful proceedings.

The remaining fiscals, Gala, Gherei, Flores Apodara, Cruces, Custardoz, Manotegui, Maso, Llorens, Sanchez, Rosquin, Baltanas, Alvarez

Murillo, and Dominich, traversed the country in every direction, and strictly obeyed the orders they had received ; some whipping or torturing free or slave colored individuals, and extorting false testimony and accusations, and others seizing horses, cattle, furniture, and whatever was owned by the free colored persons, all which they sold and converted into cash. It is hardly necessary to say, that the fiscals took from their victims every cent which they possessed.

It is but justice to add, that the fiscals named Mendoza, Arango and Illas are honorable exceptions to this host of miscreants. Signor Illas, above all, has called forth the approbation of all the feeling part of the community, and of the friends of justice and humanity, for his able, judicious, disinterested and impartial conduct and deportment in the cases of the French coffee-planters and the English and American machinists, as well as of all who fell under his control. In the cases under the direction of the fiscal Ballo, this officer did not demand that sentence of death should be pronounced on any of his prisoners ; the tribunal nevertheless sentenced two. The fiscal Lara demanded death for only one, and the tribunal sentenced four. The sergeant intrusted with the custody of the prisoners in the military gaol at Matanzas is said to have collected twenty thousand dollars in cash for prison-fees and other arbitrary charges exacted from the prisoners.

In the city of Matanzas, the general persecution of the colored race was converted by the fiscals into means of gratifying their lewd passions upon the distracted daughters, wives, and sisters of their male victims. So far did they carry their barefaced impudence, that a ball was given by several of the fiscals, and attended by the consulting lawyer of the military tribunal, where none but women of color appeared. At a late hour of the night, the doors were closed ; and all the inmates, being in a state of disgraceful nudity, you can imagine what scenes of revelry and debauch followed. Acts of such low and stupid infamy serve to show us how the several channels of civilization are interwoven, and how easy it is for man, when once authorized to trample on any of the salutary restraints of society, to mock and despise whatever comes in the way of his most sensual appetites.

And now, in order justly to estimate the trust placed in the hands of these agents of military justice, let me report what their business was. They had separately the jurisdiction of a tribunal, with power to imprison and call before them whomsoever they would interrogate. The testimony which they obtained was received privately, no one being present except the fiscal and the witness. The fiscal would write down and sign the declaration, the blacks and the majority of witnesses knowing neither how to read nor write. Not even the notary, who is required to be present at the affidavits before the ordinary tribunals, appeared on these occasions to check the arbitrary, malicious, or blind impressions of the fiscal. Officers of the army were named to act as counsel for the individuals indicted, whether colored or white, free or bondsmen. These counsellors, incapable through lack of talent or learning, were not allowed to read the proceedings regarding the persons whom they were to defend. All the instruction they had must be derived from a hasty and general abstract of facts made by the same fiscal,

whose last duty was to demand the sentence which in his opinion should be imposed on the criminal.

I would certainly not attribute too much blame to the chief who, commanding the island at this delicate period, could not be approached by the wisdom and intelligence of the land. The invariable and jealous policy which for many years has directed the administration of Cuba drew away from the absolute military authority whatever was enlightened and spirited. Men of vulgar habits and little education were the natural upholders of a barbarous system; and it was not easy to find officers of superior worth to act under a cruel impulse, and to execute sanguinary orders; so that this strange course was unavoidably placed in the most incapable or polluted hands. I would again insist upon the injustice of charging the chief authority of the island with the faults which were due to the political jealousy, or the institutions, if such a name can be applied to the despotism established. But on the other hand, it would be an embarrassing question for those who have professedly enhanced acts of the same high functionary, to analyze and point out minutely the measures by which the island has been saved, and wherein the high capacity of the chief magistrate has been made manifest.

With regard to the truth of the conspiracy, and whatever ground it originally had, it has been so much embroiled and connected with incoherent, false and improbable testimony, adduced by the fear of punishment, that a general opinion is fast gaining ground at the present day, that it never existed, and that the few reports and conversations of a rebellious nature, mentioned with some plausibility in the course of the investigations, are the constant and latent workings of the slaves, which in all ages have accompanied the institution of slavery. This would be a difficult matter to decide. The events which preceded the general and scourging inquisition lately gone through with, together with the simultaneous and visible impudence of the free-colored race, are certain indications of a disturbed state of mind in at least some sections of the country. On the other hand, the indictments followed up by different fiscals, and the use of the torture without obtaining satisfactory evidence to dispel all manner of doubt as to the existence of a plot, speaks against its credibility. It can also be alleged that the very ignorance of the prosecutors, and the irregularity of their mode of procedure, were calculated to hinder the discovery of a plot, without deciding that it had positively no foundation. It is more likely that the conspiracy was in its infancy; and that when the avenging storm which swept over the land was heard from afar, it increased the number of the discontented, who, through despair, prepared for some last acts of devastation and blood. There is one painful reflection, with which, in sympathy for this hospitable people, I will close my letter. While foreigners, after long delay, have obtained a rehearsal of their cases, and after being paraded through the country, tied hand-and-foot on a horse, and kept in a filthy dungeon, have been declared innocent, the white creoles, who have been imprisoned with equal injustice, remain still incarcerated, and their cases undecided, *because they have no consul to claim for them the rights of civilized man!*

Let our influential journals ponder on these facts, and consider the harm which is occasioned to the Spanish nation by propagating the belief that its management of Cuba is what could be expected from a liberal government, for the advance of its various sources of wealth, and for a permanent, friendly intercourse with the parent state.

O U R L I T T L E K A T H L E E N .

'Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied :
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.'

THOMAS HOOD.

I.

It was too soon for flowers, and yet
They sought them far and near,
But could not find a violet,
To deck our baby's bier.

II.

And so they laid a wreath of green
Upon her quiet breast,
And said that nought on earth was seen
So like an angel's rest.

III.

And oft we looked as if to see
Her pearly lids unclosed,
And the blue eyes wake merrily
From their calm, sweet repose.

IV.

And stooped we sometimes down to kiss
Her rosy lips of love,
Forgetting that their tones of bliss
Joined angel songs above.

V.

And while, as if in sleep she lay,
We sought to feel her breath;
Oh, ling'ringly our faith gave way
Ere we could think 't was death.

VI.

But then through showers of tears, we said,
'This grief in love is given;
Why should the babe on earth be stayed
Whose mother is in heaven ?'

VII.

Where the pure snow-drifts long had lain,
We sought her place of rest,
And gave our KATHLEEN back again
To her lost mother's breast.

L I N E S A D D R E S S E D T O S . N . S .

You say, dearest girl! you 'esteem' me,
 And hint of 'respectful regard';
 And I'm sure it would n't beseech me
 Such an excellent gift to discard;
 But even the Graces, you'll own,
 Would appear less graceful apart;
 And Esteem, when she stands all alone,
 Looks most unbecomingly tart!
 So grant me, dear girl! this petition:
 If Esteem e'er again should come hither,
 Just to keep her in cheerful condition,
 Let Love come in company with her!

St. Albans, (Vt.)

J. G. S.

T H E S T . L E G E R P A P E R S .

NUMBER FOUR.

In this situation I slumbered long and heavily; yet, in my slumber, I was conscious of a great weight, which hung like some appalling calamity over me, just ready to fall. Sleep is wonderful; but at times it comes so strangely over the senses, locking up some, unlocking others, and giving to them such unusual vigor and acuteness, that we are perplexed and baffled in forming any rules for this universal but mysterious phenomenon. I can even now distinctly remember the miserable, unhappy slumber of that night. The appearance of the room; the bed and curtains; the window overlooking a garden; the very chairs and table, stand now directly before me, just as they appeared when I opened my eyes the morning after the incidents I have narrated, and saw the sun streaming in through the casement, which had not been closed during the night. The sight of every thing made me heart-sick — home-sick. Every article in the room which looked cheerful and inviting the day before, now seemed sad and sombre. I started from the bed and threw up the window. The air of heaven was no longer fresh, but seemed sultry and oppressive. I glanced into the little garden. The shrubs and plants and flowers looked lonely, and I pitied them. I next unlocked the door of my chamber and went down to the public room. It was early; too early for the appearance of any but the servants of the house, who stared at me as if I had made a mistake. I went to the street-door and looked out upon the scene of the last night's occurrences. There was the spot where stood the old Frenchman and his dogs; and here, close by the door, that accursed gipsy had gone through with her mummeries. But neither the one nor the other were now there. All was quiet, save the occasional jolting of heavy market-wagons, or the monotonous call of the milkman.

I could endure this no longer: 'What, oh! what will become of me!' I exclaimed aloud. The sound of my own voice had a salutary impression. I reflected a moment; and I thought then of my mother and her kind counsel. I returned to my room, took my Bible from my portmanteau, (for my devotions were of course neglected the previous evening,) and sat down, determined to be calm. Uttering a short prayer to my MAKER, I opened the Holy Book. I turned unconsciously to the Epistles, and commenced reading the fifth chapter of the First Epistle General of JOHN. I read on to the sixteenth verse, which is as follows:

'If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. *There is a sin unto death; I do not say that he shall pray for it.*'

On reading this verse a tremor seized me. Sweat in large drops stood on my forehead; my limbs trembled, and I was so utterly unnerved that I dropped the book, and sank back into my seat. Here then was the solution of the whole mystery. Here was an explanation of all that seemed strange before. I was indeed the doomed of heaven, and there my condemnation stood recorded. Could I gainsay it? Could any one gainsay it? The awful words were written, and stood forth in letters of fire. I took up the Bible again, but dared not open it for fear *that place* should meet my eye. How I longed to read it over once more, and see if I had read aright! Presently a new idea struck me: perhaps the English version was incorrect, or bore too harsh a construction, or was open to explanation. I hastily drew from my pocket a small Greek Testament, which I usually carried, turned eagerly to the verse, and read the latter clause:

ἔστιν ἀμαρτία πρὸς θάνατον ὃς περὶ αὐτοῦ
λέγει ἵνα ἱερῶσιν.

Hope, which had been kept alive for the time, was lost completely, as I examined critically the exact words of the original Greek. There could be no doubt as to their literal signification. Indeed there was nothing on which to raise even a question. To be sure, I half started a doubt about the reading of *ἱερῶσιν*; but I was perfectly familiar with the language; and knew that *ἱερῶσιν* answered to the Latin *interrogatio*, and the rendering of that was unimportant to me so long as the first part stood so clear:

'*There is a sin unto death!*'

I groaned aloud. I was alone, and dared not even ask my God to have mercy on me!

I am aware that this narrative may appear insignificant to the reader, but to me it is invested with an importance commensurate with my sufferings. I know too that many will exclaim: 'What folly;' 'victim of his own imagination;' 'nervous excitement,' 'monomania,' and the like; but if I cannot reply satisfactorily to such, I will hope that there are others who understand that imaginary evils are the worst that can fall upon man; that nervous excitement is more to be dreaded than any other; and that the narration of what has actually happened may prove of some benefit to others who may run the risk of like suffering. Be it un-

derstood also, that my misery was such as no person, though possessing never so great strength of mind, *but trained as I had been*, could throw off. No matter what my reason told me ; no matter how strong were the dictates of judgment and common sense ; I COULD NOT get rid of the terrible conviction. The fact that no human being knew of my suffering, not even my mother, added to my wretchedness. I felt like a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

It is curious how such kind of suffering levels all distinction in our feelings toward others. That morning I was eager to get a courteous look from the most ordinary traveller at the inn ; I was anxious to speak and to be spoken to ; and yet intercourse with any one made my heart still heavier. I wondered if those I saw had not some secret sorrow. Could they be happy and unconcerned as they appeared ? Suddenly I thought of *Emilie* ; and the thought gave a new impulse to my soul. I longed to see her — I determined I would see her. But how could I find my way to her humble dwelling, or what apology should I give, if I found it, for the intrusion ? As I have before remarked, Laurent's story gave (for the first time in my life) scope to *sentiment* ; and it now seemed about to prove an antidote to my present sufferings. Not that these last were extinguished ; they were only quieted. But quiet is a great relief sometimes. Those were indeed words of enchantment. Could I leave without seeing her ? Should I not watch for the coming of the old Frenchman to give his daily exhibition, and then accompany him home ? I hesitated, notwithstanding this appeared an easy way to accomplish my object. What after all could I say to *her*, or how should I address the old Marquis ? 'No, no,' thought I ; 'not now — not yet.' I will remember her, but we meet not in this way. When I am something more than a feeling child, she shall see me — shall know me ; at present, *adieu* ! I was now in haste to leave the town, and took accordingly the early coach for London. I secured an inside ; there were but two other passengers with me, but I scarcely noticed them. Retreating into one corner of the coach, I became absorbed in reflections of varied character. Passing through (unconsciously to me) a beautiful region, after some four hours the wheels struck upon the pavements of the metropolis. I was soon at my father's mansion in Russell-Square, and found old Nancy anxiously expecting me. The kind creature had lived from a child in our family, and had been successively promoted, until she was intrusted with the charge of the town-house. It was early in the afternoon, and feeling no fatigue from my journey, I made preparations for a saunter about the metropolis. London was just then a scene of extraordinary excitement. The quarrel between the colonies of North-America and the parent State was so far advanced as to be almost beyond hope of any reconciliation. Beside, the king and his particular adherents seemed determined to reduce the colonies to submission at any sacrifice ; while the Rockingham party, who had obtained an honorable fame by the acknowledged integrity and high character of their illustrious leader, maintained that any farther attempt to bring back the colonies to obedience would be attended only by loss of men and means, and expose the country to the successful attacks of foreign foes. This party was in favor of

acknowledging the independence of the new-styled United States. The Earl of Chatham had been for some time in strict retirement. It was well known, however, for his eloquence had forcibly proclaimed the fact, that the Earl opposed the wretched policy which had placed the government and her American dependencies at variance. He had glowingly depicted the unnatural war; had alluded with scorn and indignation to the employment of 'hireling troops and merciless savages,' and had thundered his denunciations against the authors of this inhuman policy. But his eloquence was in vain. The war was continued, till by the interference of France, the result to a calm observer seemed doubtful. The Rockingham party were in favor of a cessation of hostilities, and of acknowledging the independence of the United States. And it so happened that the Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne to that effect, which was to be debated on the very day I arrived in London. This I learned from the first journal I took up at a coffee-house, which I entered shortly after leaving Russel-Square. It was rumored also that Chatham would appear in his place in the House of Lords and *oppose the address!* His pride for his country had overcome every other consideration; and though he objected strongly at the onset to the policy by which government had been guided, yet now that issue was taken, and a foreign power had dared to side with the rebellious colonies, he would consent to yield nothing; not an inch of territory, not the slightest privilege, until those colonies were taught submission! It may be easily imagined that I felt a great desire to be present on so remarkable an occasion.

I had not, as I have observed, taken any interest in the every-day politics of the time. The notorious profligacy with which they were managed, and the unblushing venality which pervaded every office, from highest to lowest, made me turn disgusted from the study of present legislation. But Chatham I had always admired; even in his foibles, I almost venerated him, for I believed him pure. My father was a strong adherent of WILLIAM PITT, and unlike most of the adherents of the Great Commoner, he did not turn against him because his sovereign had granted him a peerage. This night the great man was to speak. I had never heard him, and it might be the only opportunity I should have of witnessing that surprising eloquence of which I had heard so much. Without farther delay I hastened home, dressed, and proceeded to Westminster. By the courtesy of the Duke of —, I procured admission to the House of Lords, just as they had assembled.

I glanced eagerly around, but could see no one who answered to the description of the Earl. The house was full, but the ordinary business was going forward. I thought at first that I had been misinformed, or that the public rumor was unfounded. Still there was an evident waiting for something to come. Expectation seemed to wait upon every word, every motion, however insignificant. There was something in the very atmosphere which told of the approach of a *scene*. The common-place business went on; motions were made and carried. And so far, every thing was of course. At length the every-day business was over. The Duke of Richmond rose to move the proposed address to the throne. At the same moment, a slight confusion was noticed near

the entrance leading to the chancellor's room. The confusion increased, when the Earl of Chatham appeared, supported by his son and son-in-law, and made his way with great difficulty to his seat. How different did he look from what my imagination had pictured him! There was the erect form, the commanding air, the fearful frown. The noble bearing for which Pitt was so remarkable — alas! how changed! He was emaciated and sallow; his wig covered nearly all his face; his limbs were closely wrapped in flannels, in consequence of gout, and his whole form appeared worn out by continual suffering.

The house was hushed to a death-like stillness. It seemed as if respiration would disturb its repose. At length the Duke of Richmond, who had paused until the Earl was seated, commenced the debate. The Duke's speech was sensible, and to the point. He took a full survey of the causes which led to the war; of the policy of the mother country toward the colonies, and of the subsisting relations of things; concluding by showing most forcibly, that no benefit could possibly be expected by a further prosecution of hostilities.

When the Duke had taken his seat, CHATHAM slowly rose. Expectation now reached its highest point. Every eye was strained, every ear excited. Breathless, I leaned forward to catch the first tones of his voice. But I could hear nothing save a low, inarticulate muttering, of which I could not understand a syllable. My heart sunk within me, out of sympathy for the man upon whom 'Senates had waited' so submissively. I could not bear to feel compassion for *him*. The same anxious attention, the same solemn, death-like stillness, continued. By degrees the Earl's voice became less incoherent, and his words, spoken slowly and with difficulty, could be distinguished. It was evident he was reviving as he advanced. One great idea seemed to be at his heart, and that was a sense of the degradation which had come upon his country. As this idea became gradually developed, his voice assumed its natural tone; his eye once more gleamed with its ancient fire; his form, despite of disease and age, dilated, and PITT stood up, commanding and impressive. There he rose, in proud elevation, his left foot advanced, his right firm, his left hand clenched and resting upon his hip, his body slightly bending forward, and his right arm extended; his hand open downward, with a half-menacing, half-deprecatory air.

'My Lords,' exclaimed the Earl, 'where is the majesty of the throne? — where the dignity of this noble house? — where the power of the legislature? — where the honor of England? Gone! Lost! Shamefully yielded up, to a hereditary foe, who boasts of her power to humble us in the dust; ay, boasts of it; proclaims it at foreign courts, and taunts us with it at our very doors. I call upon the noble Duke to bear me witness, that none deplored the unhappy differences with America more than I; that none opposed the obnoxious measures taken to subject and oppress her, more than I; but, my Lords, the die once cast; the honor of the nation at stake, and rebellion, aided by the most odious of foreign interference, lifting up its head to brave the lawful and salutary restraint of government, there is no longer room for debate. When the question is degradation at home and abroad, or war, let us have war! War with all its horrors, all its evils, all its iniqui-

ties, but not dishonor. Ay, let us suffer *any thing, all things, rather than disgrace and ignominy!*'

It was said that some parts of Chatham's speech on that memorable night equalled the best efforts of his best days. Certain it was, that for several minutes he showed no signs of debility, or any loss of his natural vigor. But in a short time his strength failed; his mind appeared to wander from the subject of debate; and his voice again fell so low as to be scarcely audible. In this way he continued, occasionally rousing himself for the moment, but again relapsing into a low and indistinct tone.

The Earl sat down. Deep silence pervaded the House. There was a sadness upon the spirit of every one present, for every one felt that the great man had spoken for the last time. There seemed to be little inclination to proceed with the debate. After a long pause, the Duke of Richmond rose, and in the mildest manner defended his own opinions. During this second speech, Chatham, upon whom all eyes were still turned, appeared particularly nervous and impatient. The Duke closed; Chatham immediately rose, as if to reply; but he uttered no word. He appeared to be struggling with his strong emotions. Suddenly he placed his hand upon his heart and fell back into the arms of his friends. The Earl had been struck by apoplexy!

A scene of confusion ensued, which it would be impossible to describe. The excitement was intense. The Earl was immediately conveyed away, and the House broke up. I left immediately, and drove to Russell-Square, deeply impressed with the solemn scene I had just witnessed. It had done me great good. It brought my mental energies into action, and drove away the mists which like a foul miasma had poisoned my soul. I had now something to think of, which was real and practical. I had read of greatness, and here was its end! My mind was carried away with *the reality*. I found there was no pomp, parade, nor circumstance in bare truth. I began to reason more clearly: I turned my thoughts inward, and asked myself if I had any thing *to do*; and my conscience troubled me when I tried to answer the question. Full of these ideas, I lay awake nearly the whole night, revolving in my mind the events of the previous evening. How strange the constitution of youth! I had quite forgotten the distress of the preceding day — I had forgotten Emilie!

S T A N Z A S .

It cannot be that sorrow
Will always round us cling,
And never let the morrow
One ray of sunlight bring,
To scatter wide the vapors
That hang o'er life's dark way,
And shine with trembling clearness
Till lost in perfect day.

Albany, 1845.

There is no fadeless sorrow,
There is no lasting blight,
There is no joyless morrow,
There is no endless night;
But in the deathless conscience
Of the lost and ruined soul,
Which stings and writhes unceasing
While countless ages roll.

B. F. ROMAINE.

A F A T H E R T O H I S C H I L D .

BY REV. W. T. BACON.

I.

I CANNOT say, I cannot say, my beautiful and wild,
 I've ever seen so fair a one, as thou, my pretty child ;
 A form so full of elegance, a cheek where roses blow,
 And a forehead where the glossy curls seem braided over snow ;
 A lip whence sounds of music gush, that might with ease unsphere
 Some spirit from its airy halls, and witch that spirit here.

II.

When first thy mother gave thee me, my beautiful and wild,
 And others sought to gaze upon, and bless the pretty child ;
 And thy soft lip to mine was press'd, and thy soft hand I felt,
 And felt all of a father's heart within my bosom melt ;
 I know I heaved a sigh, for there was sadness in my joy,
 Thou wert so very beautiful, my smiling little boy.

III.

Where'er thou goest there seems to go a gladness and a life,
 That all unfitted is for this dark world of sin and strife ;
 Thou dost remind me of the flowers that are when Spring comes on,
 Thou dost remind me of the light, when comes and goes the sun ;
 Of brooks and falling waters, when they with the pebbles toy —
 Of all that's bright and beautiful, my smiling little boy.

IV.

I mingle with the busiest world, and, when I find it vain,
 I turn me to my happy hearth, and little boy again ;
 I love to hear him shout to me, I love his airy call,
 I love to hear his little step go patting through the hall ;
 I love to take him on my knee, and fold him into rest,
 As doth the parent bird the dove she shelters with her breast.

V.

Thy kind complaints, thy boyish talk, thy merriment, my boy,
 Crush all that's base within my heart, and smooth the day's annoy ;
 Where'er I go, if ills assail, and passion plays her part,
 And dark ambition spreads her gauds before my eye and heart ;
 And I one moment list the voice that proffers me the crown,
 I think me of thy looks, my boy, and bid the tempter down.

VI.

Yet there will sometimes come to me a thought of sadness given,
 As the dark cloud streams athwart the flush that tints the sky of even ;
 When I look at thee, and think of thee, in all thine artlessness,
 And think how flowery is the path which thy young foot doth press ;
 For I know that eye which sparkles now, may suddenly be wet,
 And the earth that looks so lovely too, may be a desert yet.

VII.

And yet I will not think it ; no, it will not, cannot be,
 That fate shall ever fling its shroud of blackness over thee ;
 Thou art too like thy mother, child ; she would not harm this breast,
 And all thy days have been too like the holy and the bless'd ;
 Thou canst not other be to me, than this, my cradle joy —
 'Thou wilt not grieve thy father's heart, my smiling little boy.

PLANETARY MOTION.

SUGGESTED BY AN ARTICLE IN THE JUNE NUMBER OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

ASTRONOMY and astronomical speculation have hitherto been almost wholly confined to the professor's chair or the observatory ; so that it is well-nigh sacrilege for the layman of science to look up at the stars except by the advice and under the direction of some astronomical hierarch. The spirit of the age, however, is averse to this exclusiveness. Theology, even, is passing quietly but surely into the hands of thinking men, and the surplice is no longer able to keep sole possession. Political economy long ago passed from the statesman's immediate and proper control to that of the thinking and inquiring minds among the walks of private life. Astronomy will, in the event, sooner or later share the fate of its sister sciences, and leave the supervision of professional dulness for a less dignified but more genial nurture. The transition will be slow, however. There are too many obstacles to retard its becoming at once, or even after many years, a branch of popular inquiry. It is too far removed from the interest of most men, to attract their attention suddenly, or to fix their observation. Most other sciences have an immediate, practical, pecuniary application, which astronomy does not so manifestly possess. Indifference toward it is the result. Then again the dry volumes, essaical and pragmatistical, which embody the science, present no very great attraction for the enthusiastic or poetical. Hence also indifference. But in addition to these sources of speculative apathy, there is another and greater one ; that of the want of time and means for its pursuit, merely as an object of curious inquiry. In this country at least, thinking men are engaged in other pursuits — mainly for the providing of their daily bread — and pause but a moment to watch a comet or mark an eclipse ; as to deeper regard than the thought of the passing moment, they have no leisure. Still there are a few — and their number is slowly but steadily increasing — who, at all hazards, whether of time or money, will investigate every thing within the compass of possibility. They are restless as the butterfly ; and the flowers of politics and theology soon tire when mere inquiry without any practical object is in view. Other escapements for their versatility must be found ; and for the while astronomy is destined to pass under their attention, to be improved and vivified.

Hitherto we have been little inclined to doubt the most partial and incomplete hypotheses in this science, if only they have been made the basis of a theory by some great astronomer. Indeed, we had almost as soon doubted the intuitions of our own consciousness with regard to color or form. The element of doubt is coming rapidly into our men-

tal constitution, and scarcely any thing escapes denial. A second and better phase of our improvements is the affirmation of new theories, based upon new or more complete hypotheses, till at last astronomy will become, like other sciences, open to the view of both professors and private men.

But let us proceed to the observation of a few thoughts touching planetary motion.

NEWTON'S theory of universal gravitation, so far as it embraces effects, is unequivocally true ; where it seeks to explain causes, it fails of removing doubt. That the moon is held in its orbit, is true ; but that it is thus held by the attractive force of some power inhering in the earth, is a matter still admitting of doubt, although perhaps of very little. That the earth in its turn is forced to revolve about the sun, is also true, but it is in this case also a little doubtful whether the attractive force inheres in the sun. But if, for the sake of argument, we admit that the received laws of motion are true, and that, in conjunction with the attraction of gravitation, they are sufficient to produce a continuance of motion, at first communicated to the planets by some force acting at the moment of creation and then withdrawn, we are still met with the difficulty of accounting for the continuance of rotary motion, while gravitation is assumed to be so powerful as to deflect the body from the tangential line to an elliptical one. The paper which suggested this article has precluded the necessity of enlarging upon this point.

The great hypotheses of universal gravitation having first been rendered probable by close observations and calculations, there remained a still farther series to establish more surely the unchangeableness of the orbits of both the primary and secondary planets. This latter was done, and the hypothesis and fact stand side by side, in their gigantic proportions. It was necessary that the constancy of the orbits should be proved after the hypothesis of universal gravitation was received : for the latter, if standing alone, would create the fear that all the bodies of the solar system were gradually narrowing their orbits and approaching their respective centres ; so that at last the whole system would be consolidated at the sun in one enormous globe of fire, or of opaque and solid matter. Long-continued observations have shown, it is true, variations ; but variations so slight, that even if they had not been, as they are, vibratory and compensative, they would have required myriads of years to effect the result proved.

These two grand hypotheses having been accepted, the one as certain and the other as more than probably established, the other portions of NEWTON'S sublime theory, without so much patient doubt and verification, were accepted also.

NEWTON asserted, and proved by calculation, the spheroidal shape of the earth ; the flattening of the poles, and the great convexity at the equator ; which other and later observations, such as the actual measurement of degrees of latitude, and the oscillation of the pendulum, have verified almost to a logarithmic exactness. This was an inference which he drew from his theory of gravitation, but it does not prove that all his inferences were correct. It only affords presumptive proof, which is the lowest kind of evidence. Indeed the very circum-

stance that so much of NEWTON's theory accords with observation, is presumptive evidence *against* the correctness of the whole of its parts, if we reflect that it requires a superhuman mind to conceive a complicated system both theoretically and practically perfect. Let us doubt a little then, for it will not hurt it.

The theory of universal gravitation having been conceived, and the constancy of the planetary orbits having been ascertained, it became clear that there must be some reason for this constancy; some good reason why the planets constantly acted on by the force of gravitation were not forced to approach their centre, the sun; and in the same way their satellites to them. NEWTON immediately conceived a counterbalancing force, which propelled the planets forward in space and kept them in their orbits, notwithstanding the influence of gravitation to pull them down to the sun. He conceived, also, that it was not necessary to suppose this force to be constantly acting, but only applied at the instant of creation, and then entirely withdrawn; for he again supposed the received laws of motion, together with gravitation, to account sufficiently for the continuance of motion, after the planets had been once set a-going. But here arose a difficulty. The motion of bodies on the surface of the earth is retarded by the resistance of the atmosphere; and if the atmosphere extended throughout space, then the planets, by its resistance, would be retarded in their progress, and finally would find this resistance, together with gravitation, too much for their momentum to overcome, and at last yield to these forces united, and fall to the sun. He had before proved that they were *not* thus retarded, but that, on the contrary, they pursued their orbits with unvarying precision. This led to the supposition that the atmosphere did not extend throughout space, but was confined to a certain proximity to the earth. Was space then merely a vacuum in which the planets with their atmospheres revolved? He answered that space was not a mere vacuum, but was pervaded by a subtile ether, of such tenuity that it presents no resistance to advancing bodies; and that, therefore, when once put in motion, the planets would move on forever, at the same velocity, without a recommunication of the original impulsive force.

If we admit that the laws of motion in conjunction with gravitation are sufficient to produce and insure an elliptical orbit which shall be constant, there appears to be no objection to the continuance of the same degree of velocity, except perhaps the one that the gravitation of the particles or monads of matter toward the centre of any planet would at last overcome the original progressive motion represented by a tangent, so that the body would be in a state of rest were it not for the laws of motion and gravitation. In other words, that the body would lose part of its velocity, and would revolve at a diminished rate. This objection is only plausible at first view; it has, on reflection, no real value. Let us suppose, for illustration, that space is in fact a vacuum, or at most only pervaded by an intangible ether, giving no resistance to the passage of a moving body. At some point in space, so far removed from any system of worlds that extraneous gravitation cannot act, let us suppose a body set in motion with a given velocity; this body would never cease to move with the same velocity, until it approached so near

some system as to be attracted. Let us suppose, again, that it moves forward into space still farther and farther from any and every system; so that, by no possibility, can it meet with any extraneous attraction. The objector asserts that it would ultimately cease to move by the attraction of its own particles toward its own centre; and, having stopped, would remain suspended in space so long as no new impulse were given it by the original impulsive power. Now let the objector imagine himself standing in the centre of a boat, with cords fastened to every point of the gunwales, or if he pleases, to every part of the boat. Let him pull upon all these cords with his utmost strength; can he retard the movement of the boat, even if it were advancing never so slowly? He might pull all day, and even attach these ropes to a capstan, and turn away with the longest hour, and not retard the velocity of his boat one infinitesimal. But he, or his capstan, represents in all respects the centre of gravity, and the power he exerts that of gravitation in the body supposed. There is then no validity in his objection.

'Is then NEWTON's whole theory of planetary motion proved?' he will ask. By no means; only so much of it as relates to deductions from his first hypotheses, elliptical motion, and the vacuity or ethereality of space. Grant these hypotheses, and the rest follows logically and mathematically, so far only as it accounts for the annual revolutions of the planets. Their diurnal revolutions are still unaccounted for by hypotheses. The great astronomer supplied the deficiency by another hypothesis as ingenious as the other portions of his theory. He supposed that the original impulse was given in such a manner as to produce both motions — annual and diurnal — being communicated in a line passing through a point somewhere near the centre of the body. In the case of the earth, BERNOULLI calculated that the impulse must have been given, as NEWTON supposed, very nearly in the direction of the centre; the point of projection being distant from it only the one hundred and sixty-fifth part of the semi-diameter.

The objection suggested in the article of last month, heretofore referred to, is a very proper one in this connection; as it materially affects, until answered — not the stability of the hypothesis of rotary motion communicated by the same force which produced the projective motion, but — the hypothesis after *continuance* of that motion *underranged* by the attraction of gravitation, after the original motive power has been completely withdrawn. This objection must be satisfactorily answered before we cease to doubt on this portion of the theory which supposes the original motive power to have ceased from impulsive action. Astronomers indeed say that they make allowances for this influence, but that in calculation it is thrown out; as it would not affect the rotary motion of the earth one second in many thousand years: but there must be an error somewhere; for it is assumed as one of the fundamental laws of gravitation, that there is an action upon every particle of matter — every atom or monad; and, if this be true, it follows that there must be a retardation of rotary motion unless some other force constantly acts to counterbalance the effect of gravitation.

But the rotary motion of the planets is *not* thus retarded ; therefore there is some such counterbalancing force in actual operation.

This may be made evident by putting a quantity of musket-balls into a hollow sphere and then projecting the sphere upon a horizontal plane. The weight of the musket-balls within will retard both the projective and rotary motions in the same way that gravitation retards the motion of the planets ; on the hypothesis that the original motive power is entirely withdrawn, as in the case of the illustration. Still farther : gravitation is assumed to act with a force directly as the quantity of matter, and *inversely* as the square of the *distance*. Of course those portions of the planets nearest the sun or other centre of gravity will be attracted with greater force than those on the opposite side ; so that the rotary motion would be retarded and finally destroyed were there not a constant force acting to re-produce it. If we suppose an over-shot water-wheel, in which the rotary motion is produced by the weight of water applied to the buckets near the top of the wheel on one side, and then suppose a less amount of water, no matter how small, to be applied on the opposite side to a set of buckets on the same wheel, inclined the other way from the first set, we shall find the rotary motion retarded just in proportion to the weight of water which the wheel is obliged to lift at every instant of its revolution. The action of gravitation may be compared to the action of the water in the second set of buckets and the same result follows ; namely, diminution of velocity, unless there be a constant force applied to re-produce the rotary motion.

In connection with this part of the theory is a question which has been overlooked, or at any rate disregarded, by NEWTON and his followers ; at least in their published works ; which materially affects the fundamental hypotheses of his theory of planetary motion. NEWTON starts in this part of his theory with the virtual vacuity of space, and supposes the received laws of motion to be firmly enough established for his purpose, so that in connection with gravity they were able to produce orbital motion, after the power that originally communicated the motion was withdrawn : but in order to account for the rotary motion, he supposed the original force to have been given near the centre ; thus producing orbital and rotary motion, as has been seen. Admitting, for the moment, that our objections to the withdrawal of the original impulsion have no value, yet there arises a question of vital importance to the theory of the universality of gravitation. This question relates to the truth of the received laws of motion, or rather to their universality. In most cases a body impressed by a force acting in two directions in the same plane will move in a *straight line* intermediate between the lines of the direction of the two forces. There are some cases, however, in which a body impressed in the like manner will move in a curve. A common India-rubber ball may be thrown from the hand in such a manner as to describe a curve whose plane shall be parallel to the horizon for a time. A billiard ball may be struck with the cue in such a way as to describe a curve instead of a straight line upon the table. Even a skittle or nine-pin ball may be ejected from the hand so as to describe a curve on the alley ; either

more or less approaching the segment of a circle, as is the intention of the player. The question in hand assumed the form of a problem in the mind of the author of this article ; and until it be answered he will feel at liberty to doubt that portion of the theory on which it bears. The question, stated in the form of a problem in dynamics, is this : *Will a spherical body, if in a vacuum, when impressed by a force acting in such a direction as to produce both projective and rotary motions, move in a straight line or in a curve ? If in a curve, what kind of a mathematical figure will its path describe ?*

This problem, it will be readily seen, ought to be answered before we can receive that part of the theory as true which rests upon the hypothesis of the universality of the laws of motion ; for if it should eventually be found that, space being a vacuity virtually, the planets would describe their orbits in the same ellipse that they do, without the aid of gravitation, what becomes of its universality ? If one cause is found sufficient to produce a given effect, precisely and perfectly, it follows necessarily that no other cause acting at the same time can produce it in conjunction ; two would be superfluous were one alone sufficient. This question presupposes a vacuum in its present statement, but might be given without that limitation.

To a mathematician accustomed from his youth to regard an understanding of NEWTON and LA PLACE as the highest effort of human genius ; who thinks devoutly that they are the loftiest creations of humanity, and that to wear and actually see through their spectacles is the acmé of intellectual greatness, this article will seem little better than flat infidelity or sheer nonsense. To such, however, the interests of the science are committed, and to such this article is directed, since very few beside them have the taste or leisure to examine any question touching the different theories of astronomy.

Should any or all of the foregoing doubts be found to have any basis in truth, or the contrary, it would not necessarily follow, as some suppose, that the immediate presence and power of our Creator is necessary to keep up the motions of the planets and their satellites ; for if the theory that the original motive power was withdrawn at the instant of creation be eventually abandoned, yet another theory might readily be proposed which would supply its place, and still not interfere in the least with the warmest piety ; nor abate one jot or tittle of our reverence toward the great Father and Preserver of the Universe.

In a future paper, should the Editor feel inclined, either by his own interest in the subject, or the interest which he supposes to exist in the minds of his readers, to publish any thing farther in this connection, the writer of this article will submit a new theory of planetary motion which will perhaps elicit a little attention ; if not for its consistency, yet for its novelty and apparent wildness.

R. H. B.

EPIGRAM.

M. warms very little : 'tis strange, is it not ?
 I'll tell you the why and the wherefore :
 He cares not a fig for his fame as a bard,
 And — he has not a fig's worth to care for !

Thos. M. Parsons.

S T A N Z A S .

I.

DEEP in the city's noisy heart
A sacred spot there lies ;
Amid the tumult, yet apart,
And shut from worldly eyes.

II.

There, just beyond the chapel shade,
Hid in a clovered mound,
Enough of innocence is laid
To sanctify the ground.

III.

Born as the violets are, in May,
With song of birds she came,
And when she sighed her soul away
The season was the same.

IV.

It seemed in heaven benignly meant
To give this virgin birth,
When all things beautiful are sent
To bless the budding earth.

V.

But if her birth befitted then
The spring-time and the bloom,
Why, when that gladness came again,
Why went she to the tomb ?

VI.

Oh let not impious grief accuse
Kind Nature of a wrong ;
Her form in flowers and fragrant dews
Shall be exhaled ere long.

VII.

Her beauty was akin to them ;
Their elements combined
To shape the young, consummate stem
Whose blossom was her mind.

VIII.

And now the blossom is with God ;
Soon shall the sun and showers
Wake from the slumber of the sod
All that was ever ours.

IX.

No weary winter's frozen sleep,
Under the torpid snows,
Her undecaying frame can keep
In the clay's cold repose :

X.

For all her mortal part shall melt,
In other forms to rise,
Before her spirit shall have dwelt
One summer in the skies.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRONO-THERMAL SYSTEM OF MEDICINE; with Fallacies of the Faculty. In a Series of Lectures, originally delivered in 1840, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London. By SAMUEL DICKSON, M. D., late a Medical Officer on the British Staff. First American, from the third London edition: with an Introduction and Notice by WM. TURNER, M. D., late Health Commissioner of the city and county of New-York, Member of the New-York Medical Society, etc. etc. In one volume. pp. 228. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

Dr. DICKSON, in his chrono-thermal system, has produced a curious, unique, original book. Like all enthusiastic advocates of new systems, he is at times severe upon those who differ with him; but his acerbity is tempered with much good-nature; and while he gives the heterodox practitioners a large dose of jalap, he conceals its taste effectually by a plenty of current-jelly. The term *chrono-thermal* is derived from two Greek words, signifying 'time' and 'temperature'; and this expression has been pressed into the service of science in consequence of the remedies employed by Dr. DICKSON, and from the relation which their influence bears to time, or period, and temperature, or cold and heat. These remedies are such as are used in the *materia-medica*, proscribing, however, the lancet and leeches. In fact, Dr. DICKSON is especially severe upon those who, with a view to save life, bleed their patients to death; and he does not appear to regard in its true light the satisfaction and luxury of being killed *secundem artem*. The medicines most relied on by Dr. DICKSON are emetics, narcotics, tonics, nitrate of silver, and the application of heat and cold. Calomel he admits, but in small doses. The type of all disease he regards as one and identical. He considers the phenomena of health as consisting in a regular series of alternate motions or events, each embracing a special period of time; and disease, under all its modifications, to be in the first place a simple exaggeration or diminution of the amount of the same motions or events, and which, being universally alternative with a period of comparative health, strictly resolves itself into fever, remittent or intermittent, chronic or acute. The acute or inflammatory tendency to disorganization differs from the chronic in the mere amount of motion and temperature, the former being characterized by an excess of both. These three points are the conclusions to which Dr. DICKSON has arrived by years of investigation; and they are enforced in his pages by numerous illustrations and cases. The system derives additional support from the notes which have been judiciously appended to the American edition by Dr. WILLIAM TURNER, of this city, who in his introduction presents the results of Dr. COPEMAN's investigations in respect to apoplexy, a disease which has been regarded above all others as requiring the use of the lancet. Dr. COPEMAN has made an abstract of one hundred and fifty-six cases, and his results are, that the proportion of deaths in cases treated by bleeding is one in one and two-thirds; and of deaths in cases not bled, is one in three and one-fourth. It would be well, we should think, for medical men to examine this new system; and especially for the Allopathic practitioners, who in these modern times have much to contend with. The Homœopathic system, with its dilutions and triturations, its globular pills and sugar-of-milk pellets, finds supporters among many who are not fond of taking physic for the pleasure of it. The Hydropathic system attracts from among the people those who believe that a wet sheet

and pure Croton, applied externally and internally with a liberal hand, is a cure for all the diseases to which flesh is heir; and now comes up the Chrono-Thermist, with the olive-branch in one hand, and a pen (not a lancet) in the other, prepared to battle in the cause of science, and to rescue the world from quackery. Let Allopaths then look into Chrono-Thermism. It seems reasonable, and works by facts and not by faith. Let them at least give it a fair trial, and judge of it by its effects.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS. By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. In two volumes of the 'Library of Choice Reading.' pp. 510. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THESE volumes, although well written, and embodying a great variety of facts and incidents of travel, have impressed us less favorably than 'Eothen,' the author of which admirable work travelled over the same ground. The style is more ornate and ambitious, and of consequence less easy and natural than that of our favorite oriental traveller. The volumes, however, will make the reader pleasantly familiar with Eastern scenes; yet these are now becoming rather thread-bare; they are far from having that deep and abiding interest they were wont to possess. Our author went from England in a steamer to Alexandria; sailed up the Nile beyond the second cataract, and inspected those wonders of barbarian art in Nubia, whose origin is lost in their antiquity; visited the great cities and monuments of Egypt; then crossed to Beyroot, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his homeward voyage touched at Cyprus and Greece. Beside the descriptions of travel, there are chapters devoted to particular subjects, as 'The Arab and his Horse,' 'The Jew,' 'Woman,' 'The Valley of the Nile,' 'Antiquities of Nubia,' etc. These chapters possess a high degree of merit. In a rapid view the author presents us with the leading characteristics of a class or district, with such illustrative anecdotes and details as complete the impression he desires to produce, and leave the reader little to desire. The ascent of the Nile beyond the second cataract is also a very interesting portion of the work. The volumes are executed with a neatness which is creditable to the care of the publishers.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART: delivered in the principal Cities and Towns of the United States. By DRONTSIUS LARDNER, Doctor of Civil Law, Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, etc., etc. Three monthly 'Parts.' pp. 388. New-York: GREELEY AND McELRATH, 'Tribune' Buildings.

THIS clear, comprehensive, and useful series is destined to a wide diffusion. Dr. LARDNER, beside being a gentleman of acknowledged ability and experience in matters of science, has the faculty which does not always accompany these acquirements; the faculty, namely, of making his expositions *plain* to the minds of his hearers or readers. The extent of his scientific erudition, moreover, enables him to *illustrate* any subject he may have in hand more copiously and felicitously than almost any lecturer, or man of science, with whose oral or written efforts we are acquainted. The themes in the 'Parts' of the series before us are very various. The first considers the plurality of worlds, the sun, eclipses, the aurora-borealis, and electricity; the second, the minor planets, weather-almanacs, HALLEY's Comet, the atmosphere, and the new planets; the third, the tides, light, the major planets, reflection of light, and the Atlantic steam question. We select a single passage from the last-named paper, in order to show that, unlike many other scientific men, of large acquirements, Dr. LARDNER's style gives additional force and attraction to the numerous valuable facts which he communicates to his readers:

'ARE we to relinquish the hope of uniting the great mart of the West with the ports of Europe by the agency of steam in such a manner as to serve the ends of commerce, and insure to the projectors that reasonable profit without which permanence cannot be obtained? Is that mighty power which

for the last century has wielded its giant arm over the destinies of the human race—which has raised from the bowels of the earth those inestimable mineral treasures that, without its aid, would have been inaccessible; which has superseded human labor at the spindle and the loom, and supplied their products in unbounded quantity at a price little exceeding that of the raw material; which has invaded the waters of the Ganges and Mississippi, and poured the blessings of civilization even to the innermost recesses of the great continents of Asia and America; which has superseded the weary hand of human labor at the printing-press, and become the instrument of the diffusion of knowledge among the entire human race at a price which has rendered it accessible to all; which has unharassed the horse from the car, and, taking its place, has given the speed of the wind to the social intercourse of distant centres of population; is the mighty arm of this omnipotent agent suddenly enfeebled and paralyzed, and are we, in the middle of the nineteenth century, destined to be the witnesses of this its first signal failure?—or is it rather that those whom chance has thrown into the management and guidance of this vast enterprise have wanted the skill to devise proper and adequate means of applying the power placed at their disposal?

For the answers to these questions, involving and illustrating the history of the progress of steam-machinery, as well as for the elucidation of the various themes to which we have adverted, we must refer our readers to the well-printed work we have been considering.

AMERICAN FACTS, WITH AUTHENTIC NOTES AND STATISTICS. By GEORGE P. PUTNAM, author of 'An Introduction to History,' etc. In one volume. pp. 292. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is a book that was much *needed* in England; whether it was *wanted* there, is perhaps another thing. It is not very probable that a work which compels a revision of unfavorable opinions touching this country, will be very cordially welcomed by those who have hitherto lost no opportunity to misrepresent and malign us; yet it was well to put the 'facts' before them, so that an *excuse* for prevalent ignorance could not be urged with consistency. Mr. PUTNAM has performed his task with much ability. He terms his volume 'merely a collection of plain unadorned notes relative to the progress and present condition of the United States;' but these same 'notes' strike us as being very comprehensive and pregnant. Our extent and resources; our constitution and government; religious, philanthropic, educational, literary and scientific institutions; literature and the fine arts, in all their branches; and American society and manners, are treated of in the first part of the work: in the second part we have 'documents, notes, and statistics,' embracing, among other matters, a view of our sources of wealth, records of imports and exports, for twenty-one years, with tables of values, and the balances of trade; statistics of agriculture, the fisheries, manufactures, rail-roads and canals, newspapers, etc., etc. We take the following passage from the 'Introduction,' and commend it to the attention of 'all concerned':

'CONSIDERING that the United States have long been England's best customers, and in twenty years have PAID her for merchandise to the amount of TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING; beside PROMPTLY PAYING her five, six, and seven per cent. for about as much more of her capital in the same time; considering that hundreds of thousands in England have long received their sole support by employment resulting from American purchases; the advantage does not appear to have been entirely on one side; and the losses by these trading connexions, taking them at their worst, would seem to be, after all, but a small item in the trial balance. But, probably, the great political economist knows best. It would doubtless be better for both parties, that they should rely more upon their own resources; and, certainly, better for us not to run into debt again, even if England again makes the offer of her *disinterested* services. For my part, I have no reason to dislike Old England; the land of my forefathers, the progenitor of twelve millions of my countrymen. She has always treated me well, commercially; and when I come here, she receives me with her usual liberal hospitality. And it's a pity that two kindred nations should be bamboozled by book-makers into unnatural antipathy.'

The volume closes with a 'Parody on English Criticism,' from the North-American Review, which we remember condemning, on its first appearance, as an instance of bad taste, it being an *avowed* 'tit for tat' merely. We can say little for the portraits which are contained in Mr. PUTNAM's book. If they are specimens of the new mode of Ananistic engraving, we doubt whether the professors of the true art of celature have much to fear from the progress of a rival much talked of, but we suspect little understood, and comparatively worthless.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE GROANING CREATION.'—Such is the title of a sermon by **B. MATTHIAS**, Minister of the Gospel of **JESUS CHRIST**, upon 'the miseries and liabilities of the present life, and the hope of the other.' The text is from 'Brother **PAUL**,' and thereabout especially in his Epistle to the Romans, wherein he says: 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the redemption of our body.' Upon this great theme our reverend orator enlarges with a copiousness and variety of illustration that continually remind us of old **BURTON**, in his melancholy 'Anatomy.' The whole creation, animate and inanimate, he contends, gives continual evidence of disorder and suffering; 'the hills, the vales, the fertile fields and desert wastes; the sea and dry land, man and beast; fowls and fish, insects and creeping things; all are in incessant travail,' and no remedy to be hoped for, save that which is to be realized in the resurrection; a consummation for which inanimate nature is thus described to be 'groaning:'

'The earth itself yields its increase as it were grudgingly, and demands an exorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat, from the husbandman; and even then it does not always keep its promise. Often the laborer goes to great pains to prepare his ground, and sows bountifully, but reaps sparingly; takes much seed into the field, and brings little out. Or, if it keeps its promise and yields a large increase, the elements or insects destroy it, or incessant storms and gales, or other causes, blast suddenly the hopes of the husbandman. Not only in this way does the earth give signs of woe and travail, but in every other way gives evidence of age, disease, and sickness. Like a hypochondriac, it has ill turns or paroxysms, when it will rouse the ocean into a tempest, and make sport of navies; putting sailors to their wits' end; and strewing the shore with fragments and carcases of men. At other times, to exhibit some feat of strength, it will rock a continent or sink an island; and with giant strength shake a massive city into a thousand fragments, burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin: anon it is sick, and writhes and groans as in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying villages and cities in burning graves. Again the elements are restive and unsettled, and cannot preserve a due medium; they suffocate you with sultry calms, or consolidate their strength into a tornado, and sweep the country with the bosom of destruction. And the climates of the earth, how ungenial! The extremes are frigid, the temperate sickle, the tropics oppressive. The oblique position of the earth to the sun precludes the possibility of a better climate. And so we groan on, and shall, until the restitution of all things.'

The same train of reasoning is followed in regard to the schemes of ambition, or success in trade; the one being a barren rock, too narrow for friendship and too slippery for public repose, and the other vanity and vexation of spirit, in which there can be 'no profit under the sun.' The orator then turns to those who have neither wealth, fame nor power; the masses, who, as in England, ('with great gilded towers and state-chairs, and men sitting at ease in them, resting upon their pressed-down heads and shoulders,') are glad to work for a shilling to three-pence per day; gaining a bare existence by an economy that is mean and distressing. The mortification and shame of such destitution are seen in dejected countenances, ragged, neglected, ignorant and wicked children, and swarms of beggars, all of whom 'swell nature's groans for deliverance from the body of corruption.' In genial climates, with a fruitful soil, men are found to be helpless and degraded; idle, violent, unjust, ignorant and impure. 'Palestine is overrun with pilgrims, priests and

beggars; so is Italy and the Indies, Africa with the Turks, and native black men, some of whom are cannibals.' In the same latitudes in America there exists 'the curse of slavery;' while in South America the people are crushed under priestly domination, degraded by superstition, and rendered cruel and barbarous by both. In the frigid and temperate zones of Europe the people are reduced to serf-dom; in the extreme north there is more freedom and independence; but 'liberty is there no great privilege, for half a life is spent in the deep excavations of ice and snow.' In surveying the prevalent moral and intellectual disability, privation and exposure, the writer remarks:

'Go down into the deep, dark, damp, sulphurous coal-pits of England, and you will find a company of doomed wretches, men, women and children, who often for a whole life-time never see the sun nor the light of day. There they go, sometimes stooping under the low ceiling of the pit, sometimes lying on their backs or sides at work; women and girls attached to cars, loaded with coal, crawling on their hands and knees, through mud and water, often crippled or killed by falling pieces of coal, and more or less distorted and out of shape. They can indulge in no hope of release, but are confined in their prisons of total darkness, of damps, and unhealthy vapors, and are seldom permitted to see the sun, or hear the singing of birds, or smell the sweet flowers of the field, or pluck its fruits, or breathe the pure air of heaven. Like Jon, 'wearisome nights are appointed unto them,' but they cannot add with him: 'When shall I arise, and the night be gone?' It is night when they awake, and it is night when they go to sleep; all is night, and they cannot escape it:

'God's image, disinherited of day,
Plunged in deep mines, forgets a sun was made.'

'In their low and dreary vaults,' continues our author, in the words of FLETCHER, 'all the elements seem combined against them.' Destructive damps and clouds of noxious dust infect the air they breathe. Sometimes water incessantly distills on their naked bodies; or bursting upon them in streams, drowns them, and deluges their work. At other times, pieces of detached rocks crush them to death, or the earth, breaking in upon them, buries them alive. And frequently sulphurous vapors, kindled in an instant, by the light of their candles, form subterraneous thunder and lightning. How fierce the rolling flames! How intolerable the noisome smell! How dreadful the continued roar! How violent and fatal the explosion!

The sons of VULCAN, confined to their forges and furnaces, are little better in our reverend orator's eyes than the colliers. He draws this picture of them; and those of our metropolitan readers who have visited the 'Novelty Works' during a busy season will at once recognize its graphic faithfulness:

'A SULTRY air, and clouds of smoke and dust are the elements in which they labor. The confused noise of water falling, steam hissing, engines working, wheels turning, flies creaking, hammers beating and bellows roaring, form the dismal concert that strikes the ear, while a continual eruption of flames ascending from the mouth of their artificial volcanoes dazzles the eye with a horrible glare. Massy bars of hot iron are the heavy tools they handle; cylinders of the first magnitude; the enormous weights they heave; vessels full of melted metal; the dangerous loads they carry, streams of the same burning fluid; the fiery rivers which they conduct into the deep cavities of the subterraneous moulds, and millions of flying sparks, with a thousand drops of liquid hissing iron, the horrible showers to which they are exposed. See them cast; you would think them in a bath and not in a furnace; they bedew the burning sands with their streaming sweat. Nor are their wet garments dried up, either by the fierce fires that they attend or the fiery streams they manage.'

In farther illustration of the truth that 'the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now,' our author passes round the world, visiting the hospitals and prisons, and every other place that Justice or Mercy has provided for the punishment of the guilty, or the relief of the afflicted, and noting the forms and grades of vice and suffering. Hospitals, poor-houses, heathen-shrines, houses of correction, insane-asylums, domestic afflictions and disgraces, are in turn considered. The writer continues:

'LISTEN to the sighs of the afflicted, the moans of the disconsolate, the complaints of the oppressed, and shrieks of the tortured. Consider the deformity of the faces of some, and the distortion or mutilation of the limbs of others. To awaken your compassion, here a beggar holds out the stump of an arm or a thigh, there a ragged wretch hops after you upon one leg and two crutches; and a little farther you meet with a poor creature, using his hands instead of feet, and dragging through the mire the cumbrous weight of a body without limbs. Imagine the hardships of those who are destitute of one or more of their senses; here the blind is guided by a dog, or gropes for his way in the blaze of noon; there the deaf lies on the brink of danger, inattentive to the loudest calls; here sits the dumb, sentenced to eternal silence; there the idiot, doomed to perpetual childhood; and yonder the paralytic shakes without intermission, or lies senseless, the frightful image of a living corpse. Add to these the tears of the disappointed, the sorrows of the captives, the anxieties of the accused, the fears of the guilty, and terrors of the condemned.'

War, with its ten thousand evils, is not forgotten. The ensuing brief sentences will compare in terseness with CARLYLE'S 'Net Purport and Upshot of War': 'A king fancies that he has a right to a distant province. He raises a multitude of men who have nothing to do and nothing to lose; gives them a red coat and a laced hat, and makes them wheel to the right and wheel to the left—and march to glory!' 'Nothing short of the resurrection,' contends the reverend orator, can meet the necessities of the cases he has been considering. Every other imaginary cure or preventive must forever fall short of the remedy:

'WHAT is to become of God's promise, 'I will open your graves, O my people, and bring you into your own land,' if there be no resurrection, and even if that promise be deferred? *It will not be deferred!* The event will soon come; and hasten it, thou groaning creation! Earthquakes repeat your terrible shocks, and prolong your mighty agony, and bellow out your frightful groans! Floods and storms devastate, and fire devour the foundations of the earth! Ye beasts that prowl in forests, and roam in fields, or toil in harness, join in the cry for the new creation! Ye birds that tremble on the wing, or warble your feeble notes, sing on for the woods of Eden! And ye that have the first fruits of the Spirit, 'groan within yourselves,' and languish for '*the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body.*' Christians, waive every question, and cease all strife about words. Think of the worthies who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and out of weakness were made strong!

We do not often devote our pages to reviews of the occasional sermons of the time; but there was something so striking and original in the discourse before us, that we have ventured to depart from our usual custom in this regard. We hope to find justification at the hands of our readers.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD. — We grieve that we are compelled to record the death of THOMAS HOOD. For many years this Magazine, in examples from his pen of humor, pathos, wit and the true burlesque, has borne abundant testimony to the richness and versatility of his genius. It is well observed of him by a contemporary, that 'few men of powers as great as his devoted them so well, while maintaining a position in the lighter walks of literature. The poor, the wretched, the miserable, found in him an advocate, whose powerful appeals will live when the mind that conceived them shall have been quiet for many years, and its earthly tabernacle shall be dust. Weighed down with disease himself; plying his laborious task as an author with incessant devotion, and earning his bread by the unremitting activity of his mind, he found time, amid the various calls for the humorous creations which his readers seized upon with so much avidity, to give the world substantial proof that the pain and sorrow under which he struggled had chastened his spirit and enlarged his heart to a sympathy with the sufferings of others; and his verse and his prose were poured out during his latter days in advocacy of the poor of his native country. The magazine which bore his name, and over which he presided, is rich in the evidences of his yearning sympathies for the distresses of the laboring classes of England, and of his honest and bold efforts to call the attention of the people to them, that they might be meliorated. To this purpose he devoted the strength of his intellect; and his rare command of the affluence of language was exemplified in stirring appeals on behalf of the down-trodden and the starving. 'This was a nobleness in his character; and this devotion of his powers elevated him in a moral sense to an enviable dignity.' Who can estimate the influence of the 'Song of the Shirt' upon the sympathies of the benevolent of Great Britain! It was an outburst of generous feeling and indignant expostulation, which appealed to every heart. Some time previous to its appearance, the writer had drawn this picture of his subject: 'Consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rush-light, in making shirts at three-halfpence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets and seams, but body and soul together: and perhaps, after all her hard sew-

ing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated except those beyond the grave.' CARLYLE somewhere says that no more sorrowful sight can be witnessed, than a man, 'with timid air of conscious poverty,' seeking leave to toil, and unable to obtain the boon. How forcibly is the appeal of such an one put forth by HOOD, in his 'Lay of the Laborer:'

'My only claim is this:
With labor stiff and stark,
By law I turn my living to earn
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My drop of home-brewed beer,
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

'No parish money or loaf,
No pauper badges for me;
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arms, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

'Still one of ADAM's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man.

'A spade, a rake, a hoe,
A pick-axe or a bill,
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will;
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and we to him
Who does their pay begrudge!'

'The Bridge of Sighs,' to which we have heretofore adverted, and a portion of which we transferred to our pages, is one of the most eloquent, the most touching poems we remember ever to have read. Every stanza seems to sob with pity for the fate of the unfortunate suicide. 'The Child of Sorrow' is scarcely less affecting. But we need not enumerate HOOD's appeals on behalf of the poor and the lowly. His heart was in their sad condition. Although without a parallel for originality and force in the humorous, yet 'his more enduring fame will rest on the exquisitely humane and simply compassionate. There was no forced affectation in his efforts to serve his fellow creatures: they were spontaneous and passionate; and all the art of picturesque and descriptive power bestowed upon them was but appropriate and congenial ornament, neither covering nor concealing the rich stream of benevolence which flowed in the depths below. His most cynical sparkings emanated from a kind heart; they were fire-works which revolved in many a quaint and brilliant device, but burnt or injured none. He could not help the droll conceit and dazzling sally; but the love of his kind predominated throughout and over all.' In a late prose sketch, his last indeed of any length, 'Our Family, a Domestic Novel,' there is abundant humor; but laugh as the reader will, and must, he can scarcely refrain from 'melting pity' for the faithful servant girl, KEZIAH; with her clumsy feet and legs, her coarse red arms and hands, and dumpy fingers; her ungainly trunk and hard features, 'admirably adapted to that rough drudgery to which she unsparingly devoted them, as if only fit to be scratched, chapped, burnt, sodden, sprained, frost-bitten, and stuck with splinters.' HOOD himself has rarely sketched a more effective scene than that in which, on a suggested suspicion, the faithful creature's trunk is broken open, for the discovery of property that had been stolen from the family. Nothing could be more innocent than the contents; 'a few clothes, scraps of ribbon, and fragments of patch-work; bits of dried orange and lemon peel; keepsakes innumerable; locks of hair of all colors, folded up in papers inscribed with female names; and one long silver tress, labelled 'My dear Mother's'; a yellow canvass sampler, with its worked alphabets and numerals, with KEZIAH's own name and the date at the bottom.' With the power of true genius, HOOD could at will invest the humblest object with an importance and a dignity, or draw from it the materials for a rich outpouring of genuine fun; and it was a characteristic of him, as of other writers of his cast of mind, that even the most touching pathos would be mingled with his racy humor; lights and shadows delicately interwoven, and producing a most harmonious effect.

We have just been looking over the last volume published by the lamented subject of this notice. It is rich in his oblique, quiet humor and picturesque fancy. 'The Schoolmistress Abroad' is a very effective satire upon that system of boarding-school education which renders a young lady totally ineligible for a wife, as well as upon the rage for continental travelling which prevails among those who seldom appreciate their own country, and with whom 'the country of the Rhine' is every thing; persons who deem the man 'a donkey who has not been to Asmanhauser; and all who have not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour-kraut in its own country, and drunk seltzer-water at the fountain-head, are looked upon as being in the kitchen of society; to go 'up the Rhine' being, as it were, to go up stairs.' The schoolmistress, in the present instance, had never travelled, except on the map; 'she had skipped from a blue continent to a green one; crossed a pink isthmus; traversed a red, black, or yellow sea; landed on a purple island, and roamed in an orange desert;' but as to practical travelling, she was totally ignorant of it. 'She could work worsted, however, in the most delightful style, and taught French after an admirable manner of her own; but from a couple of 'touches with the brush of Truth,' we suspect that she was not very accomplished in either of these branches. In working a worsted pussy, for example, we are told that 'the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity; 'twas a baby still; and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still, still it was a mild, innocent baby—but with very sore eyes.' In her first letter home, describing steam-boat travelling on the Rhine, she says: 'During the voyage, Miss RUTH endeavored to *parler français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.' She did not sink the schoolmistress, it would seem, even on board the steamer: 'I endeavored in one instance to rebuke indelicacy; but unfortunately, from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking; and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.' On the road between Tadberg and Grabheim, on a night 'in which a christian farmer would hardly have left out his scare-crow,' the cerulean's father is taken with violent spasms; and if our readers would see the advantages of a fashionable boarding-school education in such an emergency, we commend to their perusal 'The School-mistress Abroad.' In 'Nature and Art,' HOOD gives an amusing account of one of those Art-union raffles for paintings, 'in which the very best *designs* are often left to the mercy of *chance*.' An ignorant butcher, ambitious of venturing in the arts, wins a fine picture; but he soon becomes sick of his bargain, and writes, among other things, to the 'actuary':

'ACCORDIN to yure advice, I tuck out for my Prize that are grate Pictur as was in the Xibition, and am sorry to say it don't give satisfaction to nobody, nayther to self and family or auy friend whatsoever. Some pepel dont screwple to say I've been reglarly done in ile. The first thing I did on its arrival were to stick it up in the back Parler, verry much agin my Missis, who objected to its takin too much of her room, which she likes to have to herself. Howsunever, there it were, and I made a piat to ax every boddy, customers and nabers, to step in and faver with their opinions, and which am concernd to say is all unanims per contra. And partickly Sam Jones, the bone-painter, whom is reckond a judg. As youd say, if youd seen him a-squinnin at it through a roll of paper like one of the reglar knowin wuns I see at the Nashunal Galry. Besides beekin and backin furdur and furdur off to get the rite Distance, as he said, till he backed into the fire. Whereby he says there's not room enough in the hole premises big enuff to get at the focus. And sure enuff, the nigher yoe look into it, the furdur yoe off from diskivering the meanin. And my Missis objects in to-to, to landskips in doors, wich sounds resnable and agreeable to Natur, only it would spile in the open air. So wat to do with the Pictur, Lord nose. There it is in the little back parler, and as JONES says, 'heim killed for want of space,' and advises to stick it in the slorterus, But witch I can't spare for a Pictur-galry. Beg to know wether the pieter cant be took back at a reduced Wallation, or by way of swop for the same length and breadth, by the foot square of little paintings, in witch case sportin subjes would be preferd. Or would be agreeable to take out the Amount in fammily likenesses, including my grey mule. I ort to confind my attention to butcherin, whereby I mite sit camfistable in my own parler. But a two hundred guinea Pictur, and a greasy blue jacket and red nite-cap, don't match no how. Howsunever I shant put in agin, at least not till sich time as there's a Hart Union for Agriculture and a raffle for a prize-ox.'

'Mrs. GARDINER' is a widow, devoted to the cultivation of flowers in her door-yard garden, who has the peculiarity of identifying *herself* with each variety. HOOD, standing at the little gate, compliments her on the appearance of her carnations; to which she replies:

'Yes, I've a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, nobody can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, Sir, and smell me?'

'ACCEPTING the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rose-bush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.'

'Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, Sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy-washy pale sorts — (this was a ding at the white roses at the next door) — none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There's no maiden blushes about me. I'm the regular old red cabbage!'

'And she was right; for after all, that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species; the queen of flowers, with a ruddy embossment, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens.'

'And there's my American creeper. Miss SHARP pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye! afore ever she gets up to her first-floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I'm over the portico already.'

While this conversation is going on, a deaf bachelor-neighbor, who has a garden of his own, passes by; but 'Mrs. GARDINER' hails him in a loud voice, and addresses him in her customary figurative language:

'WELL, and how are you, Mr. Burrel, after them east winds?'

'Very bad, very bad indeed,' replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

'And so am I,' said Mrs. Gardiner, remembering nothing but her blight: 'I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squirreling.'

'Is that good for it?' asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

'So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts.'

'What, my lower limbs?'

'Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you're maggotty.'

'Oh!' granted the old gentleman; 'you mean vermin.'

'As for me,' bawled Mrs. G., 'I'm swarming! And Miss SHARP is wus than I am.'

'The more 's the pity,' said the old gentleman; 'we shall have no apples and pears.'

'No, not to signify. How's your peaches?'

'Why, they set kindly enough, Ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights.'

'Ah, it ain't the frost,' roared Mrs. G.; 'You have got down to the gravel — I know you have — you look so rusty and scrubby!'

'I wish you good morning, Ma'am,' said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall; as who would n't, thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees.

'To be sure, he was dreadful unproductive,' the widow said; 'but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter than her next-door neighbor at Number Ten, who would keep coming over her wall, till she cut off her pumpkin.'

'She now led me round the house to her 'back,' where she showed me her grass-plot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a roll. She next led me off to her vegetables, halting at last at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prussians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.'

'Backard, an't I?'

'Yes, rather.'

'Wery; but Miss SHARP is backarder than me. She's hardly out of the ground yet; and please God, in another fortnight I shall want sticking.'

'There was something so irresistibly comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her if she had no assistance in her labors.'

'What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But 's very hard to think you're a valuable bulb, and when summer comes, you're nothing but a stick and a label.'

'Very provoking indeed!'

'Talk of transplanting; they do nothing else but transplant you from one house to another, till you don't know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones's.' It's scandalous!'

But we must take our leave for the present of a rare spirit, who has taken his leave of this world to go to a better, 'even an heavenly.' His sportive humor, 'like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck.' Yet infirm as was the fabric, the equable mind was never disturbed to the last. 'He contemplated the approach of death,' says one who was with him to the last, 'with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. It had no terrors for him. A short while ago we sat for hours by his bed-side in general and cheerful conversation, as when in social and healthful intercourse. Then he spoke of the certain and unavoidable event about to take place, with perfect unreserve, and unruffled calmness; and the lesson and example *how to die* was never given in a more impressive and consolatory manner than by THOMAS HOOD.

His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications; at times lively and jocular, at times serious and affecting; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites, a class he had always detested and written against; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and purity of the faith professed.' Mr. HOOD's disease we infer to have been consumption. He died at the early age of forty-seven, and has left behind him a widow with a small family, who, to the honor of Sir ROBERT PEEL be it said, have been endowed with a liberal life-pension from the English government.

'*FÆRUS*,' A POEM. — We have just arisen from the perusal of a very remarkable volume, recently published in England, and entitled as above, from the pen of PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Barrister at Law, London. As the work is now in the hands of the American publisher, Mr. B. B. MUXLEY, Boston, who will presently issue it, we shall do our readers the service of calling their attention to its merits; not so much by way of a review in detail, for which we shall take another opportunity, as by the presentation of a few segregated passages, calculated to afford a taste of the writer's quality. We perceive in the English edition, that MACAULAY, BULWER, MILNES and others, have endorsed the volume as presenting the most marked evidences of high poetical genius in the author; one of them indeed going so far as to say that there is *superfluous* poetry enough in the book to set up any six modern bards. The poem is in the dramatic form; and is thus rendered very various in thought and mode of expression. We will commence our extracts by the introduction to the reader of the 'Old Gentleman,' otherwise known as the Old NICK, but here denominated LUCIFER, who in a tour of discovery around the earth, marches with FÆRUS into the very 'bowels of the land without impediment,' in order to show him the mysteries of nature in the centre of the 'round world':

'BEMOLD us in the fire-crypts of the world!
Through seas and buried mountains, tomb-like tracts
Fit to receive the skeleton of Death
When he is dead; through earthquakes, and the bones
Of earthquake-swallowed cities, have we wormed
Down to the ever burning forge of fire,
Whereon in awful and omnipotent ease
Nature, the delegate of GOD, brings forth
Her everlasting elements, and breathes
Around that fluent heat of life which clothes
Itself in lightnings, wandering through the air,
And pierces to the last and loftiest pore
Of earth's snow-mantled mountains. In these vaults
Are hid the archives of the universe;
And here the ashes of all ages gone,
Each finally insured.

'GOD worketh slowly; and a thousand years
He takes to lift his hand off. Layer on layer
He made earth, fashioned it and hardened it
Into the great bright, useful thing it is;
Its seas life-crowded, and soul-hallowed lands,
He girded with the girdle of the sun,
That sets its bosom glowing like Love's own
Breathless embrace, close-clinging as for life;
Veined it with gold, and dusted it with gems,
Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire bowed
Rock-ribs unbreakable; until at last
Earth took her shining station as a star,
In Heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of worlds.'

But let us ascend with the speakers 'through the charred throat of an extinct volcano' to what Mr. SLICK would term the '*face* of the globéd earth,' and 'see what we shall see.' Is not the following apostrophe to a cloud both natural and spirited? With

the exception of WORDSWORTH's apostrophe to the 'noon-day rack,' we remember nothing more beautiful :

'SEE you sweet cloud ! 'Tis watching us, I'm certain ;
What have we here to make thee stay one second ?
Away ! thy sisters wait thee in the west,
The blushing bridesmaids of the sun and sea :
I would I were like thee, thou little cloud,
Ever to live in Heaven ; or seeking earth,
To let my spirit down in drops of love ;
To sleep with night upon her dewy lap,
And the next dawn, back with the sun to Heaven ;
And so on through eternity, sweet cloud !'

Who, in looking at the round white clouds of summer, rolling through the blue depths of the upper air, the most graceful of all things, but has felt aspirations akin to these ! But observe farther :

'THE last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
Oh ! I could weep to see the day die thus ;
The death-bed of a day how beautiful !
Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there ;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings !
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.'

'Heaven's beauty grows on us ;
And when the elder worlds have ta'en their seats,
Come the divine ones, gathering one by one,
And family by family, with still
And holy air, into the house of God ;
The house of light HE hath builded for Himself,
And worship HIM in silence and in sadness,
Immortal and immovable. And there,
Night after night, they meet to worship God.
For us this witness of the worlds is given,
That we may add ourselves to their great glory,
And worship with them. They are there for lights
To light us on our way through Heaven to God ;
And we too have the power of light in us.
Ye stars how bright ye shine to-night ! — mayhap
Ye are the resurrection of the worlds,
Glorified globes of light ! Shall ours be like ye ?'

'Mother of stars ! the Heavens look up to thee,
They shine the brighter but to hide thy waning ;
They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy beauty ;
They give thee all their glory night by night ;
Their number makes not less thy loveliness
Nor loneliness.
O Heaven, I love thee ever ! soul and whole,
Living and comprehensive of all life ;
Boundless all-central, universal sphere !
Whether the sun all-light thee, or the moon,
Embayed in clouds, 'mid starry islands round,
With mighty beauty inundate the air ;
Or when one star, like a great drop of light,
From her full flowing urn hangs tremulous —
Yea, like a tear from her the eye of night,
Let's fall o'er nature's volume as she reads.'

Reverence for the ALMIGHTY's works, the exhibitions of His goodness and power, is among the most prominent characteristics of Mr. BAILLY's poem. Reflections like the following frequently attest the fervor with which he 'looks through nature up to nature's God :

'THINE, LORD ! are all the elements and all worlds ;
The sun is Thy bright servant, and the moon
Thy servant's servant ; thine the round earth,
The lifeless air, the thousand-winged winds,
The sea broad-breasted, the transparent lake,
The rich arterial rivers, and the hills
Which wave their woody tresses in the breeze,
In grateful undulation, all are THINE !'

We are continually reminded, in the perusal of 'Festus,' of 'Sartor Resartus;' indeed we can scarcely help thinking that if CARLYLE were to express himself in verse, upon the themes embraced in the poem before us, he would mainly embody his thoughts in language like that employed by Mr. BAILEY. This to be sure is conjecture merely; but we think that when our readers shall have perused the work, they will admit that we have good reason for 'the faith that is in us,' in this regard.

PUNCH's 'DORRIS PORTRAITS,' with their accompanying biographical sketches, are models of this species of 'pictorial literature.' The portraits themselves we take to be burlesques upon the manner in which Count D'ORSAY elevates the character of the faces of his sitters, whatever may be their defects; and as to the biographies, they are irresistible. 'JOSEPH FANTAIL, Esquire,' opens the volume. He is a dustman, but his likeness is that of one of RUBEN's favorite heads. He first attracted attention in the thoroughfares by the Stentorian tones of his voice, the melodious creak of his barrow, and the excellent quality of his hearth-stones. 'A slight breach of hospitality, however, into which he was betrayed, at the bottom of some area steps, and near to which some family plate was most reprehensibly exposed, obliged him to withdraw into the country, and Brixton was chosen for his retirement. There he acquired a habit of making an unvarying tour, and of treading, as it were, on the same steps, day after day, for three entire months; by which time the éclat of his indiscretion having blown over, he returned to town. Having always evinced a remarkable predilection for the sporting world, Mr. FANTAIL next took to the turf; but his donkey dying, and the price of coals suddenly falling, his speculations therein proved extremely unfortunate. Hence he was driven to the necessity of taking office under the street-contractorship, and so efficiently did he discharge his duties, that for a considerable period he bore the bell. Soon after, he tried the experiment of forming an establishment, and took a lady, to whom he had long been attached, as his house-keeper: but although the situation was undeniable, yet the near neighborhood of a beer-house materially affected the health of the lady, and Mr. FANTAIL fell into difficulties in consequence.' 'NICHOLAS TWANG, Esquire,' represents the itinerant street-musicians. 'In 1835,' we are told, 'he became the owner of a Jew's-harp,' for which instrument he composed an original air, arranged for two rows of teeth, a tongue and a finger. Having given these undoubted indications of musical talent, he placed himself under an eminent professor of the pandean-pipes, and took a few lessons on the drum, which he afterward played with great success in a metropolitan tour. In this capacity he attracted the attention of the owner of a caravan, containing 'the pig-faced lady,' and was at once engaged for the performance of a series of *solos* on the Chinese gong; which is usually resorted to as a *finale* to an exhibition, for the purpose of drowning the complaints of the company. His subsequent success inspired him to embark on a wider field of enterprise, and having obtained a guitar without strings, he soon fitted it up with wire, and determined to adopt it in future as his favorite instrument. Having given the first of a series of concerts in Grosvenor-square, he soon attracted the attention of the principal inhabitants, who generously rewarded his exertions, and sent their own servants to him, with suggestions and advice, directing him to places more favorable to the exercise of his peculiar abilities. He now tried the suburbs, and gave a *matinée musicale*, which was attended by a very large party of juveniles. The authorities, however, not appreciating the genius that had come among them, sent an escort to accompany him without the limits of the parish, and desired that his attention should be called to a local inscription, dictating very severe terms to professional persons in his line of art.' 'SOLOMON SCRAUB, Esquire,' the street-sweeper, comes next in order. We find him in early life engaged as a perambulating vendor of lead-pencils and matches; but at length, 'having relinquished all his interest in the cedar and brimstone business, he deter-

mined on a different line of commerce. The unsettled state of China naturally precluded him from turning his attention to oranges, but the partial tranquillization of Spain, and a large arrival from Barcelona having temporarily depressed the price of nuts, he took advantage of the circumstance to enter on a new branch of trade; which, by the aid of a wooden measure with a false bottom (very near the top) he followed for some weeks with great success. Some stringent regulations of the parochial authorities, however, having laid an embargo on his basket, he relinquished his commercial pursuits, and determined henceforth to rely for success on the exercise of his own abilities. At this period of his history a very lucky circumstance occurred. He found a worn-out birch-broom, lying unclaimed in the middle of an unfrequented street, and having picked it up, he immediately walked away with it. It now occurred to him that the field of crossing-sweeping, though occupied by some very eminent masters of the art, was still a very wide one, and he resolved at once on boldly entering a career which might eventually lead to fame and fortune.' His success, after several rebuffs, arising from the jealousy of his professional brethren, was complete. 'His style of sweeping has all the freshness of an ardent love for the profession, without any of that impetuous vigor which too often accompanies it. He regards his crossing with an artistical eye, and like the late Sir DAVID WILKIE, never makes a superfluous stroke of the brush, to destroy what is in reality the very picture of neatness. No sweeper so thoroughly understands the public as SCRUB; and there is scarcely an artist who knows so well how to adapt his conversation to his company.' 'SAMUEL SINGE, Esquire,' the barber, is not less eminent in his particular line than Mr. SCRUB. We first hear of him as signaling himself as the leader of a violent anti-gruel party in the work-house, of which he was an inmate, and where he was the first to sign a round-robin demanding the repeal of the union between the pump and the milk-jug. At an early age he was apprenticed to the parochial barber, who had contracted to shave the paupers at a farthing a beard, and cut them at a half-penny a head; a duty which young SINGE contrived to blend in one transaction, for the shaving and cutting were with him synonymous. Determining at length to to set up for himself, he purchases some hair-pins, places his own comb in a glass, buys a bilious-looking wax-figure, which has been partially melted in the sun, and opens his 'establishment,' where he figures, as may be inferred, to great advantage:

'HAVING prepared a few placards, in which he boldly announced 'Ease and Comfort in Shaving,' his energetic mind at once fixed upon a penny as the figure at which the operation could be performed; and, with a decision worthy of NAPOLEON, he determined to cut and curl for three-pence; which was one penny lower than a rival, who promised a luxurious reap for three half-pence, and an expeditious dressing for double the money. SINGE's style of lathering has been the subject of much remark; and it has been asserted that he introduces more soap into the mouth than is absolutely necessary; but it should be remembered that boldness must be sacrificed, if every minute corner were to be turned by the brush, and it is always in the power of the customer to close his lips, which would prevent the possibility of accident. In his style of shaving, the delicate certainly gives way to the forcible; but when it is remembered how rigid are the materials with which he has to deal, (for the majority of his customers have beards of a week's growth,) it will not seem surprising that he should display a roughness appropriate to what he is dealing with. His curling is of the stiff, rather than of the graceful order; and his hair-cutting is distinguished by its decision rather than its tastelessness.'

'JOSEPH JARVIS, Esquire,' the omnibus 'cad,' or conductor, was originally a friendless boy, 'who entered the stable-yard of his patron the simple son of a harassed hackney-coachman; but by good conduct, and slow and sure degrees, he was promoted to the back of an omnibus of the largest dimensions. 'From this moment his destiny was fixed. He threw his whole heart into his new pursuit; from whence it has arisen, that his career as a cad has been one uninterrupted succession of honorable triumphs. His quickness in detecting a passenger who wishes to go, and his tact in forcing into the vehicle a party who would rather walk, have long obtained for him among his fellows the title of 'Seductive JOEY.' The fascinating air with which he can satisfy a crowded 'bus that one or two more will cause no inconvenience, ranks among the highest efforts of persuasive eloquence; and the insinuating style of his inimitable 'It's a lady,' when he has received a remonstrance for thrusting a fat woman on to the laps of fourteen stifled beings, packed closely

together in the dog-days, can be conceived, perhaps, but by no means described.' By the by, 'speaking of cads,' a proof-sheet awaits us at the printing-office; and as it is a sweltering day, we shall be fain to respond to the call of the local JARVIS, who is even now vociferating, 'Broadway — right down!'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Some sage correspondent of the 'Broadway Journal' has temporarily resuscitated from oblivion an article from an old English magazine, entitled 'Mr. Peter Snook,' which it lauds without stint, but the very 'plums' of which we defy any person of taste to swallow with pleasure. Its humor, which we tried in vain to discover, is pronounced superior to that of DICKENS; whereas the wit of the writer is no more to be compared with that of 'Boz' than the personal 'style' of JACQUES STROF is with the manner of ROBERT MACAIRE. '*Chacun à son goût*,' however; and had it not been for an indiscriminate fling at American periodicals, we should not have quarrelled with the commentaries of the nil-admirari critic in question: he is simply one of a numerous class, who are 'nothing if not critical,' and even less than nothing at that. 'How very rarely,' says our literary ARISTARCHUS, 'are we struck with an *original* article in an American magazine, but how frequently with the novelty of foreign ones!' Judging from the taste exhibited by the critic in his 'foreign' selection, we should say that the less he was struck with an American magazine article, the more credit would it reflect upon the periodical which contained it. It is pleasant as well as instructive to notice the contrast exhibited in 'foreign' comments upon American magazines. Take our own, for example. The 'Foreign and Colonial Review,' London, in an article in which several popular contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER are designated and cordially commended, says: 'We never take up an American magazine, without finding contributions *individual, racy, and without any prototype on this side the ocean*.' The 'London Examiner' says of this Magazine, that its articles are 'numerous, various and interesting, and well worthy of imitation on this side the Atlantic;' and the 'Literary Gazette' remarks that they are 'most agreeable to English readers.' We commend to the anonymous decrifier of our own periodicals the following passage from a lecture upon 'American Literature,' recently delivered before the New-York Historical Society by Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. 'A gentleman,' he said, 'who has a reputation, and doubtless well deserved, for taste, invited me, not long ago, to dine with him. While waiting the arrival of other guests, we sauntered into his library, in which several thousand volumes, in richest bindings, gave proof of affluence, as well as of the possessor's literary turn of mind. The lamps were lighted; we were standing before a richly-carved alcove, when he took down a volume in green and gold, with its delicately-wrought markers, and many a pencilled passage, saying: 'Oh, you may talk of literature in this country, my dear Sir, when something shall be produced here *like this*. This breathes the true classic spirit; it is a work which could be produced only where the cultivation of letters has reached its acmé!' I was so used to such exhibitions,' continued Mr. GRISWOLD, 'that I confess I was not very greatly surprised when, on taking in my hands the book which had excited all this admiration, I discovered that it was a copy of a *London edition* of one of the beautiful oriental romances of our own WILLIAM WARE, of Cambridge, which appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine.' This is not the first instance, by some ten or a dozen, in which articles that originated in the KNICKERBOCKER have come back from 'the other side,' in an English or Scottish periodical, and having received the foreign stamp, have gone on their way rejoicing in our own journals. . . . An eastern correspondent, in a gossiping epistle to the EDITOR, gives us this little episode in his personal history. It is quite too graphic and felicitous to be lost to the public. We therefore take a liberty with our friend, which we have taken before, (and with impunity,) in presenting the annexed passage to our readers, trusting to his kindness to excuse or pardon our temerity. The writer has been alluding to the charming poem in the KNICKERBOCKER for May, from the

pen of ALBERT PIKE, Esq., which he warmly commends as 'portraying feelings, how sweet, how common in the history of all,' but to him existing only in the past :

'In truth, my dear Sir, although I am of a very amorous nature, and have been more or less of a beau to a great many of the 'fair sect,' from the *Literatense* 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' to the slimping Miss, innocent alike of grammar and sense, I have never experienced the emotion of love in its genuine presence and overmastering power. Something, whether accident or fate, has always stopped me when midway on the road to rapture or to ruin. I have never met, at least have never intimately known, any lady whom I could love with a full and perfect love. In my stripplinghood I frittered away a great deal of affection very superfluously on chance-comers; and in my adult or adulterated state I have always been too exacting. My love of freedom has always cooled my longings for connubial bliss. In all my 'love-passages,' therefore, whether the smitten, or, as I sometimes vainly thought, the *smitter*, I never was near the matrimonial entanglement but once; when I had become very intimate with a romantic and beautiful young lady, and, led on by tempting opportunities, intimated a good deal more than I intended. I did not *fully* love her, for two reasons; one, that she did not seem to have independence of mind enough to scorn the world's opinion and be content to die an 'old maid' rather than marry one whom she could not truly love; the second, that although an accomplished *musicienne* and dancer, and very well read in poetic and novelistic learning, she yet had not a large expanded mind, and moreover occasionally broke MURRAY's commandments—with me the 'unpardonable sin,' and for which I would apply for a divorce from Queen CLEOPATRA. However, being a great talker, with rafts of nonsense, reams of poetry, and rivers of sentiment at my tongue's end, I succeeded almost unintentionally on four or five moon-light evenings ('the devil's in the moon for mischief,' says BYRON,) in drawing fully forth the unoccupied affections of her virgin heart. Here was a 'pretty fix.' She was a charming girl to be with on endearing terms; yet my love was of the *quasi*, dubious sort. I had said more than I intended, and obtained a 'counter-sign' sooner than I wished. I could not retreat, and dreaded to proceed. But I 'did the honorable,' proposed, and was accepted. Then there were tender meetings: my tenderness, however, diminished as hers increased, and I was compelled to make up for the want of substance by an excess of show. Then came the presentation of my 'promissory note' to the father; but the old fellow refused to 'endorse.' He was a thorough skin-flint, 'who believed in no Bible but his ledger, and worshipped no God but his gold.' He considered me a thriftless, unproductive youth, pretty fair with the tongue and pen, but not likely to raise potatoes, or 'make the pot boil.' This rejection by the old 'cent. per cent.' mortified my pride, but dispersed partially my embarrassment. I considered it, however, my duty to the young lady to make all sorts of fervent propositions, except that of running away, which I never mentioned for fear she should accept it. After about eighteen months of this siege, half-aham, half-earnest, I heard that an old fellow, a widower, with two hundred thousand dollars, three children, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds in the dog-days, was storming the fortress. The entreaties and threats of her father brought about a capitulation. On going to see her again, I drew from her the fact of the engagement. I became furiously angry: she was reserved, calm, and proud. After about an hour, my mortification subsiding, I pitied the victim. I asked for some music. She played two or three airs on the piano; 'Oh! give me back my Heart again,' and a later song, which I forget, but even more exquisite and deeply moving. I rose to take my leave. She extended her hand, and then withdrew it. She asked me to sit down. 'She wanted so much to tell me something.' I sat down. She turned away her face, and said nothing for a long time. I was inexpressibly moved. At last she said, with steadfast face but trembling tones, 'I can't say it! We'd better part.' She came toward me, holding out her hand. I kissed it, still sitting; when, as if by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, she threw herself in my lap, her arms round my neck, and her face on my shoulder. She spoke not, wept not. But I was unnerved, unmanned. I cried like a child. A thousand feelings rushed upon me, melting, overwhelming. Compassion for her distress; remorse for something of insincerity, I might almost say scoundrellism, on my part; and a sense of the value of a woman's heart, and the sweets of domestic felicity, to me, it was probable, forever lost. I eagerly proposed a runaway-match—any thing, every thing, rather than she should thus sacrifice herself to the 'man-mountain.' Her answer was a silent and repeated pressure of my lips with hers, and a resting of her soft 'peachy' cheek on mine. At last her better principles came to her aid. She refused all proposals. 'She had chosen wretchedness. She was both bound and able to bear it. If she could not bear it, why then she would die. That was all.' She put on my finger a plain ring, requesting me to wear it till my death, which I shall do. She refused mine. I should be in her thoughts too much, she said, after her marriage, and she would wish to deaden, not freshen the remembrance. Suddenly there was a wild, roving light in her eyes. She pressed both

hands on her throbbing temples, whispering 'My God! My God! what shall I do!' I was horror-stricken; for I believed that reason was reeling on her throne. But soon, and most fortunately for her relief and mine,

'Two tears gushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain-mists, at length dissolved in rain.'

I spared no act of endearment nor word of consolation, till the paroxysm of passion was over, and then we shook farewell hands, silently. A fortnight after, I attended her wedding. I was somewhat agitated, and occasionally *distracted*, but masked it very well. As for the bride, she was so exceedingly gay, that most thought her a heartless or a childish thing, who had sold herself for gewgaws, and I myself could almost have sworn that the scene of two weeks earlier in the same apartment was a piece of consummate acting. She is now thirty, the mother of four thumping boys, and her beauty entirely broken. When I meet her, instead of the quick suffusion of joy, that once brightened her countenance and sparkled in her eyes, she gives me a cold and furtive glance; instead of 'Oh! I'm so glad to see you, P——' it is 'How do you do, Mr. B——!'

OUR friend should long ere this have taken the same means to bring about forgetfulness of the past that the lady in question did. But we quite despair of him. For what does he say? 'Marry, this:' 'I have a prophetic knowledge, a knowledge to which experience itself could add no vividness, of the miserable, fretful, regretful, wearisome, withering barrenness of a bachelor's old age; an existence 'loveless, joyless, unendeared.' But when I am disposed to look discontentedly at the present or the future, I console myself with the reflection that I am not in the region of *henpeckdom*; nor am I pestered by infantile squallings, or filial ingratitude, or family discomfort or disgrace.' Ah, ha! Is it *there* you are? You've been reading Mrs. CAUDLE's Lectures, Sir! That unhappy midnight XANTIPPE has frightened away from the very door of matrimony countless multitudes of old bachelors, who had well nigh 'screwed their courage to the sticking-place.' She has much to answer for! . . . WE appreciated, we had almost said envied, our friend B—— his '*Walk in the Summer Woods*.' One such excursion, stolen two or three years since from the cares and turmoil of metropolitan life, we ourselves have marked with a white stone. It will be 'a joy forever' to us. Even now, while we think of it,

'DEEP woods close round us with mysterious gloom;
Still, through the trellis-leaves, at stolen whiles,
Glints the stray beam, or the meek azure smiles.'

The quiet picture is stored away in one of the cells of that wonderfully 'busy bee,' Memory; and often at night, amidst 'the shouts, the leagues of light, the roaring of the wheels' of the 'great city sounding wide,' it comes to us with the freshness of yesterday. We must have *another* such walk in the woods. . . . THE horrors of '*Washing Day*' have composed a time-hallowed theme for grumblers, and have even elicited the soft numbers of the poets. But according to an amusing traveller, whose 'Letters' we have recently read, they remove far off the annoyance in some parts of the old world. At Ouchy, near Lausanne, he writes: 'I saw to-day for the first time in my life a converse of the washing-tub theorem. In the common case, the washing-tub contains water and the linen, but not the washer-woman, who is at some point without the tub: in this case the tub contained the washer-woman, but neither water nor linen. The women were standing in tubs in the lake, and were washing clothes which were on the outside of the tub in the water. The mode they have of subsequently smacking the linen on the stones is a most uncharitable and unchristian proceeding. Far from hiding the defects of an old shirt, it puts them immediately in a very striking light, and makes the most of all its little weaknesses.' . . . If you are a mother or a father, reader, and hear nightly from rowy innocent lips the prayer of childhood mentioned in the following account of the death of a missionary's little girl, you will feel in your 'heart of hearts' the touching pathos which it embodies. It is an extract from a letter of Rev. Mr. LAWRENCE, at Dindigul, in India, announcing the death of a lovely child, between three and four years of age: 'DEAR LOUISA went as calmly to her last repose as the shutting up of a flower at twilight. As

her sight began to fail, though about four o'clock in the afternoon, she said to me, '*Good night, father,*' her usual words on going to sleep, and then went on to repeat:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the LORD my soul to ke — ee — p;
A — a — men!'

And so she left us to weep and rejoice, and now to long almost for a reünion; not here; oh, no, not here! Sweet, blessed child! a more fitting prayer thou couldst not have offered, had thy lips been then, as now, the lips of an angel. Thou wert indeed lying down to sleep, and sweet shall be thy rest, for the LORD will keep thee; thou shalt sleep on His breast and wake in His arms. She did not live to say,

'If I should die before I wake,
I pray the LORD my soul to take!'

but the LORD took her in the midst of her evening prayer, when she mistook the darkness of death gathering over her for the shades of evening, and bidding her friends '*Good night,*' calmly committed her sweet spirit to her heavenly FATHER's care.' . . . We heard a quiet criticism the other day upon 'Professor INGRAHAM's' works, which struck us as being equally just and felicitous. 'His books,' said our commentator, 'can at any time be taken up and — laid down with pleasure!' We took up his last, recently, the two hundred and tenth *nouvelle*, or thereabout, entitled '*EDWARD AUSTIN, a Tale of New-York,*' and found that our friend was quite right; for after reading the following, we *did* lay down the book with unqualified pleasure:

'ANNE LAURENS was in town at her father's when her lover arrived, and his first visit, after taking possession of his room and carefully making his toilet, was directed, of course, to the residence of Mr. LAURENS in Carroll Place, in Bleecker-street. . . . EDWARD, happy in her reciprocal affections and in the approbation of her father; conscious too of his moral worth and integrity of character; felt her bosom glow with grateful joy and calm peace as he sat together with them, the father on his right, the daughter on his left; for ANNE, laughing, had said she would take the place nearest his heart.

'You have six thousand and eight hundred dollars,' said Mr. LAURENS. 'Well, that is a fair beginning for a young man in a city like New-York. In two years you ought to double it. What kind of business are you inclined to?'

'I have no particular penchant that I am aware of; I will let ANNE choose,' he answered, laughing and glancing at the blooming girl by his side.

'I should choose some business that wouldnt keep you much away from me,' she said, blushing at her own frankness in thus anticipating when she should become his wife, and as such covet his society.

'I don't know of any girl,' answered her father, with a smile in the corner of his eye, 'unless he opens a man-millinery in Broadway, you keep in the back shop and EDWARD in the front!'

'Father, how can you?' cried the maiden, rapping his cheek lightly with her fan. 'I shan't say any thing more, but let you and EDWARD settle it together!'

'We will allow you a casting vote,' ANNE, said EDWARD, with a playful look.'

Is there *any thing* like this in BULWER, or even in SCOTT? We confidently 'expect not.' Except in '*The Phantom Clam-Sloop,*' we know not where to look for such brilliant, sparkling 'old Saxon English.' . . . A SINGULAR circumstance is mentioned in a late Louisiana journal. A young man was walking through a forest 'opening,' with not a breath of air stirring, when suddenly a tree fell upon him, crushing him into a shapeless mass. This incident reminds us of the beautiful simile of PUSHMATAHA, an Indian chief, who died at Washington many years ago. Before bidding his white friends farewell, he charged them to lose no time in communicating the intelligence of his death to his far-western brethren. 'It will come to their ears,' said he, 'like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.' Indian similes are always drawn from nature, and are almost uniformly striking and beautiful. A chief of one of the Cherokee tribes, remonstrating on one occasion against his people being driven from their homes and their father's graves, exclaimed: 'Force us not away! — for how can we leave these groves and streams, where our fathers hunted the deer, and caught the speckled trout? We cannot — we must not go! Even now the spirits of our fathers are troubled. They weep, and their tears fall around us like the drops of rain upon the dry leaves of autumn.' . . . A BOSTON friend sends us this 'veritable anecdote' of a critic among the pictures at an exhibition in the 'Literary Em-po-

rium : "Look!" said an exquisite at the exhibition the other day; 'the painter calls that a 'Summer Scene,' and I declare if there is n't a fire-au in that shed yonder. It makes me feel uncomfortably warm!" A by-stander suggested that the 'fire-au' was in a black-smith's shop. 'Ah! that indeed!' said the critic, again raising his glass; 'but then, my friend, why do n't we hear the anvil?' . . . How many things 'some people' pretend to admire, which they cannot understand, and which are utterly indefensible! We never hear, for example, that 'architecture is like frozen music;' that 'scarlet' to a deaf man is 'like the sound of a trumpet;' or of 'reading SHAKESPEARE by flashes of lightning;' or other the like vague and sounding sentences, without thinking that 'extraordinary' word-collocations are often extrod'nary 'or'nary,' as the Pennsylvanians phrase it. . . . WE have been very much interested recently in the perusal of a Scottish ballad in MARK NAPIER's volume, 'The Life and Times of MONTROSE.' It is a narrative of an aged Highlander, who had followed MONTROSE throughout his campaigns, related to his grandson shortly before the splendid victory of Killiecrankie. It should be premised, that after the defeat of Invercarroon, MONTROSE wandered up the river Kyle, and at last sought the country of ASSYNT, where, becoming nearly famished, he gave himself up to MACLEOD of Assynt, a former adherent, who basely sold the hero to the Covenanters for 'four hundred bolls of meal.' 'T was I,' says the old Highlander:

'T was I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with MONTROSE.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the CAMPBELL clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the LORDELY's pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died!

'A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of ASSYNT's name;
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or be it in the glen;
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men;
Face him as thou wouldst face the man
Who wrong'd thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caithiff down!"

MONTROSE, after his imprisonment and forced trial, was sentenced to be hung on a gibbet at the cross of Edinburgh; and when cut down, his head, hands and legs were to be cut off; the head to be nailed to the pinnacle of the Tolbooth; one hand to be set on the port of Perth, the other on the port of Sterling; one leg and foot on the port of Aberdeen, the other on the port of Glasgow. Let there be silence! The old hero is rising in that hall where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles:

'Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the red ST. ANDREW's cross
That waves above us there;
Ay, by a greater, mightier oath,
(And oh, that oath should be!)
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me;
I have not sought on battle-field
A wreath of such renown.
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win the martyr's crown!

'There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand has always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb!
And God who made shall gather them —
I go from you to Him!"

Such were among the last words of the martyr'd hero; and if he did not manifest 'game' in the face and eyes, and 'to the teeth' of those sour, vindictive and bloody Covenanters, we are afraid we don't precisely understand the term. . . . Messrs. ACKERMAN and MILLER, sign and ornamental painters (and artists of *genius*) near the corner of Ann-street in Nassau, are executing for us a sign, upon which all lovers and friends of the 'OLD KNICK,' as they pass by, may gaze with ever-new delight. It is a copy of the vignette upon the cover of this Magazine, enlarged to dimensions more nearly approaching the life-size of our renowned progenitor. Let any one scan the features and person of the old gentleman, when they shall grace the precincts of our publication-office, and declare, if he can, that a good face is not better than a letter of recommendation. What multitudes of

people, and not a few in far lands, have devoured the thoughtful lineaments of old DIEDRICH, as depicted in our vignette ! One of our oldest and most popular contributors writes us that he never looks at it without saying to himself, in the language of the German *PREFEYEL*:

‘Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste sweetly?
A beauty, by my soul!’

But hear our esteemed friend and contemporary, of the Philadelphia ‘*United States Gazette*.’ He is speaking of our last number:

‘THERE is always a warmth of feeling awakened when we look upon the neat lilac cover of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We acknowledge to a kindly yearning toward the staid, respectable old gentleman ensconced in his antique high-backed chair, so deftly portrayed thereon, and feel that the generous impulses of his nature have not been unwisely but right well excited, or soothed to good works by the portly old fellows at his elbow and his left hand companion. There is a suggestiveness of reflection in his air and manner, that induces at once the expectation of something good as a consequence of his mental lucubrations; and who ever opened a number of ‘*OLD KNICK*,’ and was disappointed? Who can say that for his humor there was not a luxurious *pabulum*? Who ever laid down a number, having read it, without the consciousness of being well rewarded, and without an enlarged respect for the staid, old fashioned gentleman who presides as the good genius of the work? A favorite wherever it has gone; a friend whose welcome is always sure, and who ever repays the kindly greeting he receives; the relief of the *causé*, and the delight of the scholar and polished man of letters, to whom its rich concentration of thought is ever valuable, and its elevated mirth is pleasing;’ . . .

with other the like kindly and grateful words, which we are too modest to quote, but which we have ‘hung up as a mirror,’ (as General JACKSON did the pair of boots which some ardent admirer sent him on one occasion,) to remind us when we look at it that it must never reflect any *othersort* of *KNICKERBOCKERS* than such as our kind friend has described. But speaking of *KNICKERBOCKERS* reminds us again of Messrs. ACKERMAN and MILLER. Among gorgeous silken banners, and exquisite devices, and every variety of beautiful ‘*signs of the times*,’ which filled their handsome establishment, we were particularly impressed with a vast semi-circular landscape, embracing a distant reach of the Hudson, and the blue Kaatskills filling up all the visible back-ground. An old man, with flowing silver beard, and otherwise rather hirsute ‘than otherwise,’ sits under a great spreading tree in the fore-ground, looking with intense amazement at a steam-boat ploughing its way up the majestic Hudson. It is RIF VAN WINKLE! He has come out to sit under the ‘shady shadow of that umbrageous tree,’ his custom always of an afternoon, since that long nap of his in the mountains; and we are to suppose him gazing earnestly at the boat which bears his name, and for the wheel-house of which the picture is intended. This idea involves a slight anachronism; but no one will think of it, while enjoying the noble landscape, and the expressive figure, dashed in in a free, forcible and felicitous style, worthy the pencil of INMAN himself. It is not too much to say of Messrs. ACKERMAN and MILLER, that they have no superiors in the highest and most artistic branches of their profession, in the entire metropolis. This fact, however, we are glad to say, is well understood by the public, as their crowded orders sufficiently attest. . . . A FRIEND of ours, not long since in England, relates a characteristic anecdote of CHARLES LAMB, which he heard there, and which we think worth repeating here. At a dinner-table one evening, a sea-faring guest was describing a terrific naval engagement, of which he was a spectator, on board a British man-of-war. ‘While I was watching the effects of the galling fire upon the masts and rigging,’ said he, ‘there came a cannon-ball, which took off both legs from a poor sailor who was in the shrouds. He fell toward the deck, but at that moment another cannon-ball whizzed over us, which, strange to say, took off both his arms, which fell upon deck, while the poor fellow’s limbless trunk was carried overboard.’ ‘Heavens!’ exclaimed LAMB; ‘did n’t you save him?’ ‘No,’ replied the naval MUNCHHAUSEN; ‘he could n’t swim, of course, and he sank before assistance could be rendered him.’ ‘It was a sad, sad loss!’ said LAMB, musingly; ‘if he *could* have been picked up, what an ornament to society he might have become!’ . . . We were not a little amused the other day on sitting down with a friend at a ‘foreign-kept’ café, not a thousand miles from Broadway, at finding on our plate the annexed bill of fare. Some wag had obtained possession of one

of its blank bill-heads, and by way of a parody upon the frequent errors committed at that restaurant in transferring French edibles to English, as well as by way of satire upon the 'entertainment' sometimes to be met with there, had substituted the following for the regular 'carte' of the day:

LIST OF VICTUALS

AND THINGS LYING UNCOOKED AND COOKED AT THIS CAFE-HOUSE.

	s.	d.
Sour-Maigre. (four pails water to turnip and ingen.)	9	6
Soups, from different theatres,	3	
Fishes, (assorted sizes) biled,	2	6
Fishes' Balla,	2	
Exposed Frogs — naked,	3	
" dressed,	4	
Fillet de Bouf, Campanalogian sauce,	1	6
Line of an Old Bull,	9	
Round of Beef,	1	
Flat of do.,	1	
Calvé's Head,	2	6
Roast Mutting, Pico sauce,	2	6
Spring Chickin,	6	6
Summer do.,	5	
Autumn do.,	10	
Winter do., (hard to keep,)	12	
Hay and Strawberries,	1	
Extra Bread,		3
Extra Herald,		2
Root-beer, on draft, p'is,		6
Pot o' Stout, (Pôt de Robuste,)		8
Lobsters in the chell,	2	6
Oystees, ror or scalded,	1	
" without opening,	2	6
Bifstek de Mutting,	1	6
Mutting Chaps,	2	6
Stewed Heels,	1	
Swashingers,	7	
Cabidg, (ad lib.)	7	
Indian Pudding, (made by OSCOLA,) rare,	5	

Considering the juxtaposition of some of the above articles, and the style of spelling, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. YELLOWFLUSH must be travelling in cog. in this 'wooden country.' . . . 'You cannot think of Heaven,' said a thoughtful friend to us the other evening, 'nor of an angelic being, nor of any celestial scene or spiritual presence, without associating at once in your mind your own earth-derived standard of resemblance to it; and you will find,' he continued, 'that those preachers who in their discourses draw a picture of heaven, or an angel, or the SAVIOUR of men, in a way that is nearest personified, externally, by some earthly creation, are always the most striking and eloquent.' This, upon reflection, we believe to be true; and we have no doubt that to this fact the Methodist denomination of Christians owe not a little of their power in their religious exercises, embracing their discourses, prayers, 'hymns, and spiritual songs.' We shall never forget an example in this kind, which we once saw at a camp-meeting. After the evening services had been concluded, two young clergymen made the tour of the circular range of tents; standing by the door of each, and singing in a clear plaintive voice some of the most delightful airs we had ever heard. One of the hymns was that in which the following verses may be found; and the truth of the argument advanced above by our friend was sufficiently proved by the manner in which the performance was received:

'WHERE dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Or why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
Ye daughters of Zion, declare have ye seen
The star that on ISRAEL shone?
Say, if in your tents my BELOVED has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone!

'This is my BELOVED; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine.
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And His eyes are as quivers of beams.

'His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
And the air is perfumed with His breath.
Love sits in His eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in His sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.'

Can it be doubted, that of the thousands who filled those tents and the wide area which they enclosed, and the sound of whose voices mingled with the murmur of the summer evening breeze that played in the tree-tops around, and swayed the countless lamps suspended amid their branches; can it be doubted, we say, that of those, very many saw only the vivid picture of personal and pastoral beauty which the lines contain, and felt only the melodious air to which they were sung! . . . TALK about the 'progress of the age,' the 'barbarism of the past,' and the like! Where, in any country, save such as makes its own laws directly through the people, could an occurrence like the following take place? A legal friend of ours, passing recently through the charming village of Canandaigua, was struck with the appearance of an oblong frame building by the roadside, a little way out of the town, open by gratings on all sides, and presenting the appearance of an ornamental corn-house. He was attracted toward the spot by repeated calls from the interior; and on reaching it, what was his surprise to find the place occupied by four respectable citizens of the village! They were confined in the town-pound, hitherto a sort of 'sponging-house' for animals having no visible means of support, and indebted for past 'keep' to the corporation grounds. They were sadly in want of food, and their beards had assumed an appearance not unlike that of the gentleman's who staid so long at Jericho, beyond the termination of the 'long stage' from Dan to Beersheba. On inquiring the cause of their incarceration, our friend was informed that they were the Trustees of the village; that they had been confined there for more than a week, under a section of the 'Laws of New-York,' of 1820; and that at the end of four days they were to be sold into bondage! One of the unhappy wretches here thrust through the grating a dirty, crumpled piece of paper, on which was written with a blunt pencil the 'section' by virtue of which they were held in duress. It ran as follows, and may be found at page two hundred and forty-four of the 'State Laws':

'WHEREAS it is suggested by petitions from the inhabitants of the village of Canandaigua, that doubts exist upon the true construction of the third section of the act hereby amended, and the said petitions pray for a declaratory law, and for certain amendments in the said act, *Therefore,*

'BE IT ENACTED, That the said Trustees, or the major part of them, as often as they shall make, ordain and publish any by-laws for restraining animals, *may be seized and impounded, and after reasonable delay may be sold at public vendue,* to pay the penalties imposed for the violation of any such ordinance, together with costs and charges.'

Some private citizens, aware of this section of the act, as it stands even now on the statute-book, and actuated by private pique against the trustees, had taken the law into their own hands, and put it in force against them. Its 'plain meaning and intent' were not matters to be considered. There stood the statute; they followed it 'to the letter;' and—here stood its victims. It was a hard case, to be sure; but then on the other hand such mistakes sometimes result in *favor* of the accused; as in an instance reported in 3 HARR. Delaware Reports; where a man was indicted for stealing 'one pair of boots.' The theft was proved; but the thief was acquitted, the evidence showing that the boots were not a pair. They were the 'better-halves' of two pairs of 'rights-and-lefts'; and being both 'rights,' the Judge decided that it was '*all* right,' and the prisoner left. What will the 'monarchical press' say to these legal abuses of the model republic! It is consoling to reflect, however, that they have frequently circulated stories of us that were

equally true; so that after all, the foregoing may not take our trans-Atlantic neighbors so much by surprise as might at the first blush seem probable. . . . *'The Country School-Master in Love'* describes the impressions, we suspect, of very many who visit the exhibition of paintings at the National Academy, and who find themselves attracted by human pictures which shame the canvass-beauties by which they are surrounded; 'living pictures,' brighter far, as our pedagogue affirms,

'THAN ever art to mortal's hand hath given,
For these were pencilled by the hand of Heaven.
Oft have I seen a brother's wearied eye
Turn, from the canvass, to the picture nigh!
While with rapt look that lovely form he traced,
GUIDO might paint, and GUIDO be disgraced,
RAPHAEL might touch with over-anxious care,
Nor all his art be worth the eye-brow there.
Cold is the pencil, lifeless is the art!
There lives the soul, there throbs the riper heart.
How bright the locks which shade her blooming face,
Brilliant with youth, and touched by every grace!
Her eyes! they shame the blessed light of Heaven,
Yet beam more mildly than the queen of even.'

Not unlike this, however, is the beauty of several of the portraits in the Academy; and as the emulation of sitters as well as of artists is increased by their public exhibition, we shall venture to transfer to this page some very good advice to such of our fair readers as may hope to be represented in the next year's collection: 'Young ladies! I will tell you how your portraits may be rendered more useful monitors to you in your progress through life than the mirror was to HELEN, and how you may derive more satisfaction from them when you are grown old. Without supposing that you will actually 'call up a look' for the painter's use, I may be certain that none of you during the times of sitting will permit any feeling of ill humour to cast a shade over your countenance; and that if you are not conscious of endeavoring to put on your best looks for the occasion, the painter will be desirous of catching them, and will catch the best he can. The most thoughtless of you need not be told that you cannot retain the charms of youth and beauty; but you may retain the charm of an amiable expression through life. Never allow yourselves to be seen with a worse face than you wear for the painter! Whenever you feel ill tempered, remember that you look ugly; and be assured that every emotion of fretfulness, of ill humor, of anger, of irritability, of impatience, of pride, haughtiness, envy or malice, any unkind, any uncharitable, any ungenerous feeling, will lessen the likeness to your picture, and not only deform you while it lasts, but leave its trace behind; for the effect of the passions upon the face is more rapid and more certain than that of time.' . . . It strikes an American rather oddly, to see certain things recorded in the English journals, which excite no remark there, but are considered as mere matters of course. For example, it seemed to us, in reading one of the London pictorials the other day, that an incident like this 'required explanation: a poor artist was arrested and imprisoned at Brighton, while the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT were on a visit to that town, for endeavoring to inform HER MAJESTY, by a letter thrown into her open carriage as it passed by him, that he had a picture, painted in a peculiar style, and greatly admired, which he hoped HER MAJESTY 'would be pleased to accept, as an humble tribute of his profound respect.' He had been repeatedly foiled, the letter stated, by the invincible obstacles 'which etiquette casts in the way of attempts to approach the Royal Person through official channels,' and therefore it was that he ventured to 'throw himself upon the royal clemency,' and to ask the QUEEN, in an informal way, to accept a picture upon which he had devoted many weary hours of unrequited toil. It is pleasant to be able to record, that when the poor artist was brought up from prison, and his temerity duly commented upon by the presiding judge, he was 'permitted to depart,' after a 'severe admonition.' We think we see the sad-spirited painter, with his depressed face and timorous air of conscious poverty, leaving the presence of the judicial functionary, a prey to that tedious heart-ache, which finds relief only when

'all life's troubles cease.' . . . We had lost sight for some time of that cleverest of lay-preachers, 'Dow, Jr.,' until we encountered, in late numbers of the 'Sunday Mercury,' two characteristic sermons of his, from which we select one or two random passages for the entertainment of our readers. The following was elicited by reflections upon nature and its elements:

'Time leaves tracks behind him as he travels upon the land, tracks as palpable as those of geese after a light snow-fall, whereby the earth's age may be as easily guessed at as that of a cow by counting the wrinkles upon her horns; but as to finding any traces of his footsteps upon the unalterable main, you might as well look for darts and patches upon the blue canopy of heaven. Nations have ploughed it as a field, but where are the furrows? They have sown it with silver and with gold, but what is the harvest? Sea-weed, conch-shells, dead cats, dogs and horses! My friends, I scoop up some of the ocean brine in the hollow of my hand, and look at it with wonder and mystery. Can this, I ask, be a portion of the fluid that laves Labrador, washes the coast of California, heaves against the Hebrides, pushes itself about the poles, and groans before the rock of Gibraltar? It 'aint nothing else!' Can it be possible, I continue to inquire, that this same spoonful of liquid helped to form the great freshest in the days of NOAH? How many times since then has it visited the cloud-ocean above, and descended in the form of rain and dew? A thimble-full of almost nothing, one would suppose the sun might lick it up in an instant, and that that would be the last of it; but no, it has remained perfect and untouched since the creation of the world, and not a drop of it can ever be lost. If I throw it into the fire, it disappears from my sight, but it is n't destroyed; it ascends invisibly to heaven, like the immortal spirit of man when it leaves its tenement of flesh, and eventually comes down again to mingle with its kindred waters upon earth. It tells me that nothing can be destroyed, and nothing added in quantity to the great whole. Mother Earth is just as large, and no larger, now, than when she was a baby; she won't weigh an ounce more now than when she first rolled out of the cradle of chaos. When you think, my friends, of the millions long dead and disappeared, you may comfort yourselves with the idea that all which it took to compose them is still to be found *somewhere*; the immortal portion being beyond the tomb and the mortal decomposing in the dust that formed it. What are millions of souls in eternity? They are of no more account, according to the room they occupy, than a few drops of water in the immeasurable ocean, or an extra minute upon the far end of forever.' . . . 'EFFECTS, of which it were useless for you to know the cause, are many. It would be of no use for you to know what makes our earth keep rolling, like a restless creature, upon its airy bed; what induces the moon to wander alone at night unattended by a single congenial companion; why the stars chafe all, and balance to partners in the boundless ball-room above; why comets are not arrested and incarcerated in some corner of creation as celestial vagrants; why two currents of wind can't meet in friendly intercourse, without making a muse, as they often do in the tropics; why the magnetic needle always points to the north; why a potato planted isn't as likely to come up a cabbage as anything else; why one man is white and another black, and why a nigger will still be a nigger when white-washed by collegiate education. I tell you, it is not necessary for you to know the causes of these things: if it was, the ALMIGHTY would have written them upon your understandings in characters too plain to be misinterpreted; but as he has n't done it, you are left to enjoy the bliss of ignorance, which is preferable to knowledge—especially in eating city sausages. It is enough for you to know that self-interest, self-aggrandizement, and self-indulgence, are the moral main-springs of all human actions. Sleeping in church, my friends, is always tolerated in a land of religious liberty, but loud snoring is a nuisance to the more quiet and respectable sleepers.'

OUR correspondent at Cambridge (England) University, in his paper upon 'English Poets and Poetry of the Present Period,' in our last number, speaks in terms of deserved praise of the wonderful power of imitation and facility of versification of *AYTOWN*, better known in this country as '*BON GAULTIER*.' The last specimens of his skill in this species of composition are a series of admirable burlesques upon *LOCKHART*'s Spanish Ballads, including one or two upon *TENNYSON*, and other modern bards, which seem to us less successful. It is only necessary to premise, for the better understanding of the following passages, that the scene is *ARTLEY*'s celebrated London circus, and that *GOMERSALEZ* is no other than *GOMERSAL*, 'for many years the representative of the foreign heroes in the wars waged on the Astleian bards.' On a day of high triumph and solemnity in 'Grenada's royal town,' the Moorish King, hurt in his pride, as he presides at the tournament, at the praises by his minister of a captive Spanish knight, causes him to be released from his dungeon, and promises him his life and liberty if he can overthrow in combat three Moorish champions before the sun has sunk below the horizon. Then quoth *FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ* to the monarch (and riding-master) *AL-WIDDICOMBE*:

'GIVE me but the armor, monarch, that I wore within the field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my dinted shield,
And my old steed *BAVIECA*, swiftest courser in the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I 'll do the business, king!'

The boon is granted. The courser is trotted out, and invoked after the most approved

style of Moorish chivalry. The *reality* of the scene is happily hit off in the last two of the subjoined stanzas:

'MANY a time, O BAVIECA! hast thou borne me through the fray!
Bear me but again as deadly through the listed ring this day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come to pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to grass!'

'Speed thee, speed thee, BAVIECA! speed thee faster than the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind:
Speed thee up the sloping spring-board, o'er the bridge that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of canvass trees.

'Close before thee Pampeluna spreads her painted pasteboard gate!
Speed thee onward, gallant courser! speed thee with thy kindly freight!
Victory! the town receives them! Gentle ladies this the tale is,
Which I learned in ASTLEY'S Circus of FERNANDO GOMEZALEZ.'

The Astleian-Spanish ballad, 'The Courtship of our Cid,' is equally felicitous. We annex a few stanzas. Donna INEZ is the daughter of WOOLFORD, master of the ring. We doubt whether a circus-performance could be more clearly painted by mere words:

'DONNA INEZ WOOLFORDINEZ!
Saw ye ever such a maid,
With the feathers swailing o'er her,
And her spangled rich brocade?
In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a buskin small;
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Through the scarlet grooms and all.

'And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare;
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian
Such a gentle freight to bear:
And the master moved toward her,
With a proud and stately walk,
And in reverential homage,
Rubb'd her soles with virgin chalk.

'Round she flew as FLORA flying
Spans the circle of the year;
And the youth of London, sighing,
Half forgot their ginger-beer;
Quite forgot the maids beside them,
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles
Shooting fire-balls red and blue!

'Onward, onward rush the coursers,
WOOLFORDINEZ, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding,
From her steed with airy whirl!
GOMEZALEZ, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgot;
Whenceo'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets!

Speed thee, speed thee, WOOLFORDINEZ!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubb'd from thy white satin shoes!
Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hushed, save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

'One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his WOOLFORDINEZ' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valor and her charms!'

The imitation of TENNYSON'S 'New-Year's Eve' is not remarkably close. Two stanzas must suffice:

'THEY are going to the church, mother; I hear the marriage bell;
It rises o'er the upland, it haunts me like a knoll;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And she clings closely to his side—she does, the demirep!

'You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;
And mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before;
And if you would do pleasure to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother; and mother, draw it mild!'

We care not to pursue the theme followed up by our correspondent at Providence. 'Great men in a little circle, but little men in a great one, who show their learning to the ignorant, but their ignorance to the learned,' are note-worthy only when temporary assumption may demand rebuke. In the present instance, our correspondent's 'subject' is *passed*; and 'old decrepid truths walking arm-in-arm with skeleton falsehoods' do not call for elaborate criticism. . . . LITTLE did we think, when our friend NED BUNTLINE was giving vent in our last number to an aspiration that he might 'take a stretch through Hell-Gate Eddy' with us, that we should soon after be threading that very 'crooked strait,' with a

company of choice spirits, bent on a predatory excursion to the bass and black-fish which harbor among the rocks in that turbulent region. Portly dignitaries they were, our afore-said companions; 'and which is more,' a magistrate, was among them; and 'one that knows the law, go to,' also; 'and one, marry, that hath had losses,' having vacated the bench 'by political request;' and other the like 'officious and official' gentlemen. Opposite to BLACKWELL'S Island, we called ('in a horn') for the retired CHARONS of that ilk, and over they paddled. They were in uniform, and, as we thought, did not exactly 'look *love* to eyes that spake again,' when they exchanged glances with the bland gentlemen who had recommended 'the island' to them as an appropriate place of residence, and indeed had insisted upon their 'going up.' Arrived on the other side, we were escorted to the 'official boats manned by the uniform 'residents' and steered by their attentive friend, 'the Deputy;' and were soon, like OLOFFE the Dreamer, when cruising toward Spiking-Devil Creek, drifting quietly on, little mistrusting the guileful scene before us, when we were suddenly aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of our craft. The late dimpling current began to brawl around us, and the waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. We thought of that unlucky Dutchman, who was dashed upon the Hen and Chickens, ('infamous rocks! more voracious than SCYLLA and her whelps;') which lay before us, and who was finally drawn into the vortex of the 'Pot' on our right, where he found the water scalding hot, and beheld uncouth-looking beings seated on the rocks and skimming it with huge ladles; while certain loel porpoises, which had betrayed him into his peril, were broiling on the 'Gridiron,' or hissing in the 'Frying-Pan.' The picture of the Devil, too, sitting astride the Hog's Back and playing on the fiddle, or broiling fish before a storm, came vividly to mind, as we rushed through the eddying, boiling, struggling currents. Finally, having been joined by a faithful legal functionary, in the 'commission business,' who had signalized us from the shore, we 'dropped kellock' under the lee of a rock, around which the deep 'boiled like a pot,' and proceeded to bait our hooks; a thing not to be accomplished without some difficulty, for a live clam is a sensitive, slippery thing, and as HOOD says of a worm, has 'a natural aversion to being lined with wire.' There is silence; the boat sits like a duck on the water; the lines penetrate the blue-green depths. The rest we leave to the imagination of the reader; for *such* bass, *such* black-fish, as one after another were hauled up and deposited in that boat, surely never were seen! We never saw any like them before — nor since! But 'farther of this we cannot now report.' How we moved toward Harlem; how we narrowly escaped shipwreck on the treacherous rocks of 'Little Hell-Gate;' how we finally anchored at BRADSHAW'S, and how we did ample justice to the viands served up by the fair hands of the matchless regulatress of that true 'House of Entertainment' — are not these things written in the memory of each and all of 'our party!' . . . We are sorry not to have received the promised paper of our correspondent 'S.' The excuse, however, is a valid one; but, dear Sir, you have mistaken your complaint; your symptoms, as you describe them, are those of a *dyspeptic*. Lumber not up your system with heavy medicines for *that* malady! Abjure your 'incessant ESCULAPIUS:'

'WHEN the doctor goes about
To redress life's flame, I doubt
Oftentimes he snuffs it out.'

Ride in HALSTED'S 'dyspeptic-chair!' Walk also! Our pursuit is as 'sedentary' as yours; but the demon Dyspepsia never for a moment interfered with us. A walk of eight miles a day is our minimum. You are in the country; and your physician should prescribe a garden for you; 'the first remedy in the world — for when ADAM was put into one, he was *quite a new man*.' 'A hoe, a rake, a spade,' to be taken three or four times a day, is the best prescription for you. Try it; and don't forget the promised article! Occupation for the mind, exercise for the body, and temperance for the sake of both — these are the true medicines. A part of this advice will not be lost, we hope, upon our metropolitan friend 'M.' Quit the toilsome town; go down every day or two to Long-

Branch; snuff the peculiar salts and spray of the ocean, and listen to its 'sublime same-soundingness'; or go out to 'THE ABBEY,' on the Bloomingdale Road, that most beautiful of all beautiful places in our vicinity; a far better course, than

'By the low river's side to take your way,
Where Hudson rolls his dead dogs to the sea.'

Beyond the 'Abbey' are pleasant fields and meadows, where you may hear the clanging of the mower's whet-stone, and the *ripping* sound of the scythe cutting through the thick grass. These things will beget many a happy *sensation*; a word in which how much is included! — a world of delight; like your own breathing, perceptible to yourself, but of which you would never perhaps speak, even to your nearest friend. Do as we tell you! A vermilion hint! . . . Mr. ANDERSON, a pleasing actor, whose laboriously-acquired skill in his vocation, and the possession of more than common *talent*, as contradistinguished from *genius*, had acquired for himself an unexpected American reputation, recently closed a profitable engagement at the PARK THEATRE with a long and somewhat inflated speech; parts of which were, to say the least, in still worse taste. Alluding to the conduct of a few misguided persons at one of the Philadelphia theatres, who, because Mr. FORESTER had been uncourteously received in England, felt themselves called upon to retaliate upon an English actor in this country, Mr. ANDERSON remarked, in effect, that he had forgiven the offenders, and that he hoped, and had suggested to the citizens, that Philadelphia would do the same! Now this assumption of immense importance, in a matter with which *the public*, as such, had nothing to do, is certainly very ridiculous. Mr. ANDERSON was a clever actor; and when people went to see him 'paint his face, and get into a towering passion for so much a night,' they were at quits with him; and neither they nor the city of Philadelphia were especially called upon to 'forgive' a parcel of rowdies, who had, or fancied they had, a pique against him. Boys and romantic girls conceive an actor to be a being of superior mould, and have great delight in his mere proximity; 'looking at even a 'first assassin' or 'second ruffian,' as he passes in the street, with reverence.' Weak theatrical performers hence infer that they are all they are called upon to *seem*, on the stage, and they plume themselves accordingly; whereas the simple fact is, that if they have pleasing powers, their 'professional services' are bought and paid for, and there all public interest in them ends. This fact is too often lost sight of, and oftener by second-rate artists. . . . A FRIEND in the 'Literary Emporium' has sent us a love poem, which is sufficiently sweet and tender, but is defective in this, that it is eulogistic of personal *features* only, and has not the slightest reference to a gleam of mind or soul in his 'inamorata.' Our correspondent should not forget that 'beauty soon fades.' We would merely intimate also the shadow of a faint hint, that he has read TENNYSON's 'Miller's Daughter.' Yes — guess he has seen these verses before:

'OZ, I would be the girdle
About her dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

'And I would be the necklace,
All day to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.'

THE following is a passage from the remarks of Dr. LONGSTREET, of Georgia, at a recent Methodist convention at Louisville, Kentucky. He is speaking of 'true Methodism,' which 'never entered a house without a word for the LORD, and never left it without praying a blessing upon it; which planted the standard of the cross on the spot which we occupy, ere the elk and the buffalo had left it; which pushed on its labors, at times, until exhausted nature sunk under them.' The distinguished orator proceeds:

'WHEN I thus speak of Methodism, let me not be understood as claiming for our sect all the religion that is in the world. Far from it: there is as pure religion in the other churches as in ours. I am no sectarian. If I possess one christian virtue, it is love for all that love and serve the LORD JEWS CHRIST; but I confess I feel a kindling emotion, allied to the moral sublime, when I contemplate Methodism personified in such men as our NOLLY; whose funeral obsequies were performed

by himself; whose dirge was sounded by the winter winds; whose winding-sheet was the snow-drift, and whose monument was the sturdy oak of the forest; found by the woodman, frozen on his knees and buried in the attitude of prayer. Of myself I will not glory, of my church I will not glory; but of such as these I might become a fool in glorying, and all Christians would pardon me, if not join me. Yea, were I to inscribe on the tree, the root of which was his last pillow, *The Christian's best Monument*, every Christian of every church would cheerfully inscribe under it, 'Amen and amen!'

The journal from which we clip this extract, introduces it to its readers with the remark, that there seems some discrepancy between the 'religious eloquence' which it displays, and the broadly-humorous 'Georgia Scenes,' from the pen of the same gentleman. If this was intended as a slur, it is contemptible. The wit and humor of the book referred to are no evidence of a want of religious feeling, or the possession by the writer of the most fervent piety. When will the reign of CAN'T be at an end? We wish that those moral censors and inquisitors of external religionism, who so often tender their 'advisativeness' to better though less pretentious Christians than themselves, would remember these words of the good BARROW: 'Such *facetiousness* is not unreasonable nor unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight; harmless, I say, that it is not intrenching upon piety, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace. For *Christianity* is not so tetical, so harsh, so envious as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good humor among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient nor unprofitable. If for those ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion; why may we not as well to them accommodate our organs of speech and interior sense?' Sure enough! . . . 'JULIAN,' you're wanted! Rest no longer upon *past* magazine honors, but hear the calls of your numerous admirers, and once more 'up and at them!' Remember that delays are dangerous; more so in literary associations, from month to month, than in any thing else whatsoever;

'THERE is a fire-fly in the southern clime,
Which shineth only when upon the wing;
So is it with the mind: when once we rest,
We darken.'

Therefore, O son of MOMUS! write! 'These are the orders. A special edict. Respect this!' . . . WE have received a 'Tea Circular,' with a request to 'notice the same' in our 'paper.' Our readers, we may assume, are not particularly interested in the subject; although some of our embryo contributors may be; for we have on hand many communications which seem to have been penned under the inspiration of a weak decoction of the celestial herb. Tea, says some clever wag, 'is of three different sorts, although they are not generally particularized by the tea-dealers: *Somehow-qua*, which includes Hyson, Souchong, Bohea, etc.; *Anyhow-qua*, composed of ash, willow, peach and second-hand tea-leaves, or any other vegetable rubbish; and *Nohow-qua*, which falls to the lot of those who cannot get any tea at all.' . . . WE have had our 'say' about legal and medical nomenclatures; now hear the late THOMAS HOON's, touching other and kindred disguises: 'I do wish that our botanists, conchologists, and entomologists, and the rest of our scientific godfathers and godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our gardeners and florists especially would take their watering-pots and re-baptize all those pretty plants whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame. It is abominable to label our flowers with antiquated, outlandish and barbarous flowers of speech. There is a meaning in 'wind-flowers' and 'cuckoo-buds;' and the 'hare-bell' is at once associated with the breezy heath; the 'blue-bell' awakens a world of associations; but what image is sug-

gested by *Schizanthus-retusus*? 'Forget-me-Not' sounds like a short quotation from *Roxas*' 'Pleasures of Memory'; 'Love-lies-Bleeding' contains a whole tragedy in its title; and even 'Pick-your-Mother's-heart-out' involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a '*Dendrobium*'? . . . The article entitled '*Infidelity in New-York*' magnifies, we must hope and believe, what would otherwise indeed be a 'dangerous moral enemy.' Infidelity, such as our correspondent describes, can gain few adherents. What is substituted for what is disbelieved, must prevent any great extension of such vague and wicked assumptions. 'Let any of those who renounce Christianity write fairly down in a book all the absurdities which they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject Christianity than to embrace it:

'If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers in this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh who would venture then to die—
Oh who would venture then to live!'

If men, says LACON, have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others in the following important particulars; in the goodness of the road, in the beauty of the prospects, in the excellence of the company, and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller who has finished his course. . . . '*The Laws of Transcendent Gastronomy*' is the title of a very characteristic set of 'Rules,' translated from the French for the '*Spirit of the Times*' by 'SANDERSON the Younger,' the accomplished host of the Philadelphia 'Franklin House,' who has the best *artist de cuisine* to be found in America, and possesses himself a *goût* that would make the fortune of a kindred spirit in New-York. We subjoin a few of the 'articles:':

'On rising from table, the host should throw a scrutinizing glance at the glasses round the board. Should they not be entirely empty, it must serve as a hint to him to change for the future either his wines or his guests.'

'When the host offers a dish, the guest can only excuse himself for refusing it, by requesting to be served a second time from one of which he has already partaken.'

'A guest who is '*as fait*' never commences a conversation before the end of the first course; until then, dinner is an important matter, from which it would be imprudent to distract the attention of the assembly.'

'All sentences commenced should be instantly suspended on the advent of a '*Dinde aux truffes*.' A skilful guest always proposes the health of the Amphitryon when there is no more wine on the table. It is a sure recipe for the production of more.'

'Two neighbors who understand each other can manage to drink, unperceived, more than any other at table, by simply saying courteously to each other, 'But, my friend, you do not drink!'

'An approving smile is obligatory at every witty remark of the host.'

'A guest would be guilty of great injustice, should he speak ill of his host during the three hours which follow a repast. The gratitude should last as long, at least, as the digestion.'

How thoroughly French is all this! The implied 'moral' precepts in some of the 'articles' will perhaps remind the reader of the ingenuous remark of DIDEROT's daughter, quoted in the leading paper of the present number: 'My father was exceedingly moral in his intercourse with fen ales. He never had intrigues with actresses, or people of that stamp, but confined his addresses to respectable married women!' . . . SOME friend of the 'much-abused race of dogs' has sent us a '*Remonstrance*' against the 'canine constables.' Hydrophobia, however, is an awful thing; and muzzles are not inaccessible to one who can 'sport' a dog, or sup-port one. We wish there was a swine-law that could be put in force against the herds of unwieldy porkers, that

'WITH meditative grunts of much content,
Wallow in sun and mud'

in almost every street of the metropolis. . . . 'Do you believe in fore-runners?' asked a nervous lady of old Deacon J ——. 'Yes Ma'am,' replied the Deacon; 'I've seen them!'

'Bless me!' exclaimed the lady; 'do tell!' 'Yes,' continued the Deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room: '*I see one now!*' 'Mercy! mercy on me!' shrieked the lady; 'where!' 'There! there!' said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. 'That cat, Ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all-fours!' Speaking of apparitions: that is rather a forcible argument urged against the theory of their existence by one of the characters in 'The Grimaby Ghost:' 'Ghosts be hanged! It's too late in the day for 'em, by a whole century: they're quite exploded; went out with the old witches: No, Sir; workmen may rise for higher wages; the sun may rise, and bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit. What should they rise for? Some say they come with messages or errands to the living; but they can't deliver 'em for want of breath, and can't execute 'em for the want of physical force. If you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him?' 'To which an interlocutor replies, 'To show your *spirit*, of course; and he goes on to declare his belief in ghosts; for he was 'knowing to' a case of the kind, where a figure-head of a vessel called the *Britannia* had appeared to a retired sea-captain in London, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Horn!' . . . 'L. Z. V.'s lines on '*Death*' shall appear, if he desires it, after reading this notice. They evince talent, and a pleasant facility of versification; but we are *certain* that comparison would be made between Mrs. *HEMANS*' lines upon the same subject and the poem before us — and scarcely with credit to the later writer. By the by, the author of '*Festus*,' a work referred to elsewhere, personifies Death as a *female*; and really, the personification seems most appropriate and beautiful. The '*Dread Messenger*,' unto a worn and wearied child of earth:

'OPENS her sweet white arms and whispers peace!
Come, lay thy sorrows in this bosom! This
Will never close against thee; and my heart,
Though cold, cannot be colder much than man's.'

'The language of true love,' says WASHINGTON IRVING, 'is always shy and silent.' How infelicitous, therefore, to adopt a mild term, do the revelations of printed love-letters appear! Among the epistles produced on the recent trial of an inconstant swain in London, was one from which we take the following tender passage: 'I hope soon to have the pleasure of being with you forever. How blest shall I be when that time comes! for it's very uncomfortable for us both, situated as we are, with two unfeeling parents that *studies* to make us uncomfortable; but be advised by me, and keep your spirits up. I hope there will be a change for the better soon, for I am completely tired of being a bachelor any longer:

'AND the cold weather is coming on; what shall I do?
Buy some more blankets, or cuddle with you!'

'I only wish I had a comfortable house to take you to; I would not be a bachelor any longer; but I hope soon to have a comfortable place where we shall enjoy ourselves. I long for that time to come. Was at Horsham on Friday last, and bought some more pigs very cheap. I am sorry, my dear LOUISA, I did not see you at Smithfield when you were there.' Oh! love and pigs! how the young people must have felt, on seeing these tender things of theirs in juxtaposition in print! . . . 'THANKS for our St. Louis correspondent's kind invitation! But, Dr. FRANKLIN says '*Time is money*.' We have n't time to spare to come so far; although we know full well what intense enjoyment would be afforded us in a survey of the scenery and vast improvements of the Great West. We *must* make a western tour, when our argosies are in from Ophir. . . . THE pen dropped from our fingers some twenty minutes since, and we dropped off into dream-land. It was very hot, and a 'slumbrous silence filled the air.' Awakening from that brief summer-day nap, as we reclined in our elbow-chair, what a rush was there to the mind, for a single instant, of scenes

and events long inurned in the 'dark backwood and abysm of time!' Do you know by experience, reader, the sensations we are endeavoring to make you understand? Have you not felt, then, emotions so overpowering, that you have paused for a moment to ask yourself, amidst the mass of thoughts that crowded your brain:

'O THOU Hereafter! on whose shore I stand,
Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me,
What am I! Say, thou PRESENT — say, thou PAST!
Ye three wise children of Eternity!
A life? a death? and an immortal? all?
Is this the threefold mystery of man?
The lower, darker Trinity of Earth?'

'T is vain to ask; nought answers us. 'The past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.' Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. . . . We shall make an extract for our pages from the article upon '*British and American Beauty*;' but to 'be candid,' as desired, we must say, that as a whole, the paper is somewhat dull. We have repeatedly heard Englishmen affirm the superior beauty of our fair countrywomen, but it was always with a reservation as to amplitude of chest and bust. In looking over a number of portraits the other day, however, in the studio of Mr. BOGLE, (an artist of repute and talent, recently come among us from the south,) at the Granite Buildings, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, we were struck with the portrait of a young girl of eighteen, admirably executed, the original of which could walk in triumph through Almacks, nor fear a comparison, in the particulars we have indicated, with the most queenly and 'swan-like' forms around her. . . . We welcome, with sincere pleasure, '*The Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*,' published by Messrs. GREELEY AND M'ELRATH, and edited by Hon. J. S. SKINNER, the well-known agricultural writer. The farmers, engaged in the noblest and most useful of all pursuits, have heretofore been too much neglected; and we are glad to perceive that an important desideratum is about to be supplied to them. 'It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.' . . . We have upon our table a large line-engraving of the Capitol at Washington, as seen from Pennsylvania Avenue, engraved by ALFRED JONES of this city. Mr. JONES is well known to the world of art on this side of the Atlantic, as the artist who engraved the two fine prints for the American Art Union from MOUNT's picture of 'Morning,' and EDMOND's picture of 'Sparking.' Those who are judges of this beautiful art have pronounced Mr. JONES' works equal to the best of the English school. The present print he has published on his own account, and we feel well assured that the style in which it is executed, as well as the popularity of the subject, will secure for it a ready sale. It may be had of Mr. JONES, Number 34 Liberty-street. . . . '*True Love's Stratagem*' is a tolerably well-written story, but the incidents are very ancient. We remember an old song, first heard in our boyhood, which embodied one of the most prominent, in very rambling verse; something like this:

— 'SILVIA one day,
Having dressed herself in men's array,
With a brace of pistols all by her side,
For to meet her true love-yeer away did ride.

'She met her true love-yeer all on the plain;
She there bid him boldly at once for to stand:
'Stand and deliver!' she then did cry,
Or else this moment 't is you shall die.'

Our correspondent will excuse us; but we cannot help thinking that the author of the

above 'thrilling' lines has several years the start of him on the road to fame. . . . A FRIEND, alluding (in a recent private note to the EDITOR) to several of our correspondents, says of 'rare JOHN WATERS:' 'He is assuredly a choice spirit. The wealth and beauty of his thoughts at times gush over in every direction, like a fountain from the summit of a rock.' . . . We remarked a very laughable typographical error in a newspaper a day or two since. It was in a paragraph which announced that a formerly distinguished southern politician had been struck with apoplexy, and had 'lost the use of *one side of his speech!*' It reminded us of the man who, having stood in the same place in a cotton factory for many years, was one day detained by illness, and wrote to his employer that he should be unable to resume his labor, as he had a painful swelling on the *east side* of his face! . . . How could our friend of the 'Evening Mirror' permit Uncle GRANT THORNBURN — who writes the most finished and graceful hand, and spells with more uniform correctness than perhaps any kindred 'literary' gentleman in the metropolis — how could our friend MORRIS, we repeat, with *some* knowledge, we must suppose, of our good old Dutch words and customs, permit *paus* to be spelled '*paus*' all the way through a long communication? The matter requires explanation, and we '*paus*' for a reply. . . . It seems but as yesterday, since we recorded the destruction of the 'Tribune Buildings' by fire; and now, from one of the finest edifices of the sort in the city, 'complete and handsome in every part,' comes forth the 'Daily and Weekly Tribune,' admirably printed and arranged, and 'rejoicing in the greatness of its strength.' By-the-by, who '*does*' the 'City Items' of the Tribune? 'Whoever he may be or not,' (and we may be mistaken!) he deserves *Fostering*; if for nothing else than imparting spice to casual records which now possess interest for all persons, but which are often so carelessly or indifferently jotted down as to escape the observation of nine in ten hurried newspaper-readers. . . . THE solemn reflections which ensue were elicited by the 'dispensations of Providence, through casualty,' which one so frequently encounters in the public journals. The thoughts are timely, and 'well put': 'Whatever death I may be called upon to suffer, I humbly trust it may never be my fate to be — mistaken and shot by a friend for a wild turkey!' It was the distinguished Colonel DRAY, of the 'Boston Morning Post,' who gave vent to the emotions which swelled his bosom, on perusing a paragraph containing the incident implied by the foregoing touching observation. . . . Messrs. R. MARTIN AND COMPANY'S '*Illustrated Family Bible*,' publishing in 'parts' from No. 26 John-street, is truly a beautiful work. The text is in a large, clear type, with ample notes, practical observations, and curious marginal references; it is printed upon the finest linen paper; and the engravings in each number, including views of the principal places mentioned in Scripture, from drawings on the spot, are of the highest order of excellence. . . . 'I wish you would put *me* down for a puppy,' said a young sportsman the other day to a practical amateur in canine flesh, who had recently had an accession to the 'domestic circle' in his dog-hutch. 'I set you down for one *long ago!*' was the tart reply. '*T'U do*, won't it? . . . ONE of the very cheapest serials of the day is Mr. J. S. REDFIELD'S republication of 'The Penny Magazine.' Two hundred and seventy-two columns of most various, interesting and instructive reading, interspersed with engravings on almost every page, and well printed, and bound in an ornamental cover, for twenty-five cents! 'Enough said.' . . . We must forego altogether our proposed notice in *detail* of the National Academy of Design. Our catalogue, closely pencilled out with notes, has been mislaid, or lost, or — We shall have something to say hereafter, however, touching certain pictures, by well-known (and little-known) artists, which have especially gratified us. . . . THE neatly-executed and lively '*Town*' is becoming decidedly *Punchy*. The '*Glance at the Markets*,' which it gives in a late issue, is really akin to the best specimens of humor encountered in its English prototype. We wish it success. . . . NUMEROUS communications in prose and verse, and many friendly letters, must remain unreferred to, and unanswered, until our next, and '*twixt now and then*.' Sorry for the delay; but, '*Necessitas non habet legem*.'

LITERARY RECORD. — In anticipation of an elaborate notice hereafter of the '*Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition*,' a work most creditable to Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, the liberal publishers, and embracing facts of great novelty and interest, we shall only remark at present, that the five large volumes before us give a faithful representation of the countries and islands visited by the explorers, who received every facility for obtaining the particulars of the past and present state of such countries and peoples as came under their observation. The present edition contains precisely the same type, page and reading matter, as the one in imperial octavo; the difference between them being in the quality and size of the paper; the substitution of forty-seven woodcuts for that number of steel vignettes in the other; the omission of the sixty-four plates, and the use of ten of the fourteen maps, three of which are on a reduced scale. The number of wood illustrations in the edition under notice is nearly three hundred. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the New-York publishers. . . . We have four very valuable works from the ever-teeming press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, for which we may safely predict a very wide sale. '*The Poets and Poetry of Europe*,' with introductions and biographical notices by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, is a monumental record of the labor and judgment of the accomplished editor. He has brought together, in a compact and convenient form, a vast amount of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and are not easily accessible to the general reader. The materials are arranged according to their dates; and the literary histories of the various countries are rendered as complete as the limits of a single volume would allow. We are pleased to perceive that the past volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER have contributed largely to Mr. LONGFELLOW's acceptable stores. The work is well printed, upon excellent paper, and embellished with a noble head of SCHILLER, and an elaborately-pictorial title-page. The remaining three volumes to which we have alluded are, '*The Modern British Essayists*,' embracing the essays, critical and miscellaneous, of T. BABINGTON MACAULAY; the works of the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, three volumes complete in one; and the miscellaneous essays of ARCHIBALD ALISON, reprinted from the English originals, with the author's corrections for this edition. Not a word in praise of writings so well-known as those of MACAULAY, SMITH and ALISON, is needed at our hands. It is sufficient to say that each volume, beside being well executed, is illustrated with a superb portrait of its author, that of MACAULAY being engraved from a recent picture by our friend HENRY INMAN. The same publishers have given us a rich volume of 'fun, fancy and frolic' in '*The Black Bear of Arkansas, and Other Tales*,' illustrative of characters and incidents in the south and south-west; edited by WILLIAM T. PORTER, and 'adorned' with ten capital original engravings by DARLEY; 'Mrs. CAUDLE's Curtain Lectures,' with illustrations; three new 'parts' of THIERS' popular '*Life of NAPOLEON*'; and the first of five 'ridiculously cheap' volumes, which are to contain all the Waverley Novels for two dollars and fifty cents! This seems hardly possible; but it is nevertheless true! . . . THE BROTHERS HARPER have published in their pocket edition of select unabridged novels JAMES' Man-at-Arms; 'Self,' by the author of 'Cecil'; Mrs. JEWELL's 'Zoe, or the History of Two Lives'; 'The Gambler's Wife, a novel; and a native 'Tale,' of which report speaks highly, entitled 'Wyoming.' Of 'Isabel, or the Trials of the Heart,' a tale for the young, the same may be said. Other issues of the 'Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy,' a very valuable work, have also appeared; and 'The NEVILLES of Garretstown,' by LEVER, completes the publications of the Messrs. HARPER, up to the hour of our going to press. . . . Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY are continuing their 'History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time,' by KOHL-RAUSCH — an authentic and valuable work; and a very pleasing and instructive volume, also from their press, is that entitled 'Ocean-Work, Ancient and Modern, or Evenings on Sea and Land.' We ran through it at two sittings, and greatly to the edification of the 'olive-branches' that begin to cluster about the EDITOR's table. . . . CAN it be possible that '*The Mysteries of Berlin*,' in process of translation by Mr. BURKHARDT, are veritable revelations? If so, all we can say is, that that capital out-does Paris in enormities which are enough to make one shudder. The work will be likely to be widely read, such being unfortunately the taste of the time. . . . A NEW series of the '*Mirror Library*' has been commenced; and the first work chosen gives token of the good taste and judgment which will preside over the selections. BECKFORD's oriental romance of '*Fatlek*' is here revived, and we have renewed the delight which its perusal aforesaid afforded us. The paper and type are good, and the work abundantly cheap at twenty-five cents. . . . Mr. EDWARD WALKER, at No. 112 Fulton-street, has in press a large and superbly-illustrated work, by Rev. JOHN BOWLING, A. M., which will contain 'The History of Romanism, from its earliest origin to the present time.' The engravings and the typographical execution are of the best description. We shall have more to say of this volume in our next.

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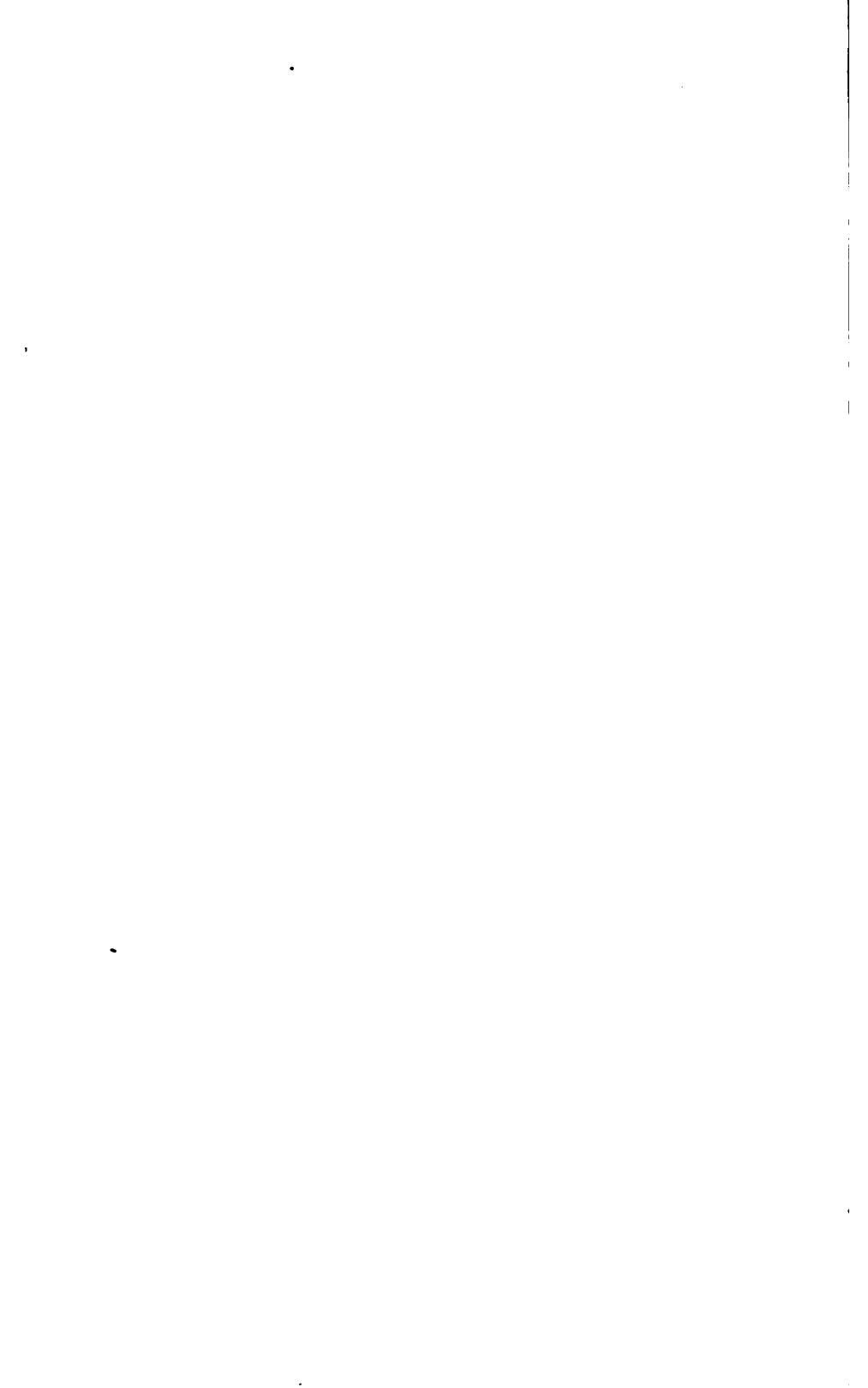
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'Who oft, by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.'

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

AGAIN I summon before me in fancy the advocate of the Modern School of poetry in preference to the Ancient. He is generally a Byronist, or a Wordsworthite; for those are the only two poets who can be pretended to have left on our poetic age their 'form and pressure.' If a Byronist, he is a would-be misanthrope, half-passionate and half-passionless; a wayward being, eccentric, antic, frantic, and romantic. But I like him much better than I do the Wordsworthite; for *he* is the most intolerant and intolerable of bigots. Wrapped up in the conceit that the sum and essence of all natural and true, as well as deeply-philosophical poetry is to be found in Wordsworth, he regards the common herd, who are less perspicacious than himself, as mere 'groundlings,' born under some star, which had been cast out of the shining synagogue, and joined not in the choral 'music of the spheres.' I have met several of these bigots, who regarded you with absolute scorn, if you did not rank Wordsworth with Milton! He, who does not admire and love many passages of Wordsworth, must be deemed a man of low and narrow mind: but these fellows, these 'subjective' and 'reproductive' critics, consider every one, who does not worship *all* his writings, or who asserts that whole pages of them are not only no poetry, but would be very tame prose, as a dull-souled witling, who can never reach the 'first form,' the 'esoteric' class, in the Academy of Taste and Feeling. Well, perhaps they *are* boobies. But I, as one of the 'general,' to whom many of Wordsworth's poems will always be 'caviare,' would fain call up one of these 'Lakers' a specimen, who may impersonate the class, and question him fairly upon his creed.

Is there, then, any other deficiency existing in the Old School, and

which you find supplied in the New School by Wordsworth, its 'Regius Professors?'

'Yes. I miss that down-stooping and all embracing humanity, so visible in some of the late poets, and particularly in Wordsworth, whose sympathies seem as general as the feelings and wants and sufferings of men.'

Very well, Sir! I am aware that this is a claim set up in behalf of this school. This claim, if established, would form a just and everlasting title to all men's gratitude and love. I am a republican — ay! a democrat, if you will, though not a 'patent one.' A poet of this large, cosmopolitan sympathy is for me a most reverend priest of Nature — a character 'sacrosanct,' inviolable. But really in reference to Wordsworth, I cannot but think a large portion of this 'humanity' to be sentiment diluted to the warm-water standard; a kind of overstrained and therefore partially unreal sympathy with quiet nature and lowly life; a mawkish fellow-feeling of aristocracy with Peter Bell, donkeys, beggars, and idiot-boys. Heaven forgive me! for, as I before hinted, I should be sorry to blaspheme. I would not speak sneeringly of a truly catholic and gentle spirit, which embraces in the circle of its kindness the humbler ranks of our species. Oh, no! Honored and loved forever be the poet, who advances by the charms of song that high and holy enterprise, which we, in this country, are attempting on a practical and most noble scale — the universal spread of freedom, and the *upward* equalization of our race! Honored and loved forever be that wide and unexclusive charity, which walks forth among the high-ways and by-ways of life, finding food for sympathy not less in the hovel than in the palace, and embracing in the arms of its affection the world-wide family of man! Honored and blessed forever be that effluence of universal love, which pervades with the subtlety of its nature the whole atmosphere of being, and diffuses the sun-shine of its kindness over all the paths of life! Crown with unfading laurels the noble and liberal genius, who rises without an effort to all that is exalted, and sinks without constraint to all that is depressed; who now soars, like a shining seraph, among the stars and melodies of Heaven, and now descends, like an angel of mercy, to weep or smile with those who move, in tears or laughter, through the dust and barrenness of earth!

So far as I can believe Wordsworth to have been actuated by this godlike spirit, I accord him ungrudging praise. But stand not aghast, admirer of his peaceful muse, nor think me a cold and sceptical jeerer, if I allow my reason to rebuke my feelings, and if I doubt whether in him this diffusiveness of humanity be not partly imaginary, or, at least, a kind of *mannerism* — 'a way he's got.' I like to see faith tested by action; and when I hear a superior expansion of spirit claimed for Wordsworth over the earlier poets, I am inclined to inquire whether his sympathies have ever developed their sincerity and depth in any peculiarly earnest and energetic form. Has he, more than they, made any strong and practical effort to give warm, actual clothing to the beggars, whom he has dressed in so fine poetical robes? Has he, more than they, employed his influence with the legislative great — those,

who wield the 'omnipotence' of Parliament — to lessen the number, or ameliorate the condition of the poor, for whom he inculcates so much romantic and ineffective charity? Has he, more than they, exerted himself to procure true bread and substantial meat for that class toward whom he is so liberal of poetical milk? He has invested his 'Cumberland Beggar' with a great deal of beautiful sentiment; a great deal, if you please, of natural and kindly feeling. Has he written with equal pathos in behalf of laws and institutions, under whose beneficent operation there would be no 'Cumberland beggars,' to crave what, at the best, is the bitterest of all bread? He seems hostile to the Poor-House, and the Work-House system. They are too unpoetical. Not much can be said, it is true, for the present English administration of these establishments. Has he appealed with the persuasiveness of song for laws, which may humanize these institutions, and at last do away with their necessity? Oh, no! There is no room for touching sentiment in making the helpless contribute to their own support. He would much prefer to see England overrun with sturdy 'gaberlunzies,' each one to be neither ignorant, diseased, nor vicious, but entirely different from the *lazzaroni* of other times, to walk through the land 'stealing and giving odor,' awakening human affections in the lowly and free: 'where and when he will, to sit down

'BENEATH the trees, or by the grassy bank
Of highway-side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!'

While advocating on paper a new order of things with reference to the heart and feelings, has he not, in fact, on all material points, marshalled himself with the titled few to perpetuate the existing order of things with all its crime, and all its misery, and all its darkness?

It may be replied, that the poet is not expected to join in the strife of politics, or in the discussion of the complicated questions of governmental reformation; that his business is to chant a hymn to the names of Freedom, Virtue, and Knowledge, leaving men to appreciate its beauty and exemplify its truth, or not, as they choose. It may be said too, that Wordsworth has passed a life of contemplative seclusion, and cannot have formed a decision on the question, which, after all, is involved in doubt, whether his countrymen are not as happy under their present social system, as they would be under any other. I partly admit the force of the reply. Dispositions will vary, and I ask not every poet to fight the battles of his country in the tented field with Tyrtæus and Körner, nor to wield a vigorous and practical pen, like Milton, in behalf of the actual and universal liberty of men. Nor will I require of every philanthropist, as a test of his sincerity, to display the active benevolence of Howard, Wilberforce, or Hannah More. A powerful and reflective spirit may send forth from its closet the 'winged words' that shall regenerate the world. And, furthermore, as this is not the place for State Polemics, and as opinions on this matter are so strangely discordant, I will even admit that, in some wise and inscrutable manner, it *may* be necessary for the general good to sustain a system, which

must, of its own nature, keep the majority very poor, and very ignorant, and very wretched. Far be it from me, too, to weigh out poetry against dollars and cents, or measure its value by the absurd and detestable 'utilitarian' standard. Poets have but rarely 'swung their sword and sung their song' amid the strife of men; and therefore, apart from these lofty claims, I would willingly assign to Wordsworth exactly that rank in the fraternal choir which the originality and beauty of his thoughts and language might demand. But when I hear his partisans claim for him a wider and a deeper love of nature and of man than has animated the hearts or the poems of his brethren, whose tongues are now silent forever, I must bring him to a higher standard, and try him by another law. I must then regard the real character and *cui bono* tendency of his poetry, and inquire whether that boasted strain has not been to the crowd of men a trumpet-blast of languid and uncertain sound. And when I see that he has sung *about* the mass, and not to them; that he has neither stirred the feelings, nor enlisted the gratitude of the majority of his kind, I necessarily infer that there is something wrong in his manner or his matter, and that his universal sympathy is mostly sentiment, and which sentiment, whatever the 'initiated' may say, can never become widely popular, or be a genuine and immortal thing.

But let us pass no harsh or illiberal judgment. Let us grant that his spirit is as anti-selfish and his sympathies as wide-spreading, genuine, and deep, as much of his poetry is undeniably sweet, original, and powerful — yes, even powerful. Yet when I hear his admirers and imitators claim for him the introduction into poetry, nay, almost the creation of this expanded and godlike spirit; when I see them endeavoring to monopolize as a commodity of their own that kindly sympathy with universal nature, which has quickened the hearts of poets through immemorial time, the bile is stirred within me. A great many false and meretricious poets, in ancient and modern days, who imitated one another and neglected nature, may have awakened by their skill a cold and barren admiration; but no one has ever dwelt much or long in the hearts and memories of men, who did not love nature and his kind; who did not feel and transcribe the forms and energies of material or spiritual things. Did not the Antigone of Sophocles comprise the essence of this pure humanity, when she replied to her unfeeling uncle, 'My nature is to sympathize in love, and not in hatred?' Are not the charming little fragments, contained in the Greek Anthology faithful and fond delineations of

'ALL thoughts, all passions, all desires,
Whatever stir this mortal frame?'

Do they not describe with the minuteness of a loving eye all things that can be the subjects of mortal meditation 'from the star to the winding worm;' from the fair young girl, gone while 'the dew of her youth was yet fresh upon her,'

'GONE to the slumber that may know no waking
'Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell,'

even to the little chirping favorites of Anacreon, those 'bloodless aborigines,'

'Tuz shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Who make their summer lives one ceaseless song!'

Did not the beautiful sentiment of Terence, '*Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto*' — 'I am a man, and I take an interest in all that belongs to men' — elicit a shout of applause from the crowded populace of Rome? Was not the truth and nobleness of the ancient maxim '*Non nobis solum nati sumus, sed patriæ etiam et amicis*' answered by the spontaneous echo of hearts, whose fire was quenched two thousand years ago? Can there be found a warmer benevolence than glows in the pages of those pure, golden old writers — the ante-Cromwellian poets of England? Is there a more pathetic fellow-feeling with the humble than may be found in the lines of Thomson? Wordsworth has stigmatized Gray as the Coryphæus of the artificial school. Well, all poetry is artificial, in one sense; for no man ever spoke in metre, except an Italian *improvisatore*, and in him it is an artificial acquirement. Not to stay quibbling, however, *that* poetry is most natural which most touches the feelings of mankind; and where among all the writings of Wordsworth, the *natural* poet '*par eminence*,' is there a strain so tenderly in unison with the beatings of the lowly heart, as is the immortal 'Elegy' of Gray? — a production, which may perhaps be repeated from beginning to end by one hundred thousand poor men of the Anglo-Saxon race? Well. Is there a more perfect entering into the feelings of the people than may be found in Goldsmith — 'poor Goldy,' another 'artificial' poet, whom the people, ignorantly of course, but still obstinately and dearly love? Is there a more entirely unlimited affection than that where with Cowper embraces those whose names are recorded in the unglossed 'Annals of the Poor?' The shy and melancholy bard was, as Wordsworth hints, half-natural, half-'artificial;' but has Wordsworth, the wholly-natural, among all his affecting pictures, drawn any more affecting than Cowper's poor widow

— 'who knew her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew!'

But, really, the point is almost too plain to argue. For what has true poetry ever been, but an intimate appreciation and a vivid expression of the views and feelings of man as man? And what has the true and popular poet ever resembled more than those good angels in the field of Luz, who ascended and descended between heaven and earth by the ladder of human sympathies, and who, to quote Wordsworth's own fine lines:

'Who, with untired humility, forbore
The ready service of the wings they wore!'

And when I know that thousands of poor and comparatively illiterate men will repeat long passages from Pope, Young, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper, with a quivering voice and glistening eye, I am sure that theirs was the unforced language of genuine feeling, addressed by swelling hearts to hearts which they knew would swell in response. And when, again, I see that the poetry of this later sym-

pathetic school is read and admired principally by the great and the refined, and rarely finds its way to the hearts or the houses of the lowly, I want no better proof that there is after all, something wrong about it; something ill-judged in the plan, or ill-done in the execution. It does not strike that universal chord, which Love inspired by Genius cannot fail to strike.

'But, Sir,' some Lake-Schoolman inquires, with the 'rising inflection' of interrogative astonishment, 'is it possible for you to deny that Wordsworth has written poetry of great beauty, originality, meditative sublimity, and pathetic power?' I do *not* deny it, Sir. I should be very loth to hazard a negation, which would convince every one possessing a heart and brain that I was without them. Three several times, while I have been 'reeling off' these remarks, have I opened his poems, for the purpose of more perfectly defining my ideas, and each time the sweet emanations of his thoughtful mind have drawn me from my subject for hours. I cordially admit that his collection contains a large amount of very charming poetry; and I wish it were all so; for the world would be largely the gainer. That I might do him no injustice, I have read again and most carefully his long prefaces illustrative of his poetry, and of the distinctive principles on which *he thought* he had composed it. These prefaces are very egotistical, as is the man himself, and are fully open to Byron's satirical thrusts; for the passages brought in illustration of the imaginative and of the sublime, are taken in about equal proportions from Milton and from himself! This, to say the least of it, is an unpardonable sin against good taste. In these prefaces he has developed a theory, which is partly true, being of such principles as all good poets (himself often included) have always acted on; and partly false and worthless, containing such principles as he has either not observed himself, or else has acted out with a most pitiful result. I will say a little more of this theory, with its results, a little farther on.

If now it should be asked why, admitting so much of exalted merit in Wordsworth, I should still in some points and to some extent decry him, my answer is, 'Not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more.' An attempt has been made by many to raise him to an entirely unmerited elevation, and thereby to eclipse his elder and equally or more worthy brethren. In the *scope* of his poetic ability I can by no means regard him as equal to Dryden and Pope; and regarding not the simple force and depth of their minds, but the objects and effects of their poetry, I cannot place him above Young, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith and Cowper. For the object of all poetry is, or should be, to delight, to elevate, or to instruct, and that is the highest poetry which aims at and attains all three of these ends. The first, moreover, is indispensable, generally, to the attainment of the others. It is also undeniable that the most precious poetry is that which produces these effects on the masses of mankind. Now any candid and competent critic must admit that of all Wordsworth's voluminous metrical compositions, not more than one-half could shed these happy influences over the minds even of practised thinkers, who should have the leisure and the love to *study* it. The more unreflecting class of general readers could be

neither absorbed nor benefited by one-fourth of it ; and the still more ordinary class of men could find neither pleasure nor profit in the perusal of more than one-tenth. Can the same be said of any one of the other poets enumerated ? Not at all ! One half, at least, of the poetry of every one of them (I exclude their dramatic compositions) is at once interesting and instructive to almost all classes of society, and to every degree of intelligence, from the level of a common-school education to the most finished mental discipline that Cambridge or Göttingen can bestow. Most of it also is of a noble and ennobling character. There are several kinds of poetic power, possessed in more or less degree by one or all of those poets, of which Wordsworth had neither possession nor idea. He has a very slight knowledge of character ; very little dramatic talent ; a weak invention ; not the least spark of indignant or humorous satire ; and, in fact, strikes but two chords of that passionate and many-stringed harp, whose tones are so omnipotent over our race — the calm pathetic, and the lofty contemplative. Dull and cold must be the soul, which does not feel that from these two this true transcriber of quiet nature has oft-times drawn masterly and moving music. But not for all this will we consent to break in pieces the statues and tear down the altars of those earlier bards of more varied powers and wider sway, of whom it may be said,

‘ WITH one rude clash they seized the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings !’

It may not be unimportant or uninteresting to inquire into the probable causes why Wordsworth, a man of such acknowledged depth and beauty of thought, should have written so much poetry that is entirely inoperative on the feelings not only of the mass of men, but even of the competent and earnest student. Those causes are, in my view, firstly, that he possessed, as before hinted, but two veins of poetical wealth, which were of rich but not glittering ore, and which he over-wrought and partially exhausted : secondly, that his elaborate and boasted theory of poetry at times impoverished his resources, and at times induced him to labor on unworthy themes. As regards the first, it is so evident to any one familiar with his ponderous volumes, that I shall say no more about it. His theory is, that no ornaments should be admitted into poetry other than those which are admitted in good prose, with the exception of metre and rhyme, and a necessarily enlarged liberty of inversion. In other respects, the language of verse must be the same as that of ordinary prose. He admits of no ‘poetic dialect ;’ allows no ‘poetic license.’ The entire catalogue of tropes and figures is his aversion. The poet, in expressing ‘thoughts that breathe in words that burn,’ must be ‘cribbed, cabined and confined’ by the rules of tame correctness. So simple, and I am bold to say, so beautiful a metonymy as Cowper’s ‘*church-going* bell,’ the picturesque and highly suggestive meaning of which the veriest child can understand, is censured and repudiated by him, because the ‘bell’ does not actually and truly go to church ! As if the every-day language of men, particularly of the swift-witted, does not abound in these ‘translations,’ these figurative forms of speech ; incorrect, indeed, in their

literal sense, but replete with strong significance. In regard to a 'poetic dialect,' certainly in those five or six ancient and modern languages with which I have had the leisure to make myself more or less familiar, there are many single words and some whole classes of them, which are especially appropriated to poetry, and rarely or never occur in well-written prose. And could I attain the polyglott acquirements of Sir William Jones or the Learned Blacksmith, I am sure I should in all those tongues find the same privileged expressions. And so of necessity it must ever be. The highest flights of poesy have always been considered akin to inspiration; and I may cite Wordsworth himself, who beautifully says:

'THAT deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong,
On whom the Muses smile.'

And, although this power rests mostly in the rapture of the spirit, and in the 'imagination all compact,' yet how shall the conceptions of this 'rapt imagination' find fitting utterance unless in words of holiest, and as it were mystic usage, or in expressions new and bold, of subtle and comprehensive meaning? Shall not novel and daring thoughts be clothed in language as startling and audacious? Shall the Lords of Song be attended by no verbal pomp, no regal retinue? Shall the lofty bard, half-seer, half-minstrel, even in the very whirlwind of his frenzy, be bound to define his thronging fancies with statistical exactness, and be confined to the cold, bald phraseology of facts? Oh, no! 'Not such,' (the words are Wordsworth's, but not the application,)

'Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of Nature was withdrawn!'

(Here, be it noted, Wordsworth has burst from his usual tame and temperate and seeming, into one of those bold personifications which he generally dreaded, and which, though they should be employed discreetly, often constitute the very life and beauty of poetry.) In English literature, as also in that of France and Germany, I admit, many prose-writers are making large encroachments, not only on poetic language but on poetic metre; and many of the highly, and as some think, elegantly-wrought, passages in the writings of Dickens are composed in blank verse of much greater regularity than that in Southey's 'Thalaba.' Whether this be not a vicious style, I leave for the tasteful to determine. I admit also that Poetry, even in her wildest flights, must interpret the glory of her dream by expressions drawn mostly from the vocabulary of our daily life. Still, she retains some distinctive badges of her own; some curious jewelry, which it would be decidedly frantic in the conversationist or the sedate prose-author to display. That this 'poetic dialect' should not degenerate into a kind of stereotyped and parrot language, destitute of all distinctive meaning; that it should not be viewed as possessed of a necromantic spell, to give life and dignity to tame or grovelling ideas; that it should not be employed indiscriminately and *apropos* of every thing, is a matter of course. The art of poetry, like

that of eloquence, consists in nothing more than the expression of sweet or high thoughts by the use of 'proper words in proper places;' and no genuine poet ever advocated, either in theory or practice, the employment of the 'patent phrases' of poetry, whether appropriately significant or not. The mantle of Elijah, however wonderful, does not of necessity convey to the wearer his wonder-working spirit. To a minstrel of the secondary or tertiary formation, like Apollonius of Rhodes, the very phraseology of Homer appeared a cabalistic dialect, able to invest even feeble conceptions with its own wizard-power. Yet, be it remarked, wherever the *thoughts* of the Rhodian are poetical, there the Homeric *language* recovers its old Homeric charm. The same may be remarked of Silius Italicus, in general the feeble copyist of Virgil. In English literature also, every generation since the age of Spenser has been annoyed by swarms of weak wishy-washy rhymesters, who dilute the conceptions and emasculate the language of the great old bards, dealing them out to their victims *ad libitum* in broken doses. They rhyme 'love' with 'dove' and 'heart' with 'dart,' and ring the changes *ad nauseam* 'usque' on Jupiter and Pan, Sol and Luna, Phœbus and Diana, Helicon and the Muses. Even the greater poets of the last and of the preceding century, in their early efforts naturally adopted this imitative strain, and sometimes too in the maturity of their powers, when 'Homer nodded,' they forgot that the thought must dignify and inspire the word, not the word the thought. But the fact that the lofty strains of those bards, who deemed that their art was privileged by a peculiar license, and possessed in some degree of a distinctive language, have been repeated with cuckoo monotony by all the puny aspirants who stole the form but could not reach the animating fire, forms no valid objection against their principles or their practice; since it is always the fate of genius to be mimicked and belittled; and Wordsworth himself, in his better creations, has been and will be as much becopied and bedwarfed and bedeviled as any of them. Great writers, whether in poetry or prose, will enunciate their thoughts in appropriate and expressive words; and little ones will filch and misapply the language of their masters. They are like the sorcerer's pupil in the German tale: they cannot control the spirits they have released, and scatter thoughts and words around them in wild confusion.

Wordsworth, then, was assailing a 'man of straw' when he assailed most of the great poets who flourished between the Miltonic and the Lake-School eras, as being parrot-poets; mere echoes, the indiscriminate employers of a high-flown, unnatural, and meaningless 'poetic diction.' He and all his worshippers may securely be defied to correct or improve, in any important degree, either in thought, general style, or particular expression, the productions of the leading writers of classical, old-fashioned English poetry. They have been weighed, and *not* found wanting. They are known and loved. But while Wordsworth was frequently and largely wrong in his judgments on the works of others, his theory that the language of poetry should *always* be plain, seems often to have led him astray in the composition of his own writings. He appears to have thought that *all* common objects described, or common subjects treated, in plain, familiar language, would form in-

teresting poetry, or, in his own words, 'a simple song for *thinking* hearts,' (a rather doubtful expression, by the way; for 'thinking' is usually referred to the *head*.) How else shall we explain the fact that he has inflicted *four hundred and ten* sonnets on the long-suffering of our nature? Why the elegant and amorous Francesca Petrarca himself, an interminable sonneteer, composed but three hundred and seventeen. A perfect sonnet is, perhaps, the most difficult of human compositions; and John Milton, who could pitch them in a loftier key than any other man that ever lived, found in all his life only some twenty occasions to draw forth his powers; and two or three even of *his* efforts were miserable failures. Wordsworth, I acknowledge, was able from the very character of his mind to write better sonnets than any other English poet, excepting always the majestic Milton and the ubiquitous Shakspeare. Where the subject presented any strong point of attraction, his serene and thoughtful spirit could invest it with that very kind of subdued and quiet beauty which is the perfection of a sonnet. I shall not deny, too, that fully one-half of his sonnets form very fine reading for the tasteful and long-lived critic: and so do Hume's history of England, and one-half of Scott's novels, and thousands of elegant pages in the writings of philosophic historians and moralists. Are they all to be broken up and melted down into sonnets? Here are four hundred of them; one half on barren themes! CCCCX!! 'O, dura *scriptorum* *ilia*!' Had he no bowels at all? There are thirty-four about the river Duddon; a romantic little mill-stream, which in this country would form a pretty 'water-privilege.' In the same ratio the Thames should, and doubtless will, furnish material for three hundred and forty sonnets; the Connecticut for thirty-four hundred; the Mississippi for thirty-four thousand; and the 'dark and deep-blue ocean' for thirty-four millions! Then we have one hundred and fourteen sonnets illustrating the history of the Church of England with her tithes and pluralities, her fat rectors and lean curates, and some of whose D. D.'s of former times,

'If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men,'

must have retained their titles, slightly diminished, after death, and remain d—d in the other world, as their memories are in this. Perhaps some zealous Catholic, by way of offset, will give us a versified edition of Ranke's History of the Popes. And if this theory of writing 'natural' poetry, without regard to selecting themes of intrinsic interest, shall prevail, we may expect to see our census-table and election returns digested into sonnets.

In some of his other poems, Wordsworth has succeeded in giving an extraordinary and affecting interest to humble characters and common objects. Still oftener, as might be expected, he has largely failed; for, as he says, 'the moving accident is not his trade,' and surely that poetry which does not stir the blood, must be exquisitely wrought up, or it cannot work upon the feelings. But, in fact, the thread-bare scenes of poverty and coarseness will at last grow tiresome; because our thoughts are aspiring, and we do not like to dwell forever on an unbroken prairie, though warmed by the most glowing sun, and perfumed by the sweetest wild-flowers. We love to rise from the valley to the mountain,

and descend from the mountain to the vale. We wish to see the rays of genius now flashing over the skies in a boreal aurora, and now reflected to our vision from the tiny dew-drop. The genius of Wordsworth can never throw the embellishments of poetry round every beggar in England, for rags at last *are* rags; and if we feel a distinct personal sympathy with all who wear them, we must laugh or weep with more than half our race. Nor can he invest with romantic interest each time-worn castle or frowning rock in Great Britain; for there are thousands of them in the world; we have too much to do to attach ourselves to every thing; and if our affections are to cluster around all places of historic or scenic beauty, we shall soon exhaust our stock of sympathy. Beside, the most fertile mind cannot diversify ten thousand objects of the same generic description.

With regard to the 'Excursion,' it is so very long, and requires such close and continuous thought, that very few will ever appreciate its rare and very peculiar merits, and fewer still read it with pleasure. Milton almost ruined the *Paradise Lost* for the common mind, beside largely impairing its intrinsic worth, by encumbering it with so much recondite learning, and so many puzzling theological discussions. Wordsworth has injured a poem exceedingly original and noble of its kind, by indulging in a good deal of obscurity of style, and scattering about the fragments of a philosophical system, which it is very difficult for a mind not severely disciplined to retinite. A didactic poem, of all others, should be more intelligible. The poet must remember the Horatian maxim,

'Et prodesse volunt, et delectare potest.'

To conclude. Wordsworth is certainly the first poet of his school, and in several features one of the very first in our language. But he will never, as some think, attain a greater celebrity than he now enjoys. Only a small portion of his poems, though conversant with familiar themes, is or ever will be essentially operative on the popular mind. Another portion, and not a small one, is almost '*sui generis*,' of deep, original and peculiar beauty, and will always be held in the very highest estimate by all who have the leisure and the capacity to study it. Another large portion consists of the quiet reflections of a fine mind on indifferent subjects, which might better be written, if written at all, in such prose as Addison's or Burke's. Another portion, and not a very small one, possesses little merit and less interest, whether in the subject or the treatment. In youth he adopted a theory, partly needless and partly erroneous, which, though often practically abandoned by him, greatly circumscribed the free range of his powers. That his works, as a whole, are worthy of deep study and great admiration, I admit. That he ought to, or can, or will, supersede with the reading community those golden poets, who awakened the love and wonder of our fathers, I deny. That he cherished a more familiar love than they, of 'all the hues, and forms, and airs' of the outer world, I deny. That he possessed and exhibited more, or even as much, wide and genuine and hearty sympathy with Man and Nature, and especially with the innumerable pilgrims, poor and humble, who, weary but *not* disconsolate,

pursue through 'the vale of life the even tenor of their way,' I earnestly deny. I assert, too, that a Bodleian library of Wordsworth's calm expostulations would never stir the feelings and renew the hearts of the lowly million or of the lordly few, so much as one spirit-moving lay, like Hood's matchless 'Song of the Shirt.' And for all these heresies, blindly asserted even amid the blaze of Transcendental light, I beg ten thousand pardons, and maintain my ground.

POLTEON.

THE BARD: A NEW PINDARIC ODE.

I.

ON Niagara's height sublime,
Where cliffs in hoary grandeur climb,
And mid obstreperous roar,
With misty rain, and rainbow-crowned,
Whirling around, around, around,
The world of waters pour.

II.

Amid the scenes where gallant SCOTT
A wreath of well-won glory wrought,
To grace his lofty brow;
And many a hero without name,
Rubb'd from the scrolls of lying Fame,
Rests in oblivion now:

III.

With leaden eye and dizzy head,
And white-gloved hands both heavenward spread,
The inspired poet stood.
Loose his sack; his whiskered face
Seemed like a shoe-brush out of place,
While 'twixt his lips, the Muses' quire,
Sparkled the aromatic fire.*

IV.

He raised his eye, he op'd his mouth,
He stretched his arms from north to south,
And stroked his whiskers o'er;
Until a glorious perspiration
Parent or child of inspiration,
His glowing visage wore.

V.

'O, Poesy, celestial maid!
The rapt enthusiast sung or said,
'If ever thou o'er empty head
The soul of inspiration shed,
Or waked the sleep-bewildered heart,
By piercing it with Death's cold dart,
To visions of the dread sublime,
As void of reason as of rhyme,
Filled with dark meanings none can find,
Reader and bard alike both blind;
If ever from deep shades of night,
Thou pour'dst dull streams of living light;

* *Videbicit*, a cigar.

Or from a dry and sapless skull,
 Wrung strains with inspiration full ;
 Unreasoning reason, rhymeless rhymes,
 Measureless measures, chimeless chimes,
 Phrases that knock their heads together,
 Like two strange curs bound in one tether,
 Dissimilar similitudes,
 And metaphors of piebald broods,
 Each one of which belies the other,
 And kills its luckless bastard brother.

VI.

'Or, with the rage of nonsense frothing,
 Didst twist a rope of sand from nothing,
 Around thy votary's brow to twine
 A wreath immortal and divine ;
 Descend from yonder mist-clad skies,
 Or from the foaming torrent rise :
 Let the white froth of inspiration
 Inspire my soul by irrigation :
 Teach me to weave a net of song,
 To catch the sack-and-whiskered throng ;
 And charm the ladies, one and all,
 Who loom so big, yet are so small,
 That when, unrobed from late carouse,
 The mount brings forth a tiny mouse !
 Teach me, I beg my trembling knees on,
 To slash old Reason's withered weed,
 Till like a well-stuck pig he cries,
 And 'mid the tuneful squealing dies.

VII.

'Drive far from me each manly thought,
 With sterling weight and meaning fraught ;
 Dry up the founts of Greece and Rome,
 And let me quaff full bowls of foam ;
 Teach me sheer nonsense to repeat,
 By lack of meaning made more sweet ;
 Sing o'er again the hundredth time,
 Some long-remembered classic rhyme :
 My theft from keen detection screening,
 By robbing it of sense and meaning ;
 To blow a bladder till it rise
 A big balloon, and cleave the skies ;
 To make a mite a whale prodigious,
 And be immorally religious ;
 To roar like thunder-braving Jove,
 Whene'er I sing the joys of love ;
 And sweetly chaunt, like bird in cage,
 Soft themes of hate, revenge or rage ;
 Robbers and cut-throats to enshrine,
 In verse immortal and divine,
 And make the Muses' trump a call
 To rogues and rascals great and small ;
 In madness, to philosophize,
 In folly, to become more wise,
 In dulness, to be most inspired,
 And when frost-bitten, still most fired ;
 Teach me all this, celestial maid !
 And then — odds dickens ! — who's afraid !'

VIII.

This said, against his throbbing breast,
 His white-gloved left hand soft he pressed ;
 The well-starched chitterling to spare,
 Whose snow-white plaits stiff nestled there ;
 Then stretched his red right arm from shore to shore,
 AND SWORE THAT SENSE IN RHYME SHOULD BE NO MORE !'

GOSSIP OF A PLAYER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

DEPARTURE FROM BATH: MY FAREWELL BENEFIT AND ADDRESS.

THE time now draws near, toward the accomplishment of the ultimatum of my ambition as an actor ; my removal to one of the great national theatres. The instances have indeed been rare, for one so young to obtain an engagement in the metropolis, and that not speculative, but 'for three years certain.' My farewell benefit was announced in Bath ; and I did not neglect to afford the public every opportunity of seeing me previous to my departure. I fancied that I could trace deep dejection in the countenances of all the fair, and even a shade of thought and regret among the other sex. I felt for them ! but the die was cast, and I *must* leave ! I had never yet, by any accident, strung a couplet together ; but I was vain enough to imagine myself capable of any thing. I advertised a 'Farewell Address,' without considering how I was to write it ; but within the last three or four days, the necessity of the case urged me, in the greatest alarm, to make the attempt. The announced play was the 'Royal Oak,' in which I sustained the character of Charles : the leading incidents of his wandering life after his defeat were depicted ; his concealment in the oak, and his final escape to France. The following lines, spoken in character, were the brilliant effusion of my fancy :

'My dangers o'er, I come with grateful heart
To you, my patrons of the scenic art ;
For after all my 'escapes, 'tis you alone
Who prove my shelter and protect my throne ;
But for your kind applause, the friendly oak
In vain had spread its branches for my cloak ;
In vain my ship had stemm'd the briny deep,
To bear me safe — its future monarch keep :
Oh, fatal hour ! when Faction's noisy crew
With hellish din, blood from their monarch drew ;
Then not content, but with revengeful ire
Denounced the son, the partner of the sire ;
Expell'd to foreign shores their native king,
Planting in Albion's fame a mortal sting ;
But now, how changed, how blissful is our state !
When god-like reason holds the reins of fate,
And patriots firm, in countless numbers stand,
To blast the traitor to his native land !
Where all are arm'd — their enemies defy ;
Like Britons conquer, or like Britons die.
But this theme ended, ev'ry inmost thought
Flies to my tongue, grateful for your support ;
'Tis now three winters since I met your view,
A candidate for honors gained by few ;
Though cold the prospect of the adventurous day,
Your smiles, like sunshine, cheer'd my drooping way ;
Its rugged path made smooth, and to my sight
Hope's fairy visions spread a new-born light ;
Banished by slow degrees my nervous fears,
Holding in bondage that which now appears ;
Humble my merit, and without a claim
To be recorded on the roll of fame,
Your fostering care may lead me to the goal,
Where just Ambition rouses all my soul.

But if my fate, regardless of my zeal,
Should crush those hopes which now I truly feel,
Remembrances' sweet pledge, still, still will check
Th' impatient eye that sees my early wreck.'

The poetry was certainly 'little to speak of;' but I was looked upon in Bath as a dramatic child of their own rearing, and my benefit was greatly successful.

I may as well in this place put the reader right upon one point. I have had many severe struggles, partly brought on by a too sanguine temperament, by an overflowing confidence where I have been deceived, and by a disregard to expenditure, arising probably from a want of knowledge of business. Yet I never was naturally extravagant; and in the way of fortune, I have had sufficient opportunities to lay the foundation for positive wealth; but speculation unsought for 'fell in my way, and I found it.' Still, in the midst of all my difficulties, though I had of course occasionally severe and trying depression of spirits, that depression never arose from selfish considerations, but from my deep and natural anxiety respecting those whose claims upon my tenderness and affection were inextinguishable. But no reverses, however severe, no feeling, however acute, could long press heavily on my heart. That dear deluder Hope, whose fickleness is only exceeded by that of Fortune, would and will step in, to draw me aside from the path of misery, and cause me to view this beautiful but too treacherous world in all its pristine brightness; and I verily believe that when my head shall be covered with the snows of time, and the winter of life shall beset me, I shall still be unable to check the effervescence of my spirits. What happiness would it be, if I could but trace the effects to more stable causes, and feel that they arise from sound reflection, and not from the caprices of my nature!

MRS. SIDDONS AND MISS O'NEIL.

Mrs. SIDDONS had taken leave of the stage before I was attached to the Covent-Garden Theatre, but performed on two or three occasions; once I believe at the King's-Theatre, for the benefit of some popular charity; twice for the benefit of CHARLES KEMBLE; and she afterward came forward for two or three nights, at the particular desire of the lamented Princess CHARLOTTE. The public anxiety knew no bounds, and the theatre on these occasions was filled to overflowing. Books for signatures were open at the principal libraries for the recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage; and on one night of her appearance I distinctly recollect placards to that effect being simultaneously displayed from boxes, pit, and gallery, amidst the enthusiasm of the whole audience, displayed in the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. That was indeed a scene worth whole years of toil. She however wisely resisted the appeal, and finally retired, with all her blooming honors thick upon her.

The dazzling brilliancy of KEAN's reception had scarcely sobered down, when another meteor shot forth, not to usurp, but more than divide the favor of the town at the opposite house; the far-famed Miss O'NEIL. They had both gained their reputation in provincial schools of the hum-

blest class. Miss O'Neil's father had been what is termed literally a 'strolling manager.' Many a scene of penury and distress had she witnessed in the course of her career; but the extremes of poverty served to ennoble, not debase her. I had the good fortune to be on most intimate terms with her, and have been at her table when crowds of coronets have driven to the door, anxious for an interview, and cards of invitation poured in from every quarter. Nothing could exceed her good sense and unaffected ingenuousness, as she referred to her past and present position. There was no affectation of concealment, but an open frankness of character, most interesting; and she indulged in warm expressions of gratitude for all the blessings fortune had so unexpectedly showered upon her. It was difficult to detect any accent in her speaking, which was most singular, for she was surrounded by her family, who in their conversation gave most unequivocal proofs that they were the legitimate children of Erin.

From all my recollections of Mrs. Siddons, it would be absurd to attempt to draw a parallel between her performances and those of Miss O'Neil; the unapproachable grandeur and overwhelming dignity of the one, and the feminine tenderness and endearment of the other, exhibiting two widely different expressions, not framed by the same code. Mrs. Siddons was only to be approached with feelings of deep awe, bordering upon reverence; with Miss O'Neil, all your hopes and fears were excited, and sure to meet with a response. Her bursts of agony and distress agitated every nerve, and would plunge her audience in tears; while the power of Siddons would choke your very utterance, and deny you all relief. What Miss O'Neil required in strong expression, she made up in exaggeration. Every nerve was strained, and her whole frame convulsed; in short, her great fault was exuberance, though nothing could be more quietly yet distressingly beautiful than her delightful performance of Mrs. Haller. Her silver voice fell melodiously upon the ear; and her performance proved that

‘The player by his tones can make us weep
When men's substantial sorrows cannot do it.’

MRS. JORDAN AND THE DUKE OF CLARENCE: THE ‘IMMORTAL TOWNSEND.’

LET me here revert to a subject of real interest to every true lover of the drama; the return to the British stage of that THALIA of the dramatic realm, Mrs. JORDAN, after the lapse of — pray pardon me, reader; for 'pon my life I do n't recollect how long. She had been separated from the Duke of Clarence for some time. They had lived together for twenty years, and she had given birth to ten children. It was her boast that during the whole of that period they had lived in the most perfect harmony. The shock upon her nerves produced by the separation was fearful; and the brief remainder of her life was clouded by misfortune. In the deed of separation it was expressly stipulated that she should not return to the stage under certain penalties. Permission was however granted, as she was most anxious to make some provision for a branch of her family unconnected with the Royal Duke.

The circumstances which led her to part with his Royal Highness, and thus destroy a tie which was almost hallowed by time, and the most exemplary conduct on her part, were of a political nature. The succession to the throne was hanging upon a slender thread, and the Duke subsequently entered into the matrimonial state with a princess whose amiable conduct and deportment afterward won the hearts of the whole British people.

Scandal, with all its deadly venom, is nurtured in an atmosphere so foul, that nothing pure can approach it; and although the Duke had made most liberal provision for Mrs. Jordan, yet there were not wanting thousands of tongues to assert that she had been deserted and left in penury. Most scurrilous attacks were made upon the illustrious Duke; but Mrs. Jordan's high sense of honor and justice would not permit her for a moment to countenance the infamous rumors. She immediately published a reply to these attacks, in the following words: 'I feel myself bound most publicly and unequivocally to declare, that his liberality to me has been noble and generous in the highest degree.' It is therefore evident that her return to the stage originated from a laudable anxiety with regard to the interests of her children, and not from the remotest idea of casting any reflection upon his Royal Highness.

Mrs. Jordan's reappearance on this occasion was in the character of Donna Violante, in Mrs. Centlivre's fine old comedy of 'The Wonder.' I had the good fortune to enact the part of Colonel Briton; and I may indeed reflect with pride that I have been associated with the most illustrious names in the modern dramatic world. That no ill feeling could have crossed the mind of the Duke, is evidenced by the fact that the late Earl of Munster and one of his brothers attended her on this occasion with the most respectful and filial devotion. Her agitation was extreme; and supported on the arm of each of her sons, she approached the entrance of the stage. No sooner did she appear; no sooner did that voice, the very essence of melody, fall upon the ears of her delighted auditory, than she met with the most rapturous greetings. The luxurious joyousness of her laugh, when she turned the tables upon Don Felix, was electrical; and many a one of the spectators, who had witnessed her glowing, brilliant career, felt the youthful vigor of his frame return, and again grew young in all his recollections. It was beautifully said by a distinguished critic, that 'her smile had the effect of sunshine; her voice was eloquence itself; it seemed as if her heart was always at her mouth.'

It is my misfortune to be enabled to speak of her only at that period of life when its fitful changes had taken place, and happiness no longer graced her domestic hearth. She was a woman of unlimited charity and benevolence, and was enthusiastically beloved by all those who were in any way dependent upon her. No selfish feeling ever occupied her heart; and she was most justly proud of her children, who evinced the warmest feelings of love and devotion to her. In the ways of the world, and more particularly in a pecuniary point of view, she was simple as the veriest infant. Her final distress, and the cause of her exile from home, was her having given blank acceptances to a near relation, in the full belief that they were for very small amounts; thus

at the same time proving her extreme ignorance upon all pecuniary matters, and her unbounded confidence in those who had any kindred ties. The fact is that she was as ignorant as a child upon all matters of business, and generous to excess. I resided in her immediate neighborhood, in Cadogan-Place; and I cannot perhaps give a better example of her simplicity in matters of business than the following. On my return home from the theatre late one night, I found a note from her, requesting me to breakfast with her early the following morning, to consult with General Hawker, her son-in-law, on a matter of great importance. I was rather surprised at this summons, my acquaintance having been limited, and merely professional. It is true, I had experienced much courtesy, and many valuable hints from her. I attended the appointment, and found that some parochial taxes had been neglected, through mere ignorance and carelessness, and a distress-warrant was about to be issued. This was at once magnified into the sale of her property; and the General, who knew more about military than civil affairs, appeared equally confounded with Mrs. Jordan. I need not add that the matter was speedily arranged, and I was looked upon as a sort of guardian-angel for my interference.

I should be very sorry to have my readers imagine for a moment that my acquaintance was purely theatrical: no; my ambition had led me a step higher. The police-office of Bow-street being in the immediate vicinity of the theatre, and not foreseeing what vagaries my temperament might lead me into, I took care to provide, not *one* 'friend at court,' but two. Sir Richard Birnie was a rough diamond, but a kind-hearted man. He had all the cardinal virtues, and was particularly fond of — not fish, but the drama. I was therefore safe with him for any thing short of high treason, murder, or arson. But Townsend, the immortal Townsend! — that first of Bow-street officers; 'the observed of all observers;' the favorite of royalty; the dread of all coachmen and flambeauxed footmen — would, I verily believe, have kidnapped me from the hands of Jack Ketch himself. The hours I have given to his long prosy stories; the indignant manner in which he used to express himself against the 'old swell,' John Kemble, for not retiring earlier from the stage, and leaving the field open to the 'young kid,' his brother Charles, and my perfect concurrence in all his sentiments, won 'golden opinions' from him; and then he would gently insinuate, that with a little more 'pluck,' I might in time put on the gloves, and even give the 'young kid' himself the go-by! I think I see him now, with his flaxen wig, his low-crowned hat, long gaiters, and half-quaker suit, discoursing most eloquent music. It was a source of great amusement to the young sprigs of nobility to extract from him in conversation some of his most characteristic slang expressions; nor did royalty disdain to amuse itself at his expense.

About the period when the connection between the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan was first formed, public opinion was rife on the subject. His Royal Highness was at the opera, surrounded by the world of fashion, where he encountered Townsend, who was on duty there. In his brusque, off-hand manner, he said:

'Ah! Townsend, Townsend! how d'ye do, Townsend?

'Why, your Royal Highness, pretty bobbish, I thank you,' replied the functionary.

'Well, Townsend, what news, what news?'

'Why, nothing, your Royal Highness, of any consequence.'

'Oh, nonsense! nonsense! — the people must have *something* to talk about.'

'Why then, if your Royal Highness pleases, the talk is principally about you and Mrs. Jordan.'

The sailor-prince was here a little thrown aback: 'Never mind, never mind — let them talk: *I don't care.*'

Mark the simplicity of the answer: 'Your Royal Highness is a d — d fool if you do!'

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TOKELY AT MORNING REHEARSAL: LITTLE SIMMONS, ETC.

I HAVE spoken in previous pages of the poor inebriate TOKELY, who often aroused the indignation of Manager Fawcett, a man who loved his profession too well, and maintained too distinguished a position in it, to look with patience upon those out-breaks which always tended to diminish its respectability in the eyes of the public, and more particularly of that portion of it which had a predisposition to complain of the vices and infirmities of actors. After many severe reproofs, he at length threatened this unfortunate victim of the bottle with a discharge from the theatre, and all the consequent disgrace and ruin it would bring upon him; at the same time observing, that no excuse could be made for a man who drank before dinner. Poor Tokely then pledged himself solemnly to refrain from the glass; and under *any* circumstances to omit all libations until after dinner. He kept his promise faithfully for about a week; but at length he again yielded, and appeared at rehearsal in the morning in a most abominable state of intoxication, yet with sufficient consciousness to be aware of it. Mr. Fawcett's anger knew no bounds. He turned upon him, and said: 'Is *this* the way you keep your promise? — you degraded, miserable being!' It was then eleven o'clock in the morning. Tokely turned round with great *naïveté*, and immediately replied: 'God bless you, Sir, I've dined!' I am happy to say, however, that our modern theatrical records furnish but few similar examples. Tokely died very shortly after, leaving his wife and child in great distress from his imprudent course of life. I merely glanced at the circumstance of their comparative destitution to the Marquis of Worcester, Lord —, and two or three other gentleman, and they most liberally contributed a handsome sum, which I had the pleasure of placing in Mrs. Tokely's hands; another proof of the generous feeling and consideration constantly exhibited toward our profession by that distinguished class of persons.

'Little SIMMONS,' as he was familiarly called, appeared about this time as Bailie Mucklethrift, a character of minor importance, but which he had the talent to render prominent. There is not a single play-goer of his day but will refer back to him with unmingled satisfaction, and call to mind the admirable manner in which he headed

the Roman mobs in Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, etc. ; a little pompous demagogue, spluttering out his plebeian characteristics with a degree of importance well worthy of imitation by many of the modern leaders of the 'Great Unwashed.'

BUNKER'S HILL.

Midnight on the misty mountain, on the river calm and free,
Midnight in the silent city, midnight on the throbbing sea ;
Gone a weary day of summer as the summer days go by,
And the soft and silvery starlight fills the overhanging sky.

Who are they who choose the shadow, who are they who choose the night,
Rather than the sun of noon-day and the glory of its light ?
Who are they, a midnight army, stealing noiselessly along,
In the silence and the shadow to the whisper of a song ?

Hardy men of strength and valor, from the furrow and the plough,
Banded by their wrongs together to do fearful battle now ;
Come they hither from the valleys and the homes of Pilgrim Land,
On the lip the vow of Freedom, and the weapon in the hand.

They have bent 'neath grievous burdens, such as brave men bear not long,
They have served a tyrant-master, who repayeth them with wrong :
Oft and humbly have they spoken for their right the earnest word,
Now they come, to God appealing, with the banner and the sword !

Morning breaketh on the waters, and the shadows flee away,
And the foe puts on his armor for the carnage of the day ;
And the labors of a thousand, in the stillness of the night,
Like the wonders of a vision break upon the Briton's sight.

Servants of the tyrant master of a people o'er the sea,
They are gazing on the bulwarks of a nation yet to be !
At the solemn hour of midnight, in the silence and the shade,
Its foundations have been moulded with the pick-axe and the spade.

O, the weary and the faithful ! they have builded not alone
The strong breast-works for the battle of the green-sward and the stone ;
From the mountains and the valleys like an army vast they came,
There to build up Freedom's altar, and the pyramid of Fame !

From the land beyond the ocean on the rolling billows borne,
Comes the sunlight of the morning to the weary and the worn ;
To the hungering and thirsty with the whispered word of cheer,
Courage to the feeble-hearted, and the vanity of fear.

Weary with their midnight labor still their hands uplift the soil :
Hope and spirit never falter, God is with them in their toil !
They have labored in the midnight, and the twilight, and the sun,
Till the solemn noon is o'er them, and the work of fear is done.

Hark ! the Briton's drum hath spoken ! lo ! his banner, centuries old,
O'er the ranks of coming thousands, clad in scarlet and in gold !
They are coming as the whirlwind to the forest dark and hoar —
As the waters of the ocean to the sands upon the shore !

For the warfare with 'the rebel' is the battle-sabre drawn,
Not as in the strife for glory, but in bitterness and scorn :
Not as warriors to the conflict, not as brave men meet the brave,
Do they come, but as the tyrant to do battle with the slave !

With the solemn sound of thousands, onward to the strife they come,
Like an army led to slaughter by the music of the drum ;
And the hand that lifts the banner and the sword in bitter wrong
Falleth, for the God of battles is not always with the strong.

Lo ! the foes of freedom perish ! — they who fill the oppressor's train,
Falling like the ripen'd verdure by the scythe upon the plain :
Manhood in its perfect glory, youth and age in slumber lie ;
Came they hither with the fearless, with the brave to fall and die !

As a veil the smoke is lifted from an army overthrown ;
Mingle now the victor's shouting and the dying warrior's groan :
Fallen are the strong and fearless, they who led oppression on —
By the peasant and the ploughman, Freedom in the strife hath won.

But once more redoubled thousands, goaded on by words of shame,
Rally for the victor's laurel, and old England's battle-fame ;
Shall the rebel win the battle, shall the guider of the plough
From earth's first and proudest empire pluck her martial glory now !

She hath ruled the waves of ocean, she hath stretched her mighty hand
To the walls of ancient cities, to the shores of every land ;
Float her ships on every billow, and her flag in every breeze,
With the tribute and the treasure of the islands and the seas.

Bearing now her gorgeous banner o'er her unregarded dead,
Come again her gathered armies to the fiercer conflict led ;
Louder are the voice of warfare, and the cannon's sullen roar,
As the brave and lion-hearted come to fight the battle o'er.

Darker is the encircling war-cloud o'er the battle's scene of wo ;
Perish now a thousand dwellings, wasted by the invading foe :
Through the histories of ages shall the wanton deed go down,
Like a shadow o'er the story of the veteran's renown.

Lo ! once more, as firm in silence as the hill whereon they stood,
They who strike for Freedom conquer, and th' oppressor bows in blood ;
Wide and far, from earth to heaven, o'er the city and the sea,
Over the loud din of battle, swells the shout of 'LIBERTY !'

Thrice, O Freedom ! is thy spirit strong against the coming foe,
Thrice thine arm is red with slaughter, where the tides of battle flow ;
But in bitterness and sorrow, as the foe came rushing on,
Thou didst love the victor's glory, and the battle doubly won.

Thine was more than human courage, thine was more than valor then :
They, unarmed, who met the tyrant, they were *not* defenceless men :
Mightier than armed thousands, and the glittering shield and sword,
Is the holy cause of Freedom, and the favor of the LORD !

It were not heroic valor on the battle-field to lead,
If there were not calmer courage for the darker hour of need :
Then were heard the Hero's counsel, for the hour of flight had come,
And old PUTNAM's voice of thunder o'er the rolling of the drum !

Mingled then the brave in battle, hand to hand and eye to eye ;
 They had lived like heroes only in that last dread hour to die ;
 It was there where blood was flowing like a fountain's gushing tide,
 With the Briton's banner o'er him, that New-England's WARREN died !

Choking with the grief of heroes, heavy laden with their wo,
 Slowly then our ranks retreated, with their face against the foe ;
 And upon the hillside slumber'd they who perished in the strife,
 Martyrs in the cause of Freedom, for its love was more than life.

So in silence sang a pilgrim, one amid a reverent crowd,
 Gathered where the silent granite lifts its brow above the cloud ;
 Morning greets it, and the sunset on its summit lingers long,
 And its never-dying glory is the Heritage of Song.

THE FRIENDS: A COLLOQUY.

INTERVIEW FOURTH.

M E D O N.

AN! my son! I see that fancy is painting pictures on your mind.

C Y R I L.

Yes, father; this mild balmy air and soft sunset had lulled me into a day-dream; a floating vision of a white-beached, verdant, flowery south-sea isle, that lay on the glad blue water like a sparkling emerald set in silver; of spicy groves, of dancing nymphs and sylvan bowers; of shepherd sages and amiable savages; in short, of that innocent, ignorant, unsophisticated state, that ideal; which Rousseau preached and Chateaubriand experienced; which poets praise, and youth sighs for.

M E D O N.

AND which never existed, save in the imaginings of some juvenile lover, or in the brain of romance; they hide behind green hills the altar on which parents sacrifice their children; or where an infuriated people torment and butcher helpless captives, instead of the flames of war, and shrieks of victims, they give us silver moonlight, and arcadian pipes. Savage life has appealed to, and interested the feelings of many by being called a state of nature. Now it seems to me it might as justly be called a state *against* nature, as one *of* nature; for is there not in man as great a tendency toward civilization as toward barbarism? What we suppose man's nature is a great and craving inclination implanted by God for some thing, or state of being, as opposed to some other thing, or some other state of being; and although reason might restrain him, so that he would choose the contrary of that which he desires, yet this could only control the act, not abolish the wish. If we say it is man's nature to eat and sleep, this we can understand, for these are conditions of his existence; but we cannot say it is man's nature to dwell in caves or live in houses; these are things of habit; and it

would seem to me that he is better fitted for, and more readily adapts himself to, the latter than the former habit. Man's physical structure ; his long and helpless infancy ; his numerous wants ; his great and manifold capacity for enjoyment ; his intense social feeling ; his perceptive and inventive faculties, seem as if he were especially designed for, and from necessity constrained to live in, a community. And the very formation of these must be founded on the idea of law, or the recognition of an abstract justice ; which abstraction, to be alike understood, and alike binding, must express itself in intelligible words ; and however rude or imperfect these may be, when once established, it is law ; the seed out of which all social order, all industry, and all civilization, must grow ; and as circumstances occur or alter, and new wants arise, other laws must be passed, some growing out of infractions of this primary law, some from the peculiar internal or external situation of the community, and last of all, those that regulate the relationship of one community with another.

Thus the simple combination of a few savage individuals, each one of whom must so far curb his savage inclination as to agree with the rest, leads to the idea of individual rights ; these once conceded and secured, the desire for the accumulation and transmission of property immediately follows ; and to protect this from the arts of the crafty and the arm of the strong, the greater number of individuals, that is all who are neither very crafty nor very strong, are willing in some measure to compromise their own sense of right, and take that of the general community, because it is able to enforce its sense ; and so by degrees, having the numerical strength, and obedience at command, it in time becomes a government ruled by the law of usage, or by the sense of the community. If in its infancy, it should be engaged in a war, most probably the former ; with the power entrusted to an elected king as executive chief. If it should grow in peace, and be built up by commerce, most likely the latter ; governed by an aristocracy, or modified democracy. And as their internal and external relations increase and widen, it becomes necessary for the better understanding and security of all, to define, with as much exactness as possible, the duties and rights, both of the governed and of those who govern. To do this, they form or adopt a code, or table, written upon parchment, engraved on stone, or tied in knots ; no matter how, it is sufficient that they are equitable and definite, a protection against the crafty, and a wall against the strong, for law is not intended as a feather-bed for private vigilance to fall asleep on ; but every where retained somewhat of its original design, that of taking care of a man's rights, when and where he is not able to take care of them himself.

Thus you see, my dear Cyril, that a degree of civilization must result even from the association of savages ; and if this association continue to exist, the civilization must certainly increase ; developing the moral and intellectual faculties, until they control and direct the physical strength ; and then, if commerce should favor their intercourse with a more enlightened people, that acknowledge in them a natural equality, they will directly copy their arts, get instructed in their sciences, study their government and institutions, translate their

literature, improve their own language, and perhaps greatly excel the nation they have patterned after : for in the awakening of human intellect there is often a grandeur, a vigorous energy, an originality, a serious earnestness, that appears to have gathered strength from the preceding sleep : it is man's strong nature not subdued, not enervated, but etherealized, and quickened into an almost divine conception of beauty ; which his newly-acquired skill, and aroused enthusiasm, in some measure enable him to make evident. My son, did you ever hear of a body of civilized men who voluntarily relinquished their advantages, and from choice relapsed into barbarism ? Nay, if men hear of a solitary instance, is it not a matter of especial wonder, not one of sympathy, which would be the case were it a state of nature ; for that which God has stamped on the human heart, custom can never entirely erase. It is true that there is a sort of sickly and oppressive refinement ; that there is a refinement that passes civilization ; a refinement where polite forms enclose savage hearts and deeds ; a gilded, barbarous, epicurianism, more profligate, more brutalizing, more revolting, than the rudest state of existence ; where one half of a nation is starved, to make sensualists of the other half ; where the physical strength and intellectual faculties of the masses are overstrained, overtasked, distorted, that they may minister to the luxuries and amusement of the few, instead of being employed for the benefit, the improvement, the ennobling of the many ; where the upper classes oppress and despise, where the lower tremble and hate.

Now some honest men, misnamed philosophers, and some dishonest men, wrongly named politicians, have called this state of things the height of civilization, when in fact it is its decline and declension ; a social rottenness, that is dissolving all bonds, either natural or artificial ; a returning of society toward its first elements, which in its endeavors to avoid, has often given rise to, those convulsive efforts that have sometimes accelerated the ruin of, and sometimes renovated, nations. But one circumstance there is, we may rely on, that the upheaving and explosion of this mass of misery will be in proportion to the force with which it was crowded down ; for their indistinct idea of good will lie beyond the lines and laws of all that have oppressed them. But though an excess of wealth and luxury ought not to be taken as the test of civilization, yet a certain degree of both are necessary to its perfection ; for people must have leisure, and the means that will give them this, before they can cultivate their love for poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture ; before they can possess that exquisite sense of the Beautiful, which enables them to recognize all that is spiritual in matter. It is indeed a fine art, and a humanizing one, so to infuse into death and inertness the divine and intellectual, that life involuntary feels with it ; to make the real so far tributary to the unreal, that whole nations are wrought into sympathy with its unfelt though expressed hopes, fears, joys, and woes. And, my dear Cyril, I think if we could trace the origin of the fine arts, that we should find they have all sprung out of religious feeling. The first efforts in architecture arose from the desire that the gods might have a fitting temple ; the first poetry was song in their praises ; and find.

ing that words were insufficient for the expression, they endeavored to awaken music to their aid.

CYRIL.

ALAS! my poor cloud-palace is entirely dissolved by the sun of truth; and ever thus may the beams from heaven dispel the mists of earth! But, father, I fain would sink my bucket deeper into the well, and know for a certainty what government best develops the social and public virtues; under which system man advances nearest toward perfection; and whether a republican or monarchical form is the most suitable to his nature, his interests, his improvement and happiness?

MEDON.

My son, those are general and definite questions, which require particular and circumstantial answers. There is in neither of these forms such positive good that we can affirm to either as a whole; and yet at different epochs each has been well suited to the world's wants. If we had an entire history since creation, it is probable we should find that these governments had been required in turn, and that each had regularly succeeded to the other. Believe me, my dear Cyril, all those great general questions that inexperience and ignorance so dogmatically decide upon, can never be so definitely answered by wisdom and experience; for if we once arrived at a proved certainty, mankind might sit down contentedly on it, and fold up instead of unfurling their intellect: one generation might supinely repose upon the labor of another. No; it is by slow and painful degrees that the world advances toward certainty; the hope of which constantly leads it on, and which is as constantly in the van. It would seem that republican institutions have in them a gigantic impulse, an onward progress; and as if monarchical ones possessed that quiet repose, and political steadiness necessary to preserve and conserve these efforts and accelerations. Both of these forms, no doubt, are necessary at different eras: force and intellect cannot always toil, neither must they always slumber; one would lead to madness, the other to moral death; repose is but taking rest for greater exertions; it is the time in which Experience looks round to examine whether the work be well done.

It would seem almost impossible so to form a government that individual intellect may be developed, individual rights protected; and at the same time there should exist, in conjunction with this universal liberty, an arm of power strong enough to suppress license, prevent corruption, and control abuses. If you make men subjects, you curb their activity as citizens; if you make them citizens, each one in some measure is the law; in either case, there are evils: the concentration of power leads to oppression; the diffusion is apt to degenerate into license and lawlessness. It cannot be denied that republics have been the active agents for man's progression. Only think, my son, what the world owes to others, and its memories; its poets, orators, artists, and historians; its patriots, sages and politicians; her glorious and rational appreciation of liberty; when she declared a state to be a

moral being ; and above and beyond all, when she blessed mankind with that sacred bond, out of which has arisen domestic happiness, social order, love of country, all the decencies, charities, and obligations of life ; every public and private virtue, that ennobles, exalts, and sanctifies man.

CYRIL.

OH, father ! what a double power has the name of Athens ! It breathes a tenderness into the heart, dissolving it like the softest music ; while at the same time it rouses in the mind a mighty enthusiasm, stirring it as the trumpet does a battle host. I look upon Rome with admiration, wonder, and astonishment ; but oh, Athens ! I turn to thee as a child to its dead mother ; and feel that from thy bosom the world has drawn life and nourishment. Oh, venerable city ! queen of the earth ! crown of Greece — still art thou the world-example !

M E D O N.

YES, mankind owe a deep debt of gratitude to Athens ; and when it is asked ‘ What have republics done for the world ? ’ we have only to point toward Rome, Venice, the Italian Republics, the Hanse-Towns, Holland ; and ask, ‘ What would have been the present state of the world, had these never existed ? ’ We grant they are subject to tumult, factions, and often to sudden and abrupt constitutional violations ; for the unimpeded effort which intellect makes in all things must sometimes convulse politics. They are like voyagers in search of new continents ; though sometimes a good ship may strike a rock, or get stranded in shallows, yet their experience and discoveries yield a rich reward for many centuries. It is evident that any mistakes or faults committed by a democratic government can never be hidden nor concealed ; for all its acts and operations are not only open to public inspection and comment, but executed under the eyes, and exposed to the animadversions, of a hostile and opposing party, whose ascent to political influence depends upon the misconduct or unpopularity of those who hold power. These interested and searching examiners inquire into, report, and dilate upon every evil that occurs, magnifying its extent, exaggerating its consequences, until a very small matter wears the appearance of a large one, and is often imposed on the world as such. Thus its faults and defects are written on the surface, and all who look may read. But on the contrary, in a monarchy the government in tranquil times is its own judge ; its prerogatives, its political and palace-patronage, its laws of constructive treason and of libel ; its armed soldiery, the habitual deference to authority and rank, all preclude this close and inquisitorial scrutiny ; this free and loud expression of popular opinion. The people are not allowed to meet together in public to express their dissatisfaction, or to pass censure on their rulers, for what they consider a violation of their rights. No ; he who would hear the voice of the people, must hold his ear to the earth and catch it in low murmurs, for the fear of punishment suppresses its proclamation. Its crimes and oppressions are only revealed partially, or by chance : what seems tranquillity is often the apathy of

despair, the stillness of death. Now and then the dark curtain is lifted up, and a sad picture presents itself ; such as the life of Pellico exposes ; such mercies as Austria has lately wreaked on unoffending Galicia ; such unmitigated miseries as Russia has inflicted in making her forced settlements. There is a confraternity among citizens who all possess equal political rights, that can never be felt where people are divided into classes : these artificial distinctions must weaken man's affection for man ; individual feeling and sympathy must be the warmest and strongest toward that of which it forms a component part ; and consequently diminish toward those that recede from it. Where legal barriers make men's destinies, and there is not one in a thousand born with sufficient talent to overleap them, the most favored class from habit regards their privileges as *rights* due to a superior nature ; the greater number are satisfied with their station, and the state loses their services, or pays too high for them : the hands of the upper classes, and the intellect of the lower, remain in a measure idle and unemployed.

The poor grudge and repine that any part of their hard and ill-paid labor should go to support what they consider idleness, profusion and dissipation. They are generally too ignorant to understand the principles upon which their government is based, and that each division is a pillar necessary for the support of the whole ; or if sufficiently educated to comprehend this, often decline bearing the weight of an edifice which they say is too narrow, either to protect or shelter them. We cannot expect every element of humanity to be astir, without producing a degree of turbulence and commotion. Thus in democracies, those great and important questions and measures which affect the interests of a whole community cannot always be discussed, decided upon and carried into effect by those same people, without occasional faction and tumult. Human institutions cannot entrust a power for good that may not be perverted into evil ; and on this account it is that republics often rise and decay with equal rapidity. In their ascent, it is the strength of a whole people put into one body, aiming at one object ; in their descent, it is corruption in a thousand shapes, each one a death. It is only good sense and good morals that can uphold a free community ; for if they can be either deceived or bought, their freedom is only an illusion ; they have voluntarily chosen bondage ; they are signed, sealed, and delivered to slavery ; slaves to their own sins, and slaves to the highest bidder.

In a republic, incorruptible political integrity is the imperative duty of every citizen ; and whosoever forfeits or compromises this, in however small a matter, is a traitor to his cause and country. Where constitutional liberty exists, bribery in some shape is the engine that is always employed to sap and undermine it : people's wills cannot be forced, so they must be bought ; sometimes with sweet promises, sometimes with sweets more substantial. And, my dear Cyril, although the prosperity and permanent power of any government must mainly depend upon the virtue of its people, a republic cannot exist, cannot live upon any other foundation. Political honesty is its vitality, and this can only grow out of private virtue and private wisdom. All governments

have done well at certain seasons, and have supported a happy and thriving population, fondly attached and devoted to their peculiar forms. The goodness of a government must in a great measure depend upon its fitness and suitability to those it governs.

Let us for a moment cast a glance back through the ages, and see the immense chain of splendid cities that once existed between Hindostan and the Mediterranean; surrounded as they were by well-cultivated countries, that supported a numerous, wealthy, and happy population. Look at Ariana, Assyria, and Lesser Asia: here we find monarchies, sacerdotal governments, and republican towns, all flourishing; built up and supported under opposite institutions; all celebrated for their civilization and commerce, for their industry and prosperity. We have accounts of some of those cities having been ruled by the same hereditary sacerdotal sway, from the earliest antiquity up to the reign of Augustus; and while states were dissolved and torn to pieces around, they remained united and entire. We have the little kingdom of Epirus, where for nine hundred years the crown was transmitted from father to son. We have the example of Carthage, where for five hundred years there was neither tumult nor sedition. Man is not so limited in his faculties but that they can be unfolded under different auspices. And perhaps all systems, at times, may be requisite for his free and full development.

G. H. P.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

Love and Prudence strayed one day
Hand in hand together;
O'er hill and dale, to dance and play
Like faeries in fine weather.

With shouts of joy the silly crowd
Now hailed them as they passed;
But wise folks shook their heads, and vowed
It was too good to last.

At first they kept their onward way,
Nor wandered from the track;
For whencesoe'er Love sought to stray,
Grave Prudence held him back.

Till, tempted by two bright black eyes,
An envious hedge he crossed,
But when he thought to gain the prize,
He found *Love's labor lost*.

And when the house-dog, Jealousy,
Resented this ill-breeding,
'Alas!' said Prudence, 'now I see
Young Love here *lies a-bleeding*!'

When he again his luck would try,
By a deep river's side
Chasing a vagrant butterfly,
He fell into the tide.

' Ah !' said Conservative, and smiled,
Raising him from the stream,
' Will not this plunge, my silly child,
Rouse thee from *Love's young dream* ?

Now Love, while wet, was very sad,
And vowed he 'd roam no more ;
But soon, his garments dry, the lad
Ran riot as before.

While gaily on he wends his way,
With childish exultation,
Young men and maidens own his sway,
And bow in adoration.

' My time is come ; I must away,'
Says Prudence, ' for I see
Love conquers all, and if I stay,
The rogue will conquer me.'

' I will not wait upon thy throne,
Thou boy-king, proud and vain ;
When thou art wise and sober grown,
I'll come to thee again.'

Now Love, from Prudence disenthralled,
Licentious pleasures tried,
And Folly to his councils called,
With Fraud, Deceit and Pride.

But soon he loathed the course he ran,
And struggled to be free ;
For, born and bred a gentleman,
He scorned bad company :

And now no more with Folly strays,
But quits th' ignoble train,
And turns to *Wisdom's pleasant ways*,
And Prudence seeks again.

And Love grown older, and reformed
From each besetting sin,
A new administration formed,
And Hymen was brought in.

Prudence, as Premier is restored,
And Learning justice deals ;
Honesty rules the treasury-board,
And Wisdom holds the seals.

And Prudence, now once more in vogue,
A new career began ;
Right glad to find the little rogue
Become a married man.

Now all things, ruled by *wedded Love*,
Like marriage bells do jingle :
Which clearly to my mind doth prove
That Love should not go single.

Love is *not* blind, as proverbs tell ;
To lead a happy life,
The only means, he *sees* full well,
Are Prudence and a wife.

THE WIDOWER'S ASPIRATION.

'I CANNOT CHOOSE BUT WEEP.'

O DOETH it walk, that spirit bright and pure,
 And may it disembodied, ever come
 Back to this earth ! I do not, dare not hope
 A reappearance of that kindest eye,
 Or of that smoothest cheek, or sweetest voice ;
 But can she see my tears, when I, alone,
 Weep by her grave ! and may she leave the throng
 Where angels minister and saints adore,
 To visit this sad earth !

When, as the night
 Of fireside winter gathers chilly round,
 I kiss our little child, and lay me down
 Upon a widowed pillow, doth she leave
 Those glorious, holy, heavenly essences,
 Those sacred perfumes round the throne on high,
 To keep a watch on me ! and upon ours !
 Her I did love, and I was loved again ;
 And had it been my mortal lot, instead,
 I would, were I accepted, ask my God
 For one more look upon my wife and child.

PICTURES OF THE PAST.

'ROLL BACK THE TIDE OF TIME!'

In that grand historic drama, the awakening of Europe from the slumber of ages, there are three scenes which time has hallowed for everlasting memory ; three ' Pictures of the Past,' which must remain enshrined forever upon the page of history and in the hearts of men. Their details are indeed familiar as the stories of childhood ; but their results have surpassed the calculations of wisdom and the dreams of fancy, and will cease only with the fulfilment of the destiny of man.

Nearly eight hundred years ago, a gray-haired Hermit, in his cowl and cassock, went forth alone upon a strange eventful mission. He had come from his weary wanderings in the Holy Land : he had beheld its hallowed shrines trampled beneath the foot of the infidel ; he had seen the pilgrim writhing beneath the rod of the tyrant, even as he bowed at the altars of his worship ; and he returned to arouse all Christendom to rescue and revenge.

Bearing the Cross, the emblem of his trust, he went forth boldly to proclaim his message. From hill-top and valley, from Alpine summit and from vine-clad field, the stirring summons rang. Prince, peer, and peasant gave back a joyful echo ; the Vatican replied with its omnipotent thunders, and Europe to its utmost borders responded to the call of

that one feeble messenger. The enthusiasm spread like a flame through all the land. The king left his throne and cast aside his sceptre, to march in the van-guard of his eager armies. The warrior buckled on his armor and led his vassal train, in the pomp of war, from the halls of his ancestors. The knightly boy forgot his childhood, and proudly lifted his father's sword; and the wife forgot her feebleness and followed her lord upon his martial pilgrimage. From hovel and from hall, from castle and from cot, they came to swell the mighty tide that poured its living waves toward the gates of the Sacred City.

And what though the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness' and the famine 'that wasteth at noon-day' strewed with unburied dead the march of that motley throng? Those who were spared from their fearful ravages, went forth from the long night of barbarism, and there in the portal of the Eastern sky they hailed the morning star that heralded that glorious day of civilization whose noon-tide blaze is beaming on us now. What though their armies were repeatedly hurled back by the hand of the infidel, leaving the proudest of their chivalry and the noblest of their knightly blood upon the plains of Asia? Their scattered hands returned to find the rod of the oppressor quivering in his grasp, and the yoke of their servitude broken. And what though, when the reverend preacher of the Pilgrim's wrongs was silent in the grave, the Crescent still glittered on the temples of Jerusalem? The efforts and sufferings of the Crusaders, in striving to plant the Cross upon those towers, first awakened Europe from the lethargy of feudal ignorance, and taught the nations the rights of society and the supremacy of law; a lesson that after times have well improved.

Although the inhabitants of Europe lingered still for many a year in their dark prison-house of ignorance, its doors were broken, and their bonds were burst. The path of blood that marked the Eastern sands, was the first faint wavering step in that triumphant march in which the mind of man is leading on the world.

Four hundred years ago, in a dark chamber of a German city, there sat a man absorbed in silent meditation. He was alone, with his high thoughts and dreams of glory. Around him were strewn rude blocks, carved, not with quaint images and strange devices, but with the simple letters of the Latin alphabet. Before him lay an ancient manuscript, and beside it a faithful copy. It was the *first printed Bible*; the Book of Life; the burning words of the prophets and martyrs of old, fresh from the iron grasp of that magic instrument whose influence was destined to be greater than that of the sceptre or the sword. It was an hour of pride for that lone inventor. The book, as the artist has portrayed it, was open at the words, '*And there was light.*' And as he gazed on that prophetic sentence, and seemed lost in a dream of ambition, we might imagine that there, at that still midnight hour, and beneath that lamp's dim light, he saw far onward in the path of coming time, the honor given to his memory; we might suppose that he felt, that as at the morning of Creation, *light* in its first splendor broke upon primeval darkness at the mandate of Omnipotence, even so there, in that dark chamber, and at the call of Genius, the light of Truth had risen to pour its beams on all the world, as free and fadeless as the light of heaven.

But it was not so. Although, as he looked upon that sacred volume, he felt the proud consciousness that he had conferred on man a great and lasting benefit; yet he knew not, he dreamed not, of the power which future ages were destined to develop in the tremendous engine he had forged. He dared not hope that the rude offspring of his own unfettered thought should prove the mightiest instrument in the hand of civilization. Yet there, in that lone student-cell; there, in the mystic recesses of that single human mind; occurred the grandest scene in mental disenthralment, the proudest era in the history of human improvement.

More than three hundred years ago, a frail and storm-worn bark was struggling onward through the western waters of the wide Atlantic. She ploughed the waves of an unknown sea. She sailed in silence and in gloom, where human eye had never gazed before. Her only guide were the stars of heaven, and the compass, ever pointing to the pole with its mysterious finger. Despair was resting, like a pall, on all the hearts she bore, save one. COLUMBUS stood alone upon her bounding prow, with his eye still beaming with the light of hope bent on the western sky. Behind him was his home, its memories and its joys; around him was the 'waste of waters;' and before him — not a dreary blank, not the mere expanse of blending sea and sky, but the fairy land that filled his boyhood's reveries; the full realization of his manhood's dreams! For even while he gazed, he caught, far in the west, the token of his triumph — a light faintly flickering in the dark horizon. For a moment he hesitated, fearing that he saw a star just sinking to its ocean pillow; but no, it was the day-star of his glorious destiny. He neared those unknown shores; he leaped upon the strand, and as he bowed in thanksgiving, amid his wondering welcomers, he seemed to see the future with a prophet's vision; he seemed to feel that though disgrace and gloom should shadow his declining years, yet the single step from that frail boat to the shore of that strange land was a mighty *stride* in the stately march of human improvement.

Such were three of the most memorable scenes in the history of modern civilization. They are steps that will remain impressed upon the sands of time; the plainest land-marks of all coming ages. They have lent their light and energy to all succeeding times. Mind has burst the fetters of its feudal bondage, and now rejoices in the full exercise of its god-like powers. Truth dwells no more locked up in cloister or in cell; the secrets of its inmost shrine are now unveiled to every passing worshipper. Its course shall be ever onward! There are still dark places in the earth, lands from which the veil of ignorance and superstition has never been removed, minds upon which the light of truth has never dawned. But if age after age will properly employ its gathered treasures; if the chosen guardians of truth are faithful to their holy trust; some generation perhaps not far distant in the future, shall behold the time, so long foretold, when

'THE rose shall bloom in the lonely place,
And the wild shall echo with sounds of joy;'

when far away, where night has long been brooding, the light of know-

ledge and the Gospel shall 'arise and shine' forever; and here in our own favored land, already radiant with its glory, there shall seem 'another morn risen on mid-noon.'

A. Q. K.

WILLIE AND ANNIE: A BALLAD.

BY JOHN H. BRYAN.

THE Lady MARY, at eventide,
She walked along the castle wall;
The cold October's sun had set,
And dews began to fall.
Leaning, with a fixed intent,
On the massive battlement,
The Lady gazed with wistful, sad emotion
Over the ocean.

Attending on her Lady's steps,
Her maid, fair ANNIE, followed nigh;
And sadder than her Lady's far
Was ANNIE's clouded eye.
Nor with longing gazed she
O'er the chill-blue, sail-less sea;
Her hope, outwearied by the long delay,
Had died away.

Sighing, the Lady MARY said:
'Would that Earl RONALD's ship were here!'
But where the Lady drew a sigh,
ANNIE let fall a tear.
When from Lady MARY's eye
Down a tear stole silently,
The gushing drops o'er ANNIE's face again
Ran down like rain.

'Grieve not' for me so sorely, child;
Should he a fairer maiden see,
It would go hard but I could find
A knight more true than he!'
ANNIE's bosom, strangely throbbing,
Rose and fell with sighs and sobbing;
Like swelling waves by gusty winds opprest
Heaved ANNIE's breast.

Then, turning from the glooming sea:
'Tis not for me those tears are shed!
Come tell me all thy sorrows, child,'
The Lady MARY said.
Brokenly, 'mid sobs and sighs,
ANNIE whispering replies:
'False WILLIE vowed that, ere he went to sea,
He 'd marry me.'

Then followed all the artless tale,
How, in the springing month of May,
One evening on the grassy bank
They both together lay;
Nightingales in twilight sung,
Closer side by side they clung,
With many a kiss, and deep love-longing sigh,
The hours flew by.

'T was long since they had promised both
 The morrow should their bridal be ;
 No wonder then they lay reclined
 Beneath the linden-tree.
 With his arms twined round the maid,
 WILLIE vowed and WILLIE prayed,
 And wiled away, with honeyed soft pretence,
 Her innocence.

But early at the peep of dawn,
 While sleeping gentle ANNIE lay,
 And dreamed of WILLIE's ardent love
 And of her bridal day ;
 Ready WILLIE's ship was made,
 Sails were spread and anchor weighed,
 Down on a flowing tide, with favoring breeze,
 He rode the seas.

Listening into the chilly night,
 The while her color went and came,
 The Lady MARY heard that tale
 Of secret sin and shame.
 Gentle pity dropped, like dew,
 From her eye of heavenly blue,
 And kindly were her words ; but ANNIE's grief
 Knew no relief.

The autumn went, the winter came,
 And cheerful Christmas-tide was nigh ;
 But never more the smile of joy
 Was seen in ANNIE's eye.
 'Go confess thee ere the feast,'
 Lady MARY said : 'the priest
 Will name thy penance, which may calm thy breast,
 And give thee rest.'

Kneeling before the priest, she poured
 Her woes into his aged ear ;
 He to the trembling sinner gave
 A penance stern and drear :
 'Thrice for solitary prayer
 To the VIRGIN's shrine repair ;
 Barefoot, by night ; kneel there, with no soul near thee,
 And she will hear thee.'

High, in a barren spot, this shrine
 Stood on a crag's o'erhanging brow,
 Where winter winds blew bleak and cold,
 While the sea rolled deep below.
 Here a baron's son expired,
 By unholy passion fired ;
 The father built this shrine, where for the dead
 Masses were said.

Upon the steep and craggy path
 The midnight moon shone high and clear,
 When to the VIRGIN's antique shrine
 ANNIE alone drew near.
 Silent were the winds, and ocean
 Ceased his restless murmuring motion,
 While on the ground before the Heavenly Maid
 Fair ANNIE prayed.

The second night the moon rode high,
 But shed a chill and misty light ;
 And, from the ocean, dense and dank
 Rolled in the sea-fog white.

Cheerless looked the Maid Divine,
As she knelt before her shrine,
And soughs of wind, like living sighs, blew round
With dying sound.

The third night brings a fearful change ;
O'er all the heaven thick darkness lowers,
Down on the whistling Norwest wind
The driving sleet-storm showers.
Yet along the craggy path
ANNIE struggles with its wrath,
While loud below, upon the rocky shore,
The hoarse waves roar.

In vain her tear-dimmed eyes she strains
To pierce the stormy gloom around,
While her white feet, benumbed, bleed fast
On the cold and jagged ground.
Shrill winds, through the branches bare,
Shriek like lost souls in despair ;
And like pale ghosts the sleet-white bushes stand
On either hand.

Before the Blessed ONE, at last,
ANNIE her growing burden bore,
There panting sank, with weariness
And pangs unknown before.
Yet she knelt, for all her wo,
Moaning prayed at every throe,
Then down before the shrine, with wailings loud,
In anguish bowed.

The VIRGIN, from the niche of stone
Beheld her pain with moveless eye,
Nor 'any saint took pity on
That lonely agony.'
Folding faint her guilt-born child,
ANNIE hushed his birth-cry wild,
And made his cradle, in the wintry storm,
Her bosom warm.

Hark ! through the rising storm, new sounds
Of dismal horror fill the wood ;
On the rough path wild-howling wolves
Have snuffed the scent of blood !
Glowing through the hurtling air,
See their dull-blue eyeballs glare !
With rustling noise, crunches the ice-leaves dead
Their hurrying tread.

No hope for gentle ANNIE now !
Snatching but time for one short prayer,
With a long last kiss she clasped her babe ;
And, wildered by despair,
Headlong, like a meteor's light,
From the cliff's o'erhanging height
Adown she plunged ; and in the hoary deep
They fell asleep.

False WILLIE's ship was homeward bound,
And on this drear December day
The land-ward storm-wind drove them on
Straight toward the rocky bay,
Billow-struck, the strong ship quivered,
Sails were rent, the thick masts shivered ;
Night rushed down with fierce gale and gloomy cloud,
And on they ploughed.

Cries, oaths and groans, curses and prayers
 Were mingled with the tempest's roar ;
 But fearless WILLIE mocked them all,
 While hard the helm he bore.
 He alone the storm defied,
 Laughing to the cowards, cried :
 ' Nor God nor bend fear I ! and shall I quail
 At the sound of a gale ?'

When lo ! along the nearing shore
 He saw by a blue spectre light
 Fair ANNIE with her new-born babe,
 In the cold, dreary night.
 Loud the little infant's wail
 Pierced the shrieking of the gale ;
 On WILLIE's hardened soul the strange sound fell
 Like a death-knell.

Slow o'er the crests of fiery foam,
 He saw the ghostly figures glide,
 Rising and falling with the waves,
 Up to the vessel's side.
 O'er her face of pale despair
 Down hung ANNIE's dripping hair ;
 The shivering babe close to her bosom clung,
 While thus she sung :

' My love ! this is our nuptial night,
 Deep in the sea our bride-bed lies ;
 And merry will be the wedding-feast
 When the morning sun shall rise.'
 On her cheek glowed blushes bright,
 As upon that fatal night,
 And, dimly branching o'er her, he could see
 The linden tree.

Pale at the spectral sight, and dumb
 In trembling terror WILLIE stands,
 While, wrenched by the surge, the laboring helm
 Flew from his palsied hands.
 O'er the deck, with deluge dread,
 Mountain billows bowed their head,
 And dashed the false wretch in their bursting sweep
 Far down the deep.

Upon the icy beach, at morn,
 Fair ANNIE's lifeless form was found,
 Her lovely limbs at ease diffused
 Along the frozen ground,
 With her babe upon her breast,
 Hushed too soon to his last rest,
 They kissed the margin of the wintry deep,
 As yet asleep.

Together in their narrow bed
 Fair ANNIE and her babe were laid,
 Where over them, when spring-tide came,
 The linden threw its shade.
 At her head pale roses stand,
 Planted by her lady's hand,
 Who, wandering in the summer twilight, here
 Sheds many a tear.

But high up on the jagged rocks.
 False WILLIE's corse was thrown ashore,
 Shattered and torn that not a trace
 Of human shape it bore.

Howling wolves, by hunger urged,
On the mangled carcase gorged,
And left to bleach among the barren stones
His nameless bones.

Reader! hast thou like WILLIE sinned,
Or like fair ANNIE gone astray,
And thinkest God's eye did not see,
His hand will not repay?
Thou hast read this story o'er;
'Go thy way, and sin no more,'
Lest horrors, crowding round thy life's last goal,
O'erwhelm thy soul.

SKETCHES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY OUR EASTERN CORRESPONDENT.

A FEW days ago, (April 26th,) took place the betrothal of the Sultan's youngest sister, ADILEH SULTAN, to MEHEMED ALI PACHA, the handsomest Turk in Constantinople. His office is that of General of the Artillery; his rank that of a *Muchir*, a grade equal to that of Grand-Vizier, and one which, under the new régime of Turkey, has taken the place of a 'Pacha of three Tails.' It may not be amiss also to remark, that the system of showing the rank of the office by the exhibition of a certain number of *Toughs*, or horse-tails, ceased with the destruction of the Janissaries. These horse-tails were simply long white hairs from the tail of an ox, fastened to the end of a standard, and not the full 'downward pendabus,' as is generally supposed. Mehemed Ali Pacha, soon to receive the highest honor a subject can aspire to in this country, was in his youth of very indigent and humble circumstances. The late Sultan Mahmed found him in the shop of a *Sandukji*, or trunk-maker, was struck with his handsome and intelligent countenance, relieved his master from his farther maintenance, and brought him up in his own palace, as a companion to his son, the present Sultan. Like many others in his situation, he received the usual, and it may be added, only education of youth in the East; to read the Koran without understanding it, or commit it to memory; to read the more celebrated Persian poets, such as Hafiz and Saadi, write a good hand, and speak with elegance and eloquence. Even before his patron's decease, he filled some inferior offices in his household; owes his promotion to the present Sultan; and only recently, preparatory to the honor now conferred on him, created a *Muchir*; the highest rank he can attain, though he may fill a higher office than the one he now holds, such as that of Capudan Pacha, or Grand Vizier.

It is said that he endeavored for some time to prevent the present honor from being conferred upon him, but finally had to submit to the Sultan's will; for beside the immense expense which it brings upon him, and the great loss of liberty attending it, he is compelled by cus-

tom to divorce forthwith two wives to whom he is much attached, and separate himself forever from them and the children they have borne him ; as the Sultan's sister cannot divide her husband's affection with any other female. By her he can have no offspring, for the Oriental custom, founded upon a verse of the Koran, prevents her children from enjoying life, and are therefore always supposed to be still-born. The present Sultan has had already three sisters married ; two are dead, and one yet lives, whose wedding occurred in 1842, none of whom have any children ; and this custom of destroying infants is supposed to be practised among many of the wealthier families of Constantinople.

Before mentioning what occurred at the present betrothal, it may be useful to relate, that when a Mussulman wishes to find a spouse, he deposes either his own mother, or another elderly female, relative or otherwise, in whose judgment and taste he has confidence, to search for a damsel worthy of his affections. The young lady once found, a negotiation is entered into regarding the sum called *Mihi Muedjel*, or dowry, which he must pay to her in case of subsequent divorce. This sum generally serves to support the female, until another offer is made to her, or even as a fortune, to endow her on a second marriage. It is not however commonly very great ; and must be paid to her immediately on being divorced, except when she herself relinquishes it, as is often the case, when she is desirous, *à tout prix*, of being separated from a disagreeable and miserly husband. This difficulty being settled, there is another dowry or marriage gift, called *Mihi Muâdjel*, which he presents to her immediately after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, and which consists of money, clothes, jewelry, or furniture.

The higher class of Mussulmans of the present day have seldom more than one wife, who is generally the daughter of their equal in rank, perhaps superior, married from personal interest, from whom divorces are of course seldom. None, not even the Sultan, can have more than four legal wives at one time, and though a Mussulman may divorce his wife or wives at will, with or without any fault on her part, it can be done but four times, after which he cannot marry her again until she has been the legal wife of another. This of course also seldom happens ; and when it does, the wife, who though divorced for the fourth time, is still desired by her late husband, contracts a formal union with a man of low degree, and is divorced from him again on the morrow. Marriages of interest, such as for family influence or fortunes, are as common as in Christian countries, and then the marriage conditions prevent the husband from taking any other. The wife's property is always *her own*, and can never be taken for her husband's debts ; and as it is retained by her in case of divorce, it constitutes a strong tie between them.

There are again many Mussulmans who do not marry at all, on account of the expense, but purchase one or more female slaves. A Sultan never marries ; his wives are slaves, either bought by or presented to him ; and when his four, five, six, or seven wives are spoken of, those of his female slaves, whose children have been permitted to live as heirs to his throne, are meant. The forms of ceremony and etiquette are as strict and well defined among Islam ladies of quality

as among their lords. A slave cannot sit in the presence of her master or mistress, or in that of any other free person ; and this therefore prevents any civilities occurring between the free-wife of one Mussulman and the slave-wife of another. Their children are however equally free, and enjoy equal rights of inheritance. The latter may be elevated in social rank by being freed and legally married by her husband-master, who cannot sell her if she bears him a child, and it lives. The ladies are as imperious in their demands in this country as elsewhere ; require their *Arabah*, or coach, *Catque*, or boat, costly dresses, white and black slaves to attend upon them ; and beside making visits of ceremony to the harems of their husbands' equals, spend entire days at vapor baths — the 'locum scandalum' of the East — or in making *Keffs*, pic-nics, on the Bosphorus or Golden Horn. The slave-wife can only visit slaves, or as a slave has but few acquaintances, and therefore spends much of her time in her own harem among other slaves. Thus while the condition of the free Mussulman wife, in point of liberty, is superior to that of the Christian, the lot of the poor slave-wife is a most melancholy one.

It is difficult to form a proper conception of what are the feelings of a Circassian slave, torn from her native home in early youth, separated forever from her parents and relatives, sold into slavery at Constantinople, and removed from harem to harem by each new purchaser, until, on reaching the age of puberty, she becomes the slave-wife of one for whom, from his advanced age, infirmities, or tyrannical disposition, she may never have any affection. Of the reverence and love which others entertain for country and home, she can have no idea ; and she may almost be supposed to be heartless ; her mind must be just what Nature made it, or only changed by the cold and oppressive treatment of her owners ; and yet her duty is to bring up and give the earliest and most lasting impressions to the future Effendis and Pachas of the empire. Many Circassian slaves are annually brought to Constantinople from their native hills in the Caucasus, from choice, for the story of those whose *destiny* it was to enter the harems of the greatest and wealthiest Pachas of Stamboul, or to become the mother of even Sultans, has shed a halo of glory over the loss of freedom and the name of a 'slave.' As a Mussulman can only be waited upon by a female slave, his own property, and as no free woman, not his wife, can expose her face before him, the extinction of slavery would ruin entirely the present Turkish social system.

It is said here, and generally credited, that Mehemed Ali Pacha, some time since, was guilty of an act of cruelty toward two of his own slaves, which, though consistent with eastern custom and justice, will doubtless make an unfavorable impression on the mind of the occidentalist. A young man, a slave, was left in charge of his master's dwelling in the city, where resided a few female slaves. With one of these latter he became enamoured, and some three or four months elapsed before the condition of the ill-fated girl exposed her guilt. Her master had her immediately strangled, and, it is believed, not thrown into the Bosphorus, but buried. The male slave, to whom the crime was traced, fled for refuge to the palace of his master's greatest

friend and protector, acknowledged his guilt, and implored protection. The latter was given; Mehemed Ali Pacha's anger was apparently appeased; forgiveness was promised; and after being absent some weeks, the young slave returned to his master's dwelling. The promised pardon was delusive, for he was immediately put to death, some say by the brother of the Pacha, others by the Pacha's orders and in his presence. When reproached by his friend for having forfeited his word, he declared that the young slave was still alive, and had been sent by him back to Circassia!

Mussulman marriages are very simple: the two proxies of the parties meet before an *Imaum*, (priest,) or *Cadi*, (judge,) and declare that they appear in the place of such and such individuals, who under such and such conditions (the dowries) contract legal marriage. After this is executed, they are duly 'husband and wife,' though indeed they do not generally meet until after the conclusion of some two or three days' rejoicing and entertainments. These, of course, are dependent upon the condition of the parties, or of the husband alone.

The betrothal of MEHEMED ALI PACHA took place in the old palace of the Ottoman Sultans, called by Frank travellers '*The Seraglio*,' as if forsooth our young and gallant Sultan had but one establishment of that kind. It is situated on the site of ancient Byzantium, at the junction of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus with the Sea of Marmora; a mass of irregular architecture, very oriental in appearance, mixed up with tall dark cypresses, gilded cupolas, trelliced balconies, towering minarets and chimneys, and lofty domes. It is much the most picturesque portion of this immense city; and for an imperial residence, has not its equal on earth.

The ceremony took place in the presence of the *Valideh Sultan*, or Sultan Mother, mother of the bride, the *Kizlar Agasee*, or 'Aga of the Girls,' which is an appointment held by a 'gentleman of color,' the intendant of the bride and her mother, one of the wealthiest men of the city, and the incumbent of the collectorship of the customs; all of whom appeared as proxies on the part of the bride; and H. A. Riza Pacha, the Sultan's favorite, as that of the groom.

The amount of 'Divorce Dowry,' if any, is not known; that of the wedding, it is said, was fixed at twenty-five thousand dollars, beside a number of costly articles of apparel, etc. Immediately after the termination of the betrothal, the bride's mother and her suite, consisting of some sixty or eighty female slaves, and several of the aforementioned 'gentlemen of color,' returned in state barges from the '*Old Seraglio*' to the new palace called *Tcharagian*, on the European shore of the Bosphorus. The bride was supposed to be in this latter palace, waiting the news of her betrothal, and her '*Dowry Present*,' which custom requires should be conveyed to her by the Grand Vizier. Troops were stationed in file from *Top-Khaneh*, where Mehemed Ali Pacha has his official residence, to the palace of *Tcharagian*. About half-way there is a large stone edifice, erected as a musket factory, and containing several spacious and well-furnished apartments for the use of the Sultan. In front of this building there is an open square, of some extent, through which the road passes: here the Sultan's Harem, and those of several

of his Pachas were arranged on either side of the way, in their horse and oxen arabahs, so as to face His Highness, and permit him from the windows above, at one *coup d'œil*, to survey the choicest of the royal harem and the capital. One *arabah* in particular seemed to merit more than any other his attention; it contained six Turkish females, five of whom were pretty closely veiled; but the sixth, seated in the front of the vehicle, displayed as much of her features and neck as Eastern modesty permits, to the gaze of the young Sultan, who from one of the windows above frequently observed her attentively through a spy-glass which he held in his hands: she might have been some favorite of the day, some successful rival in the royal harem, or the agent of a court intrigue, stationed there to captivate the young Sultan's very susceptible heart.

First in the *cortège* of the 'Dowry Present' came a detachment of light artillery; then a numerous staff, composed of the generals, colonels, majors, etc., of the artillery, Rechid Pacha; the military governor of the city and commander-in-chief of the troops in European Turkey; H. A. Riza Pacha, the Generalissimo of the Army, and it may be said of the Ottoman government, for in consequence of his being the favorite of the Sultan, and always near his person, his influence governs all the operations of the Porte; and thirdly, H. A. Raouf Pacha, the aged and excellent Grand Vizier.

Following these, came one hundred and thirty cavasses (police men) bearing on their heads one hundred and thirty flat baskets of open texture, with gauze covers, containing preserves of different kinds and colors, of rose leaves, orange buds, lemon flowers, bergamot, citron, currants, raisins, peaches, cherries, cinnamon, mastic, etc., etc., in magnificent porcelain and crystal vases; two European carriages, drawn each by four horses, containing each a box, garnished with crimson velvet, chased with silver, filled with the most precious and exquisite perfumes; next came twenty cavasses, carrying as many light silver baskets, filled with silks of the costliest kinds, cashmere shawls, embroidered kerchiefs, towels, napkins, etc., and the utensils necessary for the bath, among which Eastern custom requires there should be a pair of high wooden shoes. In this instance they were richly laid with jewelry and pearls, and evidently intended to be remarkable for their great value. Among the other things were embroidered slippers, one pair of great cost, mirrors, embroidered and jewelled, a gold wash-basin and cover of Eastern form, embroidered sofa-covers and cushion facings; and finally, five cavasses carried on their heads as many silver baskets, containing each five crimson sacks, in each of which were one hundred thousand piastres in gold pieces, making in total about twenty-five thousand dollars.

It was said that the Princess-Bride, ADILEH SULTAN, was in one of the many *arabahs* before the Sultan's apartments, and thus witnessed the *cortège* of her own marriage present. It was also said that when the cannon of the different batteries on the Bosphorus proclaimed the betrothal of Mehemed Ali Pacha to the Sultan's sister, his two wives, now divorced, and their children, put on mourning, and left their former splendid home for the humbler one to which Eastern custom required them to retire.

J. P. B.

Constantinople, May, 1845.

VOL. XXVI.

O R A A T Q U E L A B O R A .

BY ALBERT PIKE.

SWIFTLY flashing, hoarsely dashing,
Onward rolls the mighty river:
Down it hurries to the sea,
Bounding on exultingly;
And still the lesson teaches ever —
Ora atque labora !

Trembling fountains on blue mountains
Murmuring and overflowing,
Through green valleys deep in hills,
Send down silver brooks and rills,
Singing, while in sunlight glowing;
Ora atque labora !

Onward flowing, ever growing,
In its beauty each rejoices;
While in Night's delighted ear,
Through the amber atmosphere,
Sounds the murmur of their voices —
Ora atque labora !

Archly glancing, lightly dancing,
Eddies chasing one the other,
Round old roots the current whirls,
Over ringing pebbles curls;
Each rill singing to its brother,
Ora atque labora !

Hoarsely roaring, swiftly pouring,
Through tall mountains cloven asunder,
Over precipices steep,
Plunging to abysses deep,
The cataract's fierce voices thunder —
Ora atque labora !

Sunlight shifting, white mist drifting,
On its forehead, whence it marches,
Swelled with freshets and great rains,
Shouting, where, through fertile plains,
'T is spanned by aqueducts and arches —
Ora atque labora !

Thus Endeavor striveth ever,
For the thankless world's improvement;
Each true thought and noble word
By the dull earth though unheard,
Making part of one great movement:
Ora atque labora !

Work then bravely, sternly, gravely!
Life for this alone is given;
What is right, that boldly do;
Frankly speak out what is true,
Leaving the result to Heaven:
Ora atque labora !

W A L D E M A R.

A STORY FROM THE CAMPAIGN BETWEEN THE AUSTRIANS AND THE FRENCH IN ITALY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

WALDEMAR TO HIS FRIEND GUSTAVE.

M. A., July 18th, 1805.

STILL, my dear Gustave, are we standing opposite to the enemy. I cannot comprehend the cause of this eternal hesitancy. The whole army longs for a battle, and every body curses with me this annoying inactivity. And what is worse, it appears that it will be a good while that we shall be lying still here; and our hope soon to have a brush with the enemy may for a long time be unfulfilled. To-morrow I shall take up my quarters with my riflemen two miles farther toward Villarosa. I am cursed by my comrades for this change, but it is said to be a most beautiful place. It belongs to the Count P——, who also possesses considerable estates in Tyrol, where you must have heard of him. He lives here solely, it is said, in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery around him; and his family, like himself, are praised by all who know them. It cannot be denied that only in the rough scenes of war do we learn to value the pleasure of being surrounded by educated people. But these are mere passing events: I would rather go to battle to-morrow than to live longer in this wretched state of idleness. Yet to enter this beautiful land, which always, even in my dreams, I have been longing for; to be assisting in chasing with bloody hands peace from this sacred ground; this it is which pains me. I had hoped to pass the boundaries under different circumstances. At present however I am a soldier; a soldier from my own free will, from pure love of fighting; and such warlike feelings do not suit this sky; they suit not this scenery; where all nature, in spite of the storm of the times, is beaming with splendor on the richest bounties. Oh! I wish you could see my splendid Italy! how it blooms in its glory! If one could enter here at the head of a victorious army!

Villarosa, July 21st, 1805.

I WRITE you from Villarosa — the paradise of nature. Friend, envy me — envy me every hour I am permitted to pass here. What a society of amiable, of noble people! You should see MAGDALENE, with her tall noble figure, deep black eyes, and auburn curls; you should hear the harmony of her voice; and oh! you would, like me, forget war and the battle-cry. The silent melancholy, the tender traces of a deep sorrow, which, like a saint's glory, is expressed in her features, give to her something unspeakably attractive. But oh! the godlike cannot be described, neither the feelings which fill my heart with sweet intoxication. Know that Magdalene is the daughter of Count P——, to whom Villarosa belongs. I was received here like an old friend, with

so much kindness that I can scarcely comprehend my own good fortune. Only think, friend ; I live with her, under the same roof ; I am constantly in her society ; I accompany her with my guitar when she sings the songs of her own country ; those sweet songs, so full of love and melancholy. She is conducting me amidst the surrounding scenery of the villa, and takes a lively interest in the delight which I feel in this little paradise that surrounds us. Oh ! she is an angel ! a being full of the sweetest tenderness. How do I *feel* her presence ! I am too happy — for I may see her.

Villarsen, July 15, 1805.

SHE has a brother to whom she is very much attached. He has been obliged to leave our service on account of a duel, and they scarcely know of his whereabouts. This is the cause of her melancholy, for she clings to this brother with a love and a tenderness most natural to her feeling heart. When she told me this, with an expression of the deepest sorrow, tears standing in her eyes, I cannot tell you how much I was affected. Perhaps there is no circumstance in human life, where the tenderness and at the same time the sublimity of the soul can be plainer expressed than in sorrow. There is nothing more touching than the beautiful tears in the beautiful eyes of a woman. I told her so, and she felt that I did not want merely to flatter her : tenderly she pressed my hand, which I had taken in the moment of excitement, arose hurriedly, and said, in hastening away : 'Waldemar, I believe you have a good heart.' Ah ! you cannot feel the heavenly sound of those words. Long I stood looking after her ; then it drew me down to kiss the grass which had only bent under her light step. You call me a child ; I may be so, but I am a happy one. In the evening I look from my window as long as there is light in her room ; for as I inhabit the left and she the right wing of the villa, I can look into her apartment. So I stand for hours, watching the flickering of the candle until it is extinguished : then I take my guitar, and its sounds die longingly in the clear moonlight night, which under Italy's sky lies silently upon the earth like the spirit of the ETERNAL. Can you comprehend the happiness that is filling my breast ? Have you the ideal in your heart of this bliss ? Gustave, I have never dreamed of such joy before !

Villarsen, July 20, 1805.

OH ! that I might fly to your arms, my dear brother ; that I might shed tears of joy upon your bosom ! Oh ! that I must bear alone this excess of bliss ! My poor heart must break ; it cannot bear longer under the weight of these feelings. Gustave, she is mine ! From her own trembling mouth fell the confession of her love. She lay on my breast, and with burning, glowing kisses I was permitted to press her lips.

We were both sitting silently and sunk in dreams on the balcony. The sun was sinking behind the distant hills ; and far off, a body of our soldiers were seen passing ; and the disappearing rays were gilding the arms of the horsemen. All at once the voice of a spirit seemed to say to me, 'You will never return !' while a feeling of deep melan-

choly overpowered me. Magdalene soon observed this state of my feeling, and kindly asked the cause. I told her my presentiment. 'Would you drop a tear over my grave?' I added, taking her hand. She trembled violently, and looked at me sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes. I could contain myself no longer. Throwing myself at her feet, 'Magdalene,' I called out, 'I cannot be silent now! Magdalene, I love you!'

She sank, deeply moved, in my arms, and our lips sealed the holy union. And when we came at last back to consciousness, from this ecstatic bliss of our souls, how did I feel! Already twilight was covering the earth, rocking the world to a sweet slumber; but eternal day was in my glowing breast; the morning of my lasting joy was breaking. Oh! how different was *now* my Magdalene! She stood before me like the spirit of a higher world. The expression of her happy love shone in her happy face like the beauty of a saint. Before, she had been to me the virgin-maid in her perfection; now she appeared like a seraph from heaven. The girl-like bashfulness had changed, under the consciousness of eternal love, to a holy confidence in her own strength of soul.

I have not yet spoken to the parents, but I hope they will not destroy our happiness. They are with so much tenderness attached to Magdalene, that they certainly will not annihilate her heaven. Gustave, if you never have lived through those blessed minutes, where two hearts are melting under the glowing rapture of love, and are drowned in the highest earthly happiness; if you never have heard from beloved lips those god-like words, 'I love you,' then you cannot comprehend the unspeakable bliss of requited love.

Villarsen, August 1st, 1805.

SHARE my happiness with me, my trusty friend! She is mine! mine, by the will of her own heart, and by the word of her parents. They have nothing against me: they receive me, a stranger, in their beautiful family circle — those noble, those excellent people! Does not every thing unite to fulfil my wishes, before I even scarcely had expressed them? Does not every thing meet in this stormy time to give eternal peace to my soul?

I have told them every thing about my circumstances; how, from the mere love of war, I have entered into this campaign, and how after the end of it I shall leave the army, sell my estates in Bohemia, and return to happy Italy, only to live for Magdalene, to fulfil the duties I owe to her parents. All this I have told them, and they felt that I could not make their Magdalene unhappy. But I had to insist upon a quick decision, as I expected every moment an order for my departure; and so they gave us their blessing, while the highest happiness was glowing in the breasts of four persons. Gustave, when the father conducted Magdalene to me, and said, 'Take her — the joy of our lives — and make her happy!' she sank into my arms, and the kiss of our union was burning on our lips, in the sacred presence of her parents. Then I nearly lost myself in high and inexpressible ecstasy. All the angels of heaven seemed to visit my soul, and bring an enchanted paradise down to me.

Villaresa, August 2d, 1805.

FRIEND, what delightful days do I pass in the society of my beloved ones! Father and mother endeavor by every means to show their heart-felt love to their new son; and as for Magdalene, she only lives for me. We are the whole day together; and I see how my sweet girl develops more and more the beauties of her soul. Of her music I have told you already: she anticipates a great deal of joy in the fact that we can, on the return of her brother Camillo, execute our musical exercises in full voices. Camillo is said to sing a very fine tenor. I am very anxious to see my future brother-in-law. They are all attached to him with so much love, that it is quite touching when the remembrance of his absence is brought to their minds; and it is scarcely to be avoided, for every where there is something to put one in mind of him—they all like so much to tell of Camillo. I imagine him to be a noble fellow, full of spirit, strong will, and strength; strong in body and mind; a youthful and powerful warrior. Beside singing and playing, Magdalene also draws splendidly. It gives her a great deal of pleasure to compose sketches of historical paintings; and she has acquired considerable skill in the mechanical part.

A short time since she sketched the scene where Horatia sees her brother as the victor and the murderer of her lover. She has succeeded most admirably in the expression of the girl's face, where the conflict of the innermost feelings appears so plainly! Strange! this drawing always moves me; and those simple figures have made a deep impression upon my mind. You should have heard how beautifully she spoke about this sketch; how clearly she put herself into the situation of Horatia. She did not accuse the murderer of her affianced one; she accused only iron Fate; for as a Roman, her brother *had* to be victorious, not Horatius: no; Rome thrust the sword into the beloved bosom. At present Magdalene is engaged on a picture of her brother, from memory, expressly for me. Her parents pronounce it an excellent likeness; so lively is the remembrance of him in her mind. I shall not see it until it is finished. Gustave, what an unbroken chain of heavenly joy, what feast of love, my future life will be! How attractive will my sweet, lovely girl, with her fine talents, make our family circle! I shall live days which I would not exchange for all the treasures of the world! Yes, it is a blessed feeling, when the vessel, with full sails spread, enters the serene port from the storms of the sea; when one looks forward with the hope of the highest earthly happiness to the beautiful rising sun of the morning of love!

Villaresa, August 4th, 1805.

WHAT I have feared for a long while has at last come to pass. I must depart; I must leave my sweet Magdalene. This morning early I received orders to move two leagues farther back. The enemy is approaching, and most likely it is intended to receive him in an advantageous position, on the heights of C—. Oh! this war to which I clung formerly with so much enthusiasm has become unendurable to me! The thought that I may lose my Magdalene makes me shudder

to the very depths of my soul ; and a black presentiment wreathes itself in all my dreams. If we were only advancing ! — but to retrograde ; to see Villarosa, and all that is dearest to me on earth, in the power of the enemy ; *that* is enough to drive me mad. I am none of those strong minds who can bear all ; I can dare every thing, but to reach my goal by patience ; for that I lack strength. How hateful will be every moment to me, when I cannot see my beautiful girl, and press her to my beating heart ! Oh ! I am no more the same Waldemar ; scarcely do I feel courage enough to bear the pain of leave-taking. Before such painful feelings falls the proud consciousness of man's strength.

Riccardino, August 4th, 1805.

LET me be silent, my dear Gustave, concerning the hour of our separation ; of Magdalene's tears, my tortures, of her last kisses. I obeyed my orders, and am now staying at Riccardino. It is a sweet solace for me to be able to see from the window of my new quarters my dear Villarosa, where my beloved ones dwell. From this window I am looking unceasingly, with such unspeakable longing, that I fear it will break my heart. Really, every thing appears stale around me ; even the tumult of war (for it is getting lively around us, and several regiments are quartered here together,) is without interest for me. At present I have only one feeling, but it is a burning, glowing one, which would break down all obstacles. Magdalene ! my love is eternal ! How can I live without you ?

Two hours later. — Gustave, I am in a terrible state of excitement ; my dark presentiment is going to be fulfilled ! The general has ordered out the regiment, and called for volunteers to storm Villarosa. The enemy has taken it, and it looks as if they intended to fortify themselves on its heights. That I was the first who stepped forward, you can easily conceive. I shall free Magdalene from the hands of the enemy ! — what a god-like feeling ! But I shall also cause blood to be shed on those peaceful fields ; I shall assist in destroying that beautiful place, which *she* loves so well. Can I do this ? — *ought* I to do this ? Oh ! struggle between love and duty ! I must undertake the enterprise ; and — the more easy it will be for me to lend my assistance. It will be a hot affair, for the enemy is said to be in no considerable numbers, and my little corps is small ; for brave men are wanted every where, and the general can only spare a few : he is looking forward hourly for great events. God protect me ! Duty and love call me away ; but with blood must I purchase my happiness.

So far Waldemar's letters. In a terrible state of mind he drew near to Villarosa with his riflemen. Already from a distance they could see the enemy's sentinels, and before Waldemar, as was his plan, could arrive, by the well-known way through the cypress-wood, at the villa, the enemy (who either had observed them, or to whom his intentions had been treacherously made known,) advanced against him with great spirit. The combat began ; and they were soon engaged

hand to hand ; for Waldemar's riflemen, as if they knew they were fighting for their captain's bride, with a terrible onset drove the enemy back. Most furiously fought a French officer, a youth of a tall and noble presence. Several times he and Waldemar met during the fight, but they were always separated. At last the enemy, unable to resist any longer the strong onset of the riflemen, threw themselves into the villa ; and the French officer defended the entrance to it, as if all he held dear in life were at stake ; until Waldemar, with all his strength threw himself upon him, and he was obliged to give way. The riflemen entered the villa, and Waldemar pursued his antagonist from room to room, and in each apartment the fight began anew. Waldemar called on him to surrender, but in vain. He returned no answer, but only fought the more furiously. Already both were bleeding from several wounds, when Waldemar, fancying he heard Magdalene's voice in an adjoining room, collecting with one powerful effort his remaining strength, thrust his sword deep into his enemy's breast, who sank lifeless to the ground. At this moment Magdalene, with her father, burst into the room : ' Brother ! brother ! unfortunate brother ! ' she exclaimed, and sank senseless on the corpse of the slain.

Terrible despair now seized Waldemar. He stood like one crushed by the overwhelming thought that he was the murderer of the brother of his beloved Magdalene. When she was at last restored to thought, her first look fell on her lover, and on his bloody sword, and she sank again lifeless on her brother's body. She was borne off ; and the father, who till now had been standing in a death-like stupor, followed slowly and silently. Waldemar remained alone, with the horrible consciousness of having forever destroyed the happiness of the noblest being he had ever known. He heard it not when it was reported to him that the rest of the enemy had either been killed or taken prisoners. He felt nothing ; but abandoned himself to despair. At last the Count appeared again. He had become more calm, and silently offered his hand to the murderer of his son. Waldemar sank to his feet, overpowered by his emotions ; but the noble old man drew him to his breast, and both sobbed aloud. Their manly hearts melted under the anguish of this sad calamity. After the Count became a little more collected, he related to Waldemar how his son, on account of the deed which had obliged him to leave the Austrian service, had entered the French army, and how he had surprised them by his visit a few days ago. He mentioned also how Magdalene had told her beloved brother of her Waldemar, and what pleasure Camillo had promised himself in knowing and loving the friend of his sister. So terribly did this intelligence pierce the heart of the brave lover, that the Count was compelled to wrest the sword from his hands, with which he menaced to put an end to his despair.

But now the attention of both were directed to the window, and to the running to and fro of the servants. ' Oh, heavens ! ' they cried, ' Magdalene is dying ! ' The tender nervous system of the affectionate girl had received too severe a shock ; yet God so ordered it that she was only in a swoon ; and when the Count brought Waldemar to her side, her heart was yet struggling between love and abhorrence, at beholding again the murderer of her brother ; but her beautiful soul, so

near taking wing, mastered the earthly pain, and heavenly Love conquered. The fragment of a letter to Gustave, describing this interview, was found with Waldemar. Here it is :

‘GUSTAVE, I am lost ! I have murdered the happiness of three angels. Blood lies heavy on my soul, and despair courses through my veins. Gustave, curse me ! Horribly rise in my soul the phantoms of the past ; surely, surely they will drive me mad, for I am insane already. Once more I have seen the saint whose heaven I have destroyed ; once more she looked at me with the expression of old love, and said : ‘Waldemar, I forgive thee !’ Such forgiving kindness sunk into my soul. I dropped on my knees at her feet, but she rose with her last strength to press me to her true heart, and fell dead in my arms ! Gustave, she draws me after her ; after her I am driven by my deep despair. She has forgiven me, the sweet, heavenly being ! but I cannot forgive myself. My life must be my sacrifice : only by my own blood can I free my soul from this guilt.

‘Farewell ! I dare not reckon with my fate, for I have murdered my own happiness. Farewell ! my trusty, trustful brother ! God is kind. He will let me die !’

His last wish has been fulfilled. The little skirmish at Villarosa was the forerunner of a fierce engagement. The following day saw both armies enveloped in the thick cloud of a terrible battle. Waldemar fought like one in despair. He threw himself into the midst of the enemy’s masses : he was seeking death — and he found it. Perforated by innumerable thrusts of the bayonet, he fell in the thickest of the fight. His last word was ‘Magdalene !’ All who knew him, mourned in him a true friend, a brave comrade, a noble man. He was buried in the family vault of Villarosa, at the side of his bride. Peace be with his ashes !

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

I.

THE leaves on the bough stirr’d
Are fading and falling,
And the wind and the wood-bird
Are mournfully calling;
And music around us,
Of landscape and river,
And feelings that bound us,
Are passing forever.

II.

The mists of the mountain,
With morning upspringing,
The chime of the fountain,
Its melody ringing ;
The foam where the river burst
Up to the day,
And all by the sweet stream nurs’d,
Passing away !

III.

So hearts we have cherish’d
When life was before us,
Are grown cold or perish’d,
As years have roll’d o’er us ;
And we look in the faces
Once glowing with gladness,
And we find in their places,
But sorrow and sadness.

IV.

O, life, it is fearful !
We’re all of us sighing,
The moment we’re cheerful,
That moment we’re dying ;
And all we have tasted,
And all we have spoken,
Are hopes that are wasted,
And hearts that are broken.

THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE RANGER.

In the Old French War, a body of Rangers were employed on scouting expeditions around Lake George, between the hostile military posts of Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry. Their most celebrated leader, Major Ross, with a large part of the men, were from New-Hampshire. The service they were engaged in was of the most severe and dangerous kind. In parties varying from two or three to a hundred or more, they scoured the woods at all seasons, to seize stragglers, intercept convoys, and encounter the parties of Canadians and Indians that the French were constantly sending out to annoy the English; and whom, unless there was a great disparity of force, the Rangers almost always defeated and beat back to Canada.

No ordered rank and measured tramp,
No restless flash of steel;
Nor the long line of dancing plumes,
And ringing trumpet-peal!
The soldiers of the wilderness,
A rough and hardy band,
In woodland garb, with woodland arms,
We guard this forest land.
'Tis ours to breathe the battle smoke,
To range the trackless wood,
To struggle with the howling storm,
And swim the lashing flood.
Deep in the gloomy forest,
Unseen by human eye,
We track the foe, we strike the blow,
And nameless all, we die.
The scarlet coat, the waving plume —
Good for the triumph day!
The hunter's frock, the cap of fur —
Good for the battle fray!
Gay warrior of England,
Idling the whole day long,
Drink and laugh and gaily dance,
And shout the camp-fire song.
In William Henry's sheltering walls
Enjoy thy mirth and cheer,
We guard the dangerous wilderness —
No danger can come near.
Yet do not deem that I complain;
Soldier, I would not change,
For thy safe and idle slavery,
My own free forest range.
I love the savage war-whoop,
And the whistling of the ball;
The woods, the rocks, the boiling streams,
I love them, one and all.
And yet thy memory is entwined
With thoughts of sore distress,
Of famine, grief, and danger,
And bitter weariness.
For the ranger's gun has echoed
From a thousand pathless mountains;
And the ranger's blood has stained with red
A thousand limpid fountains.
Some of our band lie wasting
In the dark noisome dell;
No friendly ear could their death-cries hear,
None lived their fate to tell.
On stern and wild Agiochook
The whitening bones are spread;
The fish of crystal Horicon
Are feeding on our dead.

The ravens of Oswego,
Slow settling on the plain,
Tear vainly at the sinewy limbs,
And soar away again.
Some have died by famine,
Some by the headlong fall,
Some by the wave, and some by frost,
Some by the foe's man's ball.
Among these wild green mountains,
And o'er this gentle flood,
In cold and heat, by day and night,
Have I in battle stood.
The sultry breath of August,
December's breezes bleak;
The sleet, the snow, the rushing rain,
Have beat upon my cheek:
And Nature, I have gazed on thee
In thy calmest, sweetest hour;
And I have seen thy frowning face
In all thy wrath and power:
Thy gentle smile, thy whispering voice,
Have ever a charm for me;
But I love as well thy lowering brow
Of angry majesty.
I love thee even 'mid winter's cold,
When trackless lies the snow,
And the boughs of the loaded fir-tree bend
Into the drifts below:
When in the sharp still evening
The sky is flushed with red,
And o'er the wide white wilderness
The crimson glow is shed;
And in the thickest forest
We heap the snow around,
And spread the boughs of evergreen
Upon the frozen ground.
And through the long dull night we hear,
On that cold couch reclined,
The music of the groaning ice,
The howling of the wind:
While high among the snowy trees
Swirls up the roaring blaze,
And the bright swarm of dancing sparks
Far in the darkness plays.
I lie and watch them wandering,
And gleaming wide and bright,
Like fire-flies by the orchard side,
On some soft summer night.
But how the blasts sweep moaning
O'er the solid lake below,
And scatter in the bright moonbeams
The glistening flakes of snow!

And in the tortured forest
The pine-trees tough and old
Crack sharply with a sudden sound,
As if rent with the biting cold.
Wo to the wretch who wanders lost
In the drear wood to-night!
Like the sculptor's chiselled marble
He'll be ere morning light.

But the fierce heats of August,
The pale sun's noontide blaze,
When each hot mountain slumbers
Dim in the sultry haze!
No song of bird, no rustling leaf,
No stirring of the breeze;
Nought but the drowsy hum of gnats,
Beneath the withering trees!
With the red sun's glare, the breathless air,
And the faint and pale-blue sky,
With the sleeping flood, and drooping wood,
The heart sinks languidly.
On yonder rich and verdant shore,
Where the swelling forests spread,
Glistening beneath the fiery rays
On the shrinking foliage shed,
I know a cool and limpid spring;
Its laughing waters gay
Steal rippling through the velvet grass,
Low murmuring on their way.
I could fling down my weary oar,
And lay me by its side,
Bathe my hot brow and swelling veins,
And watch the waters glide;
The cold and gushing waters,
The pebbles clear and white,
The maples and young linden trees
That shade them from the light!

Would, by that merry sparkling spring,
Beneath the fresh cool shade,
I might sit and hear the sweet low voice
Of Hampshire's blue-eyed maid!
Mark her heart's soft emotions,
By many a sigh confessed,
By the gleaming of her melting eye,
The swelling of her breast.
Then would I loathe the bugle-note,
And curse the battle cry,
And know no other joy on earth
Than soft tranquillity.
But let the poet muse and moan
In fancied desperation,
The tame voluptuary melt,
In selfish lamentation:
Man was made to toil and fight,
And not to dream and sigh,
And woman fires his failing heart
To deeds of gallantry.

Best I love the clear cool morn
Of the bright October day; [below
When the mountains glow, and the lake
Reflects the colors gay.
When the fresh woods are ringing
With the screaming of the jay;
When, through the ruddy maple leaves,
Pours the sun's crimsoned ray:
When the stiffened leaves are rustling,
And dropping from the trees,

And the dark blue water ripples
In the light morning breeze:
And far aloft against the sky
The mountain summits rear
Their black rocks, gay with leafy plumes,
In the sharp atmosphere.
Then, by the island's grassy bank,
I fling me on the ground,
And snuff the breezes, like a deer
That scents the distant bound.
'Tis then the fire of health and youth
Burns high in every breast,
And the wild zeal to dare and do,
And scorn of slothful rest.
'Tis then our thoughts are proudest;
The dearest joy we know,
Would be to hear the war-whoop ring,
To grapple with the foe.
The feelings of my earlier youth
I may recall again,
When I was a lonely wanderer
In the wild land of Spain.
And up the rough Sierra
By the faint moon I rode,
And the pale light, so softly bright,
Rock, gulf, and torrent showed.
I looked on her: it seemed to me
That I low sounds could hear,
As if the spirits of the rocks
Were whispering in my ear.
And strange vague thoughts came thronging,
Thickly and dreamily;
Thoughts of loves and battles
In ages long gone by.
O'er rock and stone my steed tramped on;
Wild chafed the haughty beast;
He champed the bit, he shook the rein,
And tossed his sable crest.
Mine was the youthful recklessness,
The high presumptuous soul,
Soaring elate, defying fate,
Disdaining self-control.
Thus up the steep and rocky path,
Careering carelessly,
Fearing nought and heeding nought,
Went my brave steed and I
And then a softening memory
Rose up within my breast,
Of that, of all things on the earth,
I've longest loved and best.
It was of dear New-England,
Her mountains and her woods,
Her savage rocks, her headlong streams,
Her pure and gentle floods.
And now, from wandering returned,
I've trod thy shore again,
Land barren of the corn and wine,
Fruitful of fearless men!
Blooming with bright-eyed laughing girls,
The lovely flowers that spring
Luxuriant from thy rocky soil,
A matchless offering!
And I have armed me in her cause
In this her day of wo,
Nor vainly fight to shield her right
Against her hated foe.
But how, in such a scene as this,
Can thoughts of slaughter rise?
The rich green hill, the waters still,
The pure and amber skies:

When Nature's sweet and powerful voice
 Whispers of peace and rest,
 And to a tranquil tenderness
 Would soothe the unquiet breast.
 Our toil and wo are well nigh done;
 Strain, comrades, at the oar!
 There lie the walls that shelter us,
 On yonder guarded shore.
 I see the frowning rampart,
 The rigid palisade,
 And slowly rolled in swelling fold,
 Old England's flag displayed.
 Hark to the rolling of the drum,
 And the gay trumpet-note,
 That, softened on the greedy ear,
 O'er the calm waters float!
 And see! and see! on yonder plain,
 The long and glittering line;
 The red coats glow in the evening rays,
 The bristling bayonets shine;
 How, 'twixt those shadowy western hills,
 Upon the bright array
 The sinking sun pours duski-ly
 His last departing ray!
 Where's the cold eye that would not glow,
 At yonder gallant sight!
 Where the tame heart that would not beat
 With a high and wild delight!
 I love that broad red banner,
 And the stately soldiery
Cambridge, Mass., June 25, 1845.

That bear it on through blood and smoke,
 Always triumphantly.
 Brave Briton, I could ever be
 A comrade by thy side
 Around the merry camp-fire,
 Or in the battle's tide:
 But I cannot brook thy haughty brow,
 Thy bearing proud and high;
 Thou'lt make a cold disdainful friend,
 But a gallant enemy!
 I have dreamed it, and I know it,
 The day is coming yet,
 When axe and rifle-butt shall clash
 With British bayonet!
 No more through dark and pathless woods
 We'll hunt the savage foe,
 Or track the flying Frenchman,
 By his foot-prints on the snow;
 But hand to hand, and steel to steel,
 On the broad open field,
 We'll try who blanches in the strife,
 Who shall be last to yield!
 And I have dreamed it in my sleep,
 How the bullets s'ormed like hail,
 And the red bristling ranks went down
 As wheat bends to the gale!
 As I have dreamed it in my sleep,
 That sight mine eyes shall see;
 And when that bloody morning comes,
 Right welcome shall it be!

CAPT. JONATHAN CARVER, JR.

HOUSEHOLD PHILOSOPHY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

EVERY THING has its Philosophy; from the elevated employment of observing the stars, to the humble occupation of sweeping the streets. We cannot do any thing, however common, nor talk on any subject, however simple, without intruding into mysteries the most sublime, and plunging into depths of science the most profound. Your simple housewife draws forth her flint and steel, and striking them over a layer of tinder, produces a fire, which ignites her match, where with she lights her candle. But how or why all this is, she knows not; nor dreams she that any one knows, or needs to know. She understands that flint and steel are for the purpose of striking fire; that rag was made to be burnt to tinder to take fire from the sparks, and that brimstone was sent to be made into matches! Can any one want to know more?

But now come lucifer and loco-foco matches, and what says she to these mysterious things which fire on being struck? They are as inscrutable to her as the cloud from whence comes the lightning and thunder! Nor are they less inscrutable to those who have been favored with the light of learning and science; for perhaps not one of our learned professors could explain the phenomena satisfactorily. The principal difference between the learned and the unlearned frequently consists in the unmeaning words of the one and the unknowing silence

of the other. The unlearned simply admit they 'don't know;' the learned elaborately prove it. Yet long ago, the Roman poet wrote,

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas;'

which being interpreted, means, 'It is pleasant to know the why and wherefore of a thing.' We therefore propose to investigate those matters of every-day occurrence, which are open and interesting to all; and if we can expatiate usefully and pleasantly on the various departments of household economy, happy shall we be.

But what is this Household Philosophy, of which we propose to treat? That science of a house and its economy, which tends to make us happy; for the end of all philosophy is happiness. But what is a house? The dwelling of a man. And what is a household? Those who dwell in the house; those whom the house doth hold. As those are householders, wherever there is man, the philosophy of them is the philosophy of man. In discoursing of the household, therefore, the family of man, and all that appertains to him, is ours. The civilized and barbarous, the learned and the rude; from monarchs unto slaves, from infancy to age, in every clime, man is our object, his happiness our aim.

But do we say, the dwelling of a man is a house? Then the hut of the negro, or the hole of the Lamoid, is a house, and they who dwell therein are the household; and there is philosophy in them! Most certainly! The progress of man in the house and its economy, has produced materials for a science, and therefore for a philosophy. He has drained and dried the marsh; fetched the granite from the mountain, and the marble from its bed; brought the oak and pine from the forest, delved into the earth, to work out fuel and the metals; blasted the lime and sand out of the rock, and dug the clay up from beneath. He has chiselled and polished the stone, shaped and beautified the wood, burned the sand into crystal, and conjured rainbow dyes out of the metals. Palaces, halls, and temples, have every where been erected as monuments of his skill and labor; and he stands up a rival, though a humble one, of the Great Architect! Man buildeth his house!

Every part of this dwelling hath its philosophy. There is a wisdom requisite for each department, from the priestess that oraculates at the household altar, to the domestic that officiates in its humblest offices. There is a philosophy, which is as necessary to the well doing of each as to the well being of the whole. 'There is reason (as Falstaff hath it) in the roasting of an egg.'

Let us enter the parlor, and after saluting 'our most kind hostess,' discourse awhile on the philosophy of the house. And what means the word 'parlor?' The place wherein we speak or converse. Many a conversation have we had in our own dear little parlor, with its neat carpet and rug, two comfortable mahogany arm-chairs, with six others to match, as the catalogues have it; a horse-hair sofa, loo-table, with oil-cloth cover, some book-shelves on each side, with our favorite authors; a portrait of ourself over the mantel-piece; and shining over all, if the weather be cool, the bright and blazing fire and sinumbra lamp.

And what should the parlor be? The room wherein we sit at ease, and see our friends without restraint! Avaunt therefore all mere display and ostentation! Away with all furniture that spoils with being used? Hence, all *mere* embellishment and decoration! We want a place for the exchange of thought, not compliment; for entertaining cultivated minds, not merely ornamental ones; for enjoyment, not for admiration; for happiness, and not mere pleasure! The delicate-colored carpet, the *noli me tangere*, or 'touch-me-not' curtains, the satin-covered chair and embroidered couch, have no place in the parlor! The solid sofa, the comfortable chair, the plain warm carpet and curtains, and the fire-place that sendeth forth its heat and light, are the requisites for the parlor.

The physical conditions of our life are the base of our metaphysical being, hence the necessity for some farther examination of the physics of the parlor. Let us discourse awhile, therefore, on the space, the warmth, the light, and the ventilation of it.

There is a certain connexion between space and feeling, space and sentiment, which irresistibly exists in nature. The boundless prospect excites discursiveness, which is inimical to conversation. Extensiveness educes observation, whereby we gain ideas; limitedness causes reflection, whereby we examine and compare them. Lovers and friends make not appointments on the mountain top, but in the sequestered bower or secret closet. To have the thoughts contracted, we must have the view bounded. What a mighty power hath the narrow cell of a prison to induce reflection! Who has not felt the power of meditation immeasurably increased on retiring to his closet? The parlor must be small; if the Muses and the Graces can be entertained, it is sufficient — and be sure to invite them!

Can any one converse, unless he be warm? Does not coldness check the flow of ideas, as certainly as a frost checks the flow of the sap? Observe the difference between the outside and inside of a stage-coach, in cold weather. Outside, the passengers are entirely occupied with keeping themselves warm, or benumbed and dumb with cold. Inside, although they are strangers, they unbutton their coats, and unbosom their thoughts and feelings; and the affairs of life are discussed with a closeness and point that are rarely found elsewhere. Your parlor must be warm, and to insure this, if you have the building of it, let your door and chimney be on the same side. Then the temperature of your room will be regular and equal.

Has not the moon more lovers at her shrine than the sun? Has radiant morn the crowd of worshippers that kneel to shadowy evening? Even so a strong and glaring light attenuates and disperses the thought and feeling of the mind; whereas a mild and gentle light strengthens the thought and concentrates the feeling; adding to their force, and giving to them beauty. The cheerful yet chastened light of a fire is better than the glare of many lamps and lights. Imagine yourself in the blazing rays of an oxyhydrogen microscope attempting to reflect or converse! Let the countenance of the party be visible, so as to show their expression, and the less of light the better.

And now for ventilation. We live by respiration, and need fresh

air every moment. A taper in a closed bottle expires ; even so does a man expire in a close room. We exhale continually, as a poison from our lungs, a vapor, which the vegetables drink in as the water of life. Let your door be opened occasionally to change the air, and your blood will be vitalized, your brain invigorated, your thoughts brightened, and your feelings elevated.

How can your close and pestiferous alleys, your crowded and suffocating cellars and garrets, your infested and pestilent work-shops, have moral and spiritual tenants ? You may screw work and wring rent out of them ; but so you might from as many oxen and swine. Art thou content, thou money-gatherer — thou owner of courts and alleys ? Then we know thy nature. It is akin to the dirt, 'in the possession of which,' as Hamlet hath it, 'some are spacious.'

But in our 'parlor,' of what shall we converse ? Of any thing which concerns us. And what concerns us not ? The properties of matter and qualities of mind ; the revolutions of stars and eccentricities of comets, the formation of mountains, and ebb and flow of the sea ; the dews of heaven, and the fountains of earth — are of our familiar thoughts ! Shall we talk of good and of evil, and of their origin ? Certainly ! though we get no nearer to the solution of the problem than we get to the sun by our revolution round it. But may we not be perplexed by not finding our way out of the maze ? What have we to be perplexed about ? We have not been ordered to find our way out, and we can live and die very comfortably in it.

But shall we admit politics ? Why not ? They are the laws and customs of a place, and all laws and customs and places are ours. Of what party shall we be ? Of that which contains all mankind ! Let us have liberty withal, as ample as space ; no bounds, but those of Nature. And what shall be our creed ? Even that which we believe. Be not alarmed at the statement. All men believe something which is not proved, and disbelieve something which is.

It is the lot of humanity to err, and therefore to differ in judgment. On this basis do we build our fabric of conversation. We bring our different opinions on the same thing, and compare them. If we knew every thing rightly, our conversation would be at an end. The priest of infallibility does not converse ; he dilates. He does not deduce, but pronounces. Imagine yourself to have arrived at the utmost extent of knowledge ; and with your present nature, how unutterably miserable would you be ! Though ignorance be not bliss, yet to discover knowledge, is. Be content, nay, be thankful, that you cannot know every thing in your life. The mental horizon which limits our knowledge is as beautiful and useful as the physical horizon which bounds our view. Both are circles which heaven hath drawn around us, and smileth upon.

And now, open your heart and lips, and pour out your thoughts and feelings. Be not ashamed of your ignorance ; all men are afflicted with this disorder. Be not distressed that others are not so bad as yourself ; that is matter of rejoicing ; and there are many so much worse than you are, that they look upon you as 'whole every whit.' Begin, as in business, with the first comer or customer. Deal as well

as you are able with him, and he will come again. Turn not away from him because he comes with the smallest copper coin current. It has the image and superscription of Cesar. It is real money. Take it, and turn it over; it has its profit; and your customer will come again some other day, bringing silver and gold in his hand.

You are full of thought! speak! Some one has thought like unto or different from you. Commune with your neighbor. Exchange. We are for 'free trade' in thought, if not in every thing. May be you have a poetic thought divine in your soul. Let the oracle be heard! There is no vein of ore so rich as that of your own soul. Expend your wealth and strength upon it! Your profit is certain. You will find gold of the finest quality, gems of the first water, and diamonds of the rarest carat. Therefore, work on!

J. H. S.

B E L I E V E I T.

I.

If thy heart whispers that I love thee still,
Yet living on a memory of the past,
Or that mine eyes with tender tear-drops fill,
As o'er Hope's vanished page my glance is cast;
That oft thy name is blended with my prayer,
Thine image mingled with the morning's light,
And sleep, that drowns all waking dreams of care,
But waits thy softened shadow to my sight —
Believe it.

II.

If when thou dost recall that vine-clad grove,
The moonbeams filled with checkered light and shading,
Where first we breathed our trembling vows of love,
And lingered till the stars' soft ray's were fading;
Thy fancy paints me wandering sad and slow,
Through those dim paths that once thy footstep pressed
With deep regrets and sighs of lonely wo,
That find no echo in thine altered breast —
Believe it.

III.

Though when we meet, I school my downcast eye
And faltering lip to speak a careless greeting,
Or 'mid the crowd in silence pass thee by,
Lest I betray my heart's unquiet beating;
'T is that no eye save thine shall ever see
My soul gush forth in yearning to thine own,
Or coldly trace the feelings felt for thee,
And read the love revealed in look and tone :
Believe it.

IV.

Wronged by thine anger, prized perchance no more,
From me undying thought thou canst not sever;
Still may I trust to meet thee on that shore
Where pure affection lights the soul forever :
Though earthly hope in meekness I resign,
E'en while my heart's full tenderness revealing,
Remember, if one doubt arise in thine,
These words of truth in bitter tears I'm sealing :
Believe it!

The paging is wrong from p. 152 to the end of the book.

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER FIVE.

I REMAINED in London but four days; and each successive day brought a change in my feelings. The salutary impulse given to my spirit by the scenes I had witnessed in parliament, soon yielded to my old disease. The sight of the crowd, the bustle, and noise, and tumult of the metropolis wearied me, for after the first excitement was over, my mind was ill at ease. Have you not, reader, at different periods in your life, felt a sense of misery steal over you, without being able to account for it? Have you never awaked in the morning, feeling an unhappy sensation at your heart—a sort of half-smothered pang—which you could not shake off, but which you could not explain? I do not now stop to examine the cause of feelings which the experience of most will at once recognize. I have at present to do simply with narrative, reserving such reflections for a future chapter. I was now every way unhappy. It seemed as if the elastic spring of childhood had resisted and resisted the insidious approach of the fiend, until no elasticity remained. If therefore I ceased to feel as acutely, I also suffered less acutely; but so much greater the danger that my disease should pass the limit of recovery. Prayer was no relief to me—so I ceased to pray altogether! *Yet I was only sixteen!* I felt many years older; and my frame, owing to the vigorous exercise to which I had subjected it, was already well developed. I was tall, well formed; and as I before remarked, athletic; yet the mental anxiety which I had endured gave a thoughtful expression to my countenance, quite at variance with my natural buoyancy of feeling. I say that I had ceased to pray. But I could not ‘give up my hold upon things sacred’ without remorse, while I felt that I was only more miserable by thus putting off the evil day. It appeared that nothing remained for me but to lay hold of the world, and give myself up to it; not in wickedness, nor in excess, but ‘till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life!’ The world seemed to enjoy; that is, if one could bring it to pass, and I resolved to try.

I had begun to answer my old question about ‘*the what and the why.*’ Yet the answer gave me no satisfaction. Enjoyment? pleasure? gratification? The sound was an empty one; yet I determined to listen to it. Within five days I was thus metamorphosed. Three separate incidents had thrilled my soul, and were all working together; Emilie, the spectacle in the House of Lords, and those fearful words of Holy Writ. Although the last seemed to have lost their effect upon me, they were perhaps in reality more powerful than either of the former. A vague ambition to ‘*know the known*’ was kindled by my visit to Westminster, but this soon yielded an equal place to the recollection

of the young French girl. But all three, considered as mere incidents, were shortly banished, although all exercised a latent but powerful influence over my coming destiny.

Four days I had been in London. The fifth saw me on my route toward Scotland. Though miserable enough, I was determined. What there might be of happiness in the world, I was resolved to know; and I threw myself, without farther thought, upon the trial. I reached Edinburgh in safety. This was my first visit to Scotland, and I stopped two or three days to view the interesting objects within the town. I proceeded next to Glasgow and Stirling. As I advanced into the Highlands, my admiration gradually increased at the wonders of nature which I beheld on all sides. The lofty mountains, the deep and dark glens, relieved often by delightful valleys, produced an impression of grandeur never before excited in my breast. The beautiful lochs enclosed within the recesses of the mountains, crowned with every variety of verdure, had the effect of enchantment upon my enthusiastic mind. How I gloried in that Highland tour! Oh, nature! nature! In thy deep solitude, what heart of man can think an evil thought? — what imagination can conceive a sinful idea?

I had reached Inverary, a small neat town near the head of Loch Fyne, the capital of the Western Highlands. This brought me near the end of my journey; for Glencoe, the seat of the Earl of Venachoir, was situated in the beautiful valley of that name, about thirty miles distant from Inverary. Here I determined to take to horse. I procured a strong and serviceable, but not very fleet nag, and refusing the aid offered me by mine host of the 'Three Herons,' of a stout, sandy-haired, bandy-legged urchin, called Swankie Benjie, to act as guide, I departed, after many injunctions that 'I maun gang the right gate, or mickle waur wid it be for me.' As I was particular to take minute directions about my course, I felt that I had a pretty good knowledge of the route, and was therefore the more independent in my solitude. Leaving the town, I struck at once into a part of the Highlands still more grand and impressive than any thing I had yet beheld. As I advanced, new and unexpected objects presented themselves. Now, as I climbed the side of a mountain, there would suddenly burst upon my view a silvery sheet of water, full of picturesque beauty, reposing quiescent and unruffled in the very heart of the old hills. On this side, the rocks were piled upon each other, forming precipices which it was frightful to behold; deep chasms or ravines lay far below me, at the bottom of which flowed small streams of water; these, after winding and turning around the bed of the mountain, found their way into some loch or river. Again I would emerge into a long valley, diversified with fine wood and rich pasture, equal in beauty and fertility to any region I had ever beheld. The air was cool and bracing; and as I spurred on my horse, my heart beat full within me once more, and I felt what support real solitude, *Nature's solitude*, could bring to the soul.

As the day wore away, I approached Glencoe. The spot was famed for its picturesque beauty, and was surrounded by all that was grand and majestic in scenery. The sun was just melting away into the small but beautiful loch in the vale of Glencoe, when I came in sight of

the castle. It was a fine antique pile, situated at the head of the loch, and commanded a full view of the delightful valley beyond ; while on either side a range of lofty mountains extending beyond the view, cast their dark shadows far across the vale, and gave to the scene an air of gloomy magnificence. I pushed on with what speed I could ; and spurring my horse into something between a pace and a gallop, I soon reached the entrance to the park which surrounded the mansion. The ponderous gate stood open, as if to invite the traveller to enter. A small but strongly-built tower stood on each side, commanding the entrance, and the road wound through the grounds, turning in every direction before it reached the castle. The walk I had just entered bore frequent marks of horses' hoofs, fresh cut into the gravel ; and as I proceeded, I heard sounds of laughter and frolic, at no great distance, while the thick foliage by which I was surrounded prevented a view of the merry-makers. In a moment, however, I emerged from the thick seclusion of the wood, and came in sight of the castle, which was directly before me. Around the portico were gathered a company, of both sexes, on horseback, apparently just returning from an excursion. I felt the awkwardness of my situation ; travel-worn as I appeared, upon a dull horse, which was now still less a horse from his day's labor. But there was no alternative, so I pushed on. My pride was always my protector. Although a weakness in my character, it supplied the place of a severer virtue. My approach was not unobserved ; and as soon as I came near enough to be recognized, one of the party dashed forward, galloped rapidly up to me, and exclaimed :

'Cousin William ! upon my word, you have come at last ! Welcome to Glencoe !'

'Thank you, thank you, dear Hubert,' said I ; 'I am right glad to get here, I assure you. Let me tell you in advance how I worship the Highlands. What a glorious country ! — what —'

'Stay !' said Hubert, interrupting me, 'till you and I have had a grand hunt over ledge and rock, through the moor and across the mountain, glen, and morass. None of your gentle park-hunting, such as you find among the woods of Warwickshire ! Wait till we have had a hunt, such as I call a hunt, and then admire as much as you like. But come (for we had not advanced a step) come ; yon group will think I am keeping you all to myself. We have this moment returned from a ride of four hours ; you have come just in time, for we are all as hungry as wolves, and you will be none the worse for breaking your fast, which I dare say has lasted since the morning. So come on.'

'Not just in *this* plight ; look at my horse !' said I, throwing myself off, and pointing to the animal, which now exhibited decided signs of the discipline I had subjected it to. 'Excuse me for not venturing into your company under too many advantages.'

Hubert burst out laughing at the appeal, but immediately dismounted. 'Well, you shall have your own way,' said he ; 'Charlie will see to the nags. Now come along.' And thrusting his arm within mine, we proceeded to the mansion. 'Pray, tell me,' I asked, 'before we get any nearer, who you have there.' 'Nobody,' replied Hubert, with some nonchalance ; just our own family and a friend or so.'

'Your family, then, have marvellously increased of late. You have two sisters and a brother; but there are some half dozen mounted.'

'Well then, Mr. Englishman, if you must know, the young man in front is the young Laird of Glenross; the lady mounted on the gray nag, is his sister; they have only joined us for the ride. The young man behind them, whose face you cannot see, is a forty-fifth cousin of yours and mine, at least my father says so. He is from foreign parts, I believe, has spent nearly a week with us, and will stay as much longer as he pleases. My sisters and my brother Frank you know without an introduction.'

The party dismounted as we approached. My cousin Frank, who had visited Bertold Castle, came forward, and again I was welcomed to Glencoe; while his sisters advanced and greeted me with the greatest cordiality. I was then formally presented to the young Laird of Glenross and to his sister. There remained but the 'forty-fifth cousin' to be disposed of: he had lingered behind the rest, apparently giving some orders to his servant, so that I had not as yet caught a glimpse of his features. But as Frank called out his name, he approached, and lo! my old stage-coach acquaintance from Warwick, the foreign-looking stranger, stood before me. I was taken by surprise, but I was not confused. My fellow-traveller, on the contrary, seemed aware, in advance, of my presence, having no doubt recognized me at my first approach. He nevertheless appeared under some restraint, but which he endeavored to conceal by assuming an openness of manner quite at variance with what I believed to be his real character.

'Count Vautre, this is my cousin, William Henry St. Leger,' said Frank. 'St. Leger, Count Vautre!'

The Count bowed politely, or rather with assumed politeness, and was the first to speak.

'I think we have met before,' said he, attempting something like good humor, while a half-malevolent smile struggled for expression on his features; 'and if I owe you an apology, I will make haste to tender it, pleading for an excuse my ignorance of the masquerade coach-dress, and supposing, from your familiarity with the whip, that you were some near friend of his, especially as you stopped at the quarters he recommended.'

'I accept your apology,' replied I, in a similar tone, 'with the same readiness that I allow your excuse, so let the matter be put at rest. If I discussed ethical subjects with Old Walter, or passed a night at the 'Hen and Chickens,' it has neither lowered my standard of morality nor weakened my self-respect.'

Farther speech was interrupted by the appearance of the Earl of Venachoir and Lady, who received me with warm greetings, and extended to me the proffers of true Scottish hospitality. Without more ado we entered the mansion, when I obtained leave to retire a few moments to adjust my dress, previous to appearing in the dining-hall. This done, I hastened down and joined the company, who were just ready to set down to a most bountiful repast. I need not describe the entertainment. It is enough to say that it was just such an one as your proper sportsman loves to sit down to, where a preference is de-

cidedly given to the 'substantials,' and which would most positively delight the appetite of the traveller sharpened by hard riding, long fasting, and lean fare.

The meal was a cheerful one, and lasted well into the evening. Indeed, I did not wait to sit out the conclusion, claiming the privilege of a weary man, to retire early. Accordingly when the ladies left the hall, and the young Laird of Glenross announced that he must depart, adding, by way of apology, that his sister was under his protection, I also took leave, and found my way to my apartment. This was a moderate-sized room in a wing adjoining the north-west part of the castle, connected with the main building by a long corridor, or hall, and was evidently of modern construction. This room on one side looked out over the silvery loch upon which the castle was built, and on the other, the high range of mountains frowned fearfully down. I threw open the casement and let the air have free passage through the apartment. My breast was full of singular emotions; my ideas were confused, my brain troubled. 'Count Vautrey—Count Vautrey,' repeated I; 'the name is familiar to me; a distant relative, too!' But soliloquizing on the subject brought me no nearer the solution; yet the name seemed to awaken a train of associations, confused and indistinct, to be sure, but which nevertheless carried me back to my early infancy, and then running still farther on, became lost in that unremembered world of fresh images, fresh ideas, and fresh wonders—the *first days of human life*. Feeling thus, I retired to rest, and after wearying myself in vain by endeavoring to become satisfied of something, I at length sank into a sound slumber.

CHAPTER SIX.

FRANCIS MONCRIEFF, Earl of Venachoir, was a nobleman of ancient lineage, and one of the most distinguished men in Scotland. He was full cousin to my mother (her own and the Earl's mother were sisters,) and in consequence of their having no other cousin, the relationship between them was the more cherished; so that their children were taught to regard each other as near kinsfolk. The Earl was about fifty years of age. He had a noble and commanding figure, and a face expressive of firmness and decision; and his ample forehead betokened a thoughtful and benevolent character. He was beside known throughout the country for his prudence and his integrity. Ever firm in his adherence to his king, his mild and liberal views, added to his extensive influence, had done much to conciliate those of his countrymen who had engaged in an unhappy and fruitless contest against the crown. He stood high in the esteem of his sovereign and of the court, and was respected as well as feared by the most audacious Cateran. The Countess, his wife, was the daughter of the Duke of Argyle, and in her youth was famed far and near for every attraction of her sex. She had been educated in France, and it was in that country that the Earl, then Francis Moncrieff, met by chance the haughty daughter of Argyle. Whether the foundation was there laid for his future successful suit, I cannot say; but certain it is, the lady frowned upon every

lover until young Moncrieff appeared, and he was never known to pay his devoirs to any save his future bride. She was about five summers younger than the Earl, and did the honors of his castle with a grace I had never seen excelled.

Of the children, Francis was the eldest. He had only passed his majority by a year or two. He inherited the sedate and dignified manner of his father, and at an early age was called by the rest of the family 'the young philosopher.' He was uniformly courteous, and although living in a country where it was difficult always to sustain such a character, he did nevertheless preserve it. Margaret, the next youngest, was nineteen. She had grown up, elegant, sensible and unaffected, without the romantic notions which one would suppose a young lady might imbibe in the Highlands. There was a quiet reserve in her manner, which might be mistaken for *hauteur*, but a farther acquaintance would convince one of the error. Her education was received at home; the Earl and Countess being both of opinion that the fashion in Scotland of sending the youth upon the Continent for their mental training was prejudicial to the interests of the United Kingdom, as they were sure to imbibe strong prejudices against England, which it was all important should now be put at rest. My cousin Margaret possessed a mind of no ordinary cast. She was neither carried away by the circumstances of her high birth, nor elated at what too often excites the female heart, the constant adulation of the other sex, and as I have said, possessed too much sense to be spoiled by flattery or led away by mere show and tinsel. Hubert came next in age, being something more than a year older than myself. He was a daring, headstrong youth, alike fearless on every occasion, and with all the courage and hardihood of a true highland chief. I always loved Hubert as a brother. Not a shadow of selfishness ever crossed his soul. Open, straight-forward, and resolute, he scorned an intriguing, crafty spirit. Passionate perhaps he might be termed; but if in error, none so soon as he to acknowledge his fault. He was short and muscular, his forehead was broad and expansive, and profusely covered with light brown hair.

Ella, the youngest of the four, was a perfect fairy. She was nearly sixteen, just old enough to be very romantic, and to be beside very full of fun and frolic. She had good sense, too; but as she was situated, did not find it always necessary to tax this somewhat praiseworthy characteristic. She bade fair to be a great beauty and a great wit; and in the incipient exercise of her vocation, she manifested so much real kindness of heart, that in spite of petty caprices and a mischief-loving spirit, she was a general favorite with all who visited the castle.

The reader has now an idea of the family in which for a short season I was to be domesticated. It should be remembered that I speak of them as they were in their social intercourse at home. The world might have formed a very different opinion in many respects; for the Venachoir was of a haughty lineage as well as noble, else one of the house could never have mated with a daughter of Mac-Callum More. How much the world would have been mistaken in the estimate, I leave to those to determine who have so often felt the injustice of its censure and the shallowness of its praise.

I was awakened the next morning by a loud knocking at my door, which was continued without intermission until I was fain to shout out that I was neither asleep nor deaf, and to demand what was wanting.

'Thanks for a response at last!' exclaimed a voice which I knew to be Hubert's. 'Here I have been making a tumult for at least five minutes, and not one word could I get from you. I was going to take a run across the glen after moor-fowl, and if you care to go along, we have no time to lose. The sun will soon be peeping over Ben Cruachan, and then it will be too late!'

'I will not detain you three minutes,' exclaimed I; and hurrying on my dress without ceremony, I proceeded to join Hubert in the courtyard, whom I found ready and almost impatient at my delay.

'Good morning,' said he; 'You have rested well, I hope, and are ready for a little ramble before yon sluggards are out of their beds. Excuse my rousing you, but I knew you would like the excursion.'

We mounted our nags forthwith, attended by Christie, an old huntsman, who enjoyed the sport with a keen relish, and a small boy to take care of the horses when we should dismount. We had some half-dozen miles to ride before reaching the glen, but I was perfectly recovered from the fatigue of the previous day, and felt invigorated by the fresh breath of the morning. Would that I could describe the glories of early dawn in the highlands! The bracing atmosphere, so pure, so invigorating; the awful silence of the old hills, and the stillness of the valley; the beauty of the ever-varying scenery, now more beautiful in its repose; all these can never be adequately described, even when they are realized. We rode on for a time in high glee, putting our horses to the jump, and then checking them into a slower pace. As we turned down a rugged path, which brought us close up to each other, I leaned over toward my cousin, and said:

'Hubert, pardon my abruptness, but pray tell me who *is* that Count Vautrety?'

'I sometimes think,' responded Hubert, slowly, 'that he is the devil. If I am mistaken, I beg pardon of the Evil One.'

'No jesting, I beg of you, because I am concerned to know,' I replied. 'Tell me what you meant by saying he was our forty-fifth cousin, and what does he at Glencoe, and how can he claim your hospitality?'

'A pretty set of questions I am to answer this morning, and all to be done fasting!' quoth Hubert. 'I detest genealogy, so you must apply to Margaret. You know there is a French cross in our line far back; Heaven send us no more specimens of it! What he does at Glencoe you will soon see for yourself. I cannot discover that he does any thing except talk nonsense to Ella, when the girl will listen to him, and that is far too often, and hold secret confabs with that treacherous-looking wretch, his servant, whose pate I fear I am doomed to break if he stays much longer. Why he claims our hospitality, I know not. On that point I must refer you to my respected father, if you choose to question him.'

'But why do you speak so strongly against him,' continued I, 'if you know so little about him?'

'Cousin William,' was the answer, 'you want to probe me, when

I have said all I can say. You detest this Count Vautre — I know you do. I see it in your manner; I saw it last evening. It seems you have met — casually met; and you cannot bear the sight of him. Can you give a reason for this? Neither can I give any,' he added, seeing I remained silent, 'for my own determined dislike. But here we are at the glen; and now for the sport!'

We returned to the castle to a rather late breakfast, but with the zest and spirits of successful sportsmen. The delightful change of situation, and the bracing exercise of highland life, told at the outset upon my mind. Hope was again in the ascendant.

T H E T W O S T A R S : A P A R A B L E .

I.

THERE'S a star on the brow of heaven,
And a star in the deep blue sea;
And the one is streaming downward,
But the other mounts gallantly.

II.

Soundeth the hour of midnight!
But I will not slumber yet;
I'll watch o'er the moving waters,
Till those two stars have met.

III.

For Earth and her works are ever
Revealing truths sublime:
And here I read a parable
Of unrecorded time.

IV.

One star I deem an angel,
The other wears earthly face;
They're gazing on each other,
And longing to embrace!

V.

The star below is writhing
In the waters' restless strife,
Like an earthly spirit struggling
With the bitter storms of life.

VI.

But the angel calms the waters,
With smiles from its peaceful eye;
And the earth-born soul, grown stronger,
Climbs upward cheerfully.

VII.

'Tis even thus in sorrow,
Men strive for the Spirit-Land;
While heaven is dropping angels,
To take them by the hand.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE 'BOTANICAL TEXT-BOOK' FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE STUDENTS : comprising Part I., an Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany : Part II., the Principle of Systematic Botany, with an account of the chief Natural Families of the Vegetable Kingdom, and notices of the principal useful plants. Second edition : illustrated by more than a thousand engravings on wood. By ASA GRAY, M. D., Fisher Professor in Harvard University. In one volume, 12mo. pp. 509. New-York : WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE hail with pleasure the publication of a new edition of Dr. GRAY's Botanical Text-Book ; since we are assured by the rapid sale of the first impression, issued two years ago, that it has imparted to thousands the same delight we have ourselves derived from it, and diffused through our country a more accurate knowledge of the physiology of vegetation. This book has been the means of bringing out, in many minds, a love for the science of botany which lay dormant, through ignorance of the peculiar and perfect organization of the vegetable world ; and to those who had before discovered that this oft-reviled science was not a mere vocabulary of hard names, it exhibited new truths in a pleasing manner, deepening their admiration of the Wisdom which planned, and the Love which executed, the beautiful structure of the meanest flower beneath their feet. The second edition of this valuable work supplies the desire for more knowledge which the first created ; for the learned Professor, imitating the example of his friends in the vegetable world, has not been idle, but meanwhile, accumulated a rich mass of facts, which, at length digested and condensed, appear before us in the shape of two hundred pages of entirely new matter.

How many of the wise and learned 'trample on the flowery meads,' to quote the language of the world-renowned LINNÆUS, 'like grazing cattle,' and even look with wonder, and something near akin to pity, upon those who speak with enthusiasm about a humble plant ; but during the last few years the science of botany has made such astonishing progress, and such new facts are every day coming to light, that we may well hope that sneers at the puerility of the subject will soon be entirely hushed. Botany, in the new stand it has taken, seems adapted to every order of mind ; in it the practical man finds his own experience confirmed, and ample facts to assist him in the cultivation of the earth. The chemist can regard the constituent parts of plants, and try with his skill to equal nature, in changing starch into sugar, and sugar into woody fibre. The mathematician can descend from the upper stars to those 'in the firmament of earth' to contemplate the facility with which the eighty thousand described species are reducible to the normal flower ; and as for a theologian utterly unacquainted with plants we will only reiterate the words of LINNÆUS, who considered such an one unfit for his sacred functions. The lovers of the infinitesimal may find a corner of the science graded to their eyes, in the beautiful infusory plants, and the millions upon millions of minute seeds of fungi which are found in the space of a square inch. Here too the philosophical and the imaginative can meet ; for vegetable metamorphoses, so long considered a fiction of the poets, have appeared in the march of learning to be an inherent tendency of plants. The name of GOETHE, who wrote a scientific treatise upon the subject, seemed to sanction the precon-

ceived notion of an allegory, as this really learned essay was termed by the savans of the time when it appeared; but whoever has read his admirable chapters on the transformation of plants, will perceive that they are written from actual observation, and that the mighty intellect of the poet analyzed the workings of the vegetable world as well as the hidden machinery of the human mind. Indeed, so perfectly had he formed his theory from transformations of the rose and pink which he had witnessed, that he concluded the peduncles of the linden would be liable to revert to leaves: this, however, he could not substantiate from his own observation, but our experience has confirmed his supposition.

The effect which is produced on even a disordered mind by the contemplation of the vegetable world, may be aptly illustrated by an incident in the life of MUNGO PARK. In one of his journeys in Africa, this celebrated man was seized by a band of robbers; and left nearly destitute of clothing (in the depth of the rainy season) in a gloomy wilderness, surrounded by ferocious animals, and men still more savage; just as he was nearly overpowered by a sense of his situation, the beauty of the fructification of a small moss struck his eye; for though the whole plant was not larger than one of his fingers, yet he could not regard the delicate formation of its roots, leaves and capsules without feelings of heartfelt admiration. 'Can that BEING,' thought he, 'who planted, watered and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of such small importance, look with unconcern on the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after HIS own image? Surely not!' Reflections like these forbade him to despair; he started up, and disregarding hunger, danger and fatigue, travelled forward with fresh vigor and cheerfulness, and soon found relief.

It has been beautifully as well as truthfully said, that 'the soul which is most familiar with the CREATOR in HIS works will be always the most ready to recognize HIM in HIS word.' The most profound naturalists who have lived, have left behind them testimony to the truth of this remark. LINNÆUS regarded the beautiful forms and colors that embellish the vegetable world, as splendid works of the Divine Majesty: he was very familiar with the Scriptures, and quoted them constantly. CLAYTON said he could not look upon a flower without seeing a display of infinite goodness and contrivance: he thought it impossible for a botanist to be an Atheist.

JOHN BARTHAM, the year of his death, engraved on a stone in the wall over the door of his apartment the following distich with his own hands:

'Tis GOD alone, th' Almighty LORD,
The HOLY ONE by me adored.'

While many studies tend to exalt the understanding at the expense of the heart, eminent naturalists seem ever to have been distinguished for their entire abandonment of self, and freedom from egotism, from SOLOMON the first on record to the Fisher-Professor, of whom the words of KIRKE WHITE are a fitting portrait, and to which all the admirers of the beautiful in humanity will cheerfully subscribe:

— 'I WOULD walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand
Who in the blaze of wisdom and of art
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his GOD,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity.'

The chapters in the Text-Book on the food and digestion of plants contain much interesting matter, the result of scientific researches within the last few years. The mineral and gaseous properties that make up the bulk of plants, are so plainly proved and so clearly presented to the view, that he who runs may read. Our limits will only permit us to make a few extracts from this pleasing department. We cannot but be struck, in the case of the Oregon pine mentioned in a late number of the North-American Review, with the singular coincidence between the quantity of oxygen that tree gave out, and that

requisite to support animal life. Year by year it supplied this life-sustaining gas to the atmosphere, just at the rate at which a single man would consume it. We were forcibly reminded of a popular superstition prevailing in some of our country towns, that if a man cuts down a green and flourishing tree, some member of his family will die soon after. This feeling was turned to good account by a friend of ours, who one day passing by the former residence of a judge, famous in the last century, but which at his death had gone out of the family, seeing the owner of the place commencing, axe in hand, to attack a fine elm directly in front of the mansion, (which with several beautiful firs had been placed there by the lamented statesman himself,) approached the man and asked him in a solemn tone, if he had never heard that to mutilate a vigorous tree would bring ill luck to his house, and that if he persisted in felling it, some of his family would certainly die during the following year. The man, an uneducated and superstitious farmer, with dismayed countenance threw down his hatchet, solemnly protesting that the trees should all be permitted to stand. Happy would it be for the lovers of *orgylian* shade in our villages, if this harmless superstition could stay the sacrilegious hands so often raised against their leafy glories.

Whoever studies this book attentively will find in it much to controvert the theory of spontaneous vegetation. The causes and uses of a rotation of crops in nature, as well as cultivation, are shown in the following passages :

'THE alkaline and earthy matters which form the inorganic constituents of plants, are furnished by the soil; from which each species takes up, or rather retains, various materials in very different proportions, according to its nature and constitution. The ashes of different species, which have grown in the same soil, contain either different substances, or the same substances in very unlike proportions. Thus, if a bean, a pea, and a grain of wheat, be grown side by side, the stem of the latter will be found to contain a considerable quantity of silice (nearly three-tenths of its ashes consisting of that substance;) that of the pea a very small proportion (twenty-two hundredths of one per cent. ;) and that of the bean only one-fourth of the quantity found in the pea, or one-thirteenth of that contained in wheat-straw. These three plants accordingly abstract alkali, as well as silice from the ground in very different proportions. If they be allowed to produce fruit and ripen their seeds, the latter will be found to contain, in the wheat, a considerable quantity of phosphate of magnesia, etc.; but in the bean and pea scarcely any. It is therefore apparent that while a crop of wheat robs the soil of certain alkaline and other inorganic matters necessary to its proper growth, peas and beans leave these substances almost untouched. This explains the utility of the latter as fallow crops, since they add to the land a portion of the carbonaceous matter they have derived chiefly from the air, while they scarcely diminish its alkalies and phosphates, which are required for the succeeding wheat crop. . . . It being therefore indispensable that a plant should find in the soil the mineral matters necessary to its growth, or perfect development, we are enabled to understand why various species will only flourish in particular soils and situations.'

To this cause, and the vitality of seeds, is to be attributed the succession of vegetation we see in nature, which has erroneously given rise to the theory of spontaneous generation: the phenomenon of pines succeeding oaks can be easily accounted for, by regarding the component parts of their structure. The soil, exhausted by the hard-wood growth, does not contain the proper substances to produce food for the same species; the pine, the ashes of which contain but very little alkali, prefer a sterile soil, and flourish in it; their seeds, which were hidden in the ground, spring up and grow, while the acorns which have fallen from their parent oaks, even should they germinate, would soon be outstripped in the race, and finally starved; yet some of the heirs, letting their title rest quietly in abeyance, will, when decay seizes upon the usurpers of their inheritance, or a friendly hand with fire performs the office more speedily, by the wealth accumulated by their industry shoot up and grow vigorously; and were we believers in Dr. MARSH's theory of a vegetable soul, we might suppose the smoking trunks of the burning pines to express with little alteration the sentiment of old DOWLAS in the play: 'What! have we only been all this time the oak's warming-pan?'

The author of the 'Vestiges of Creation' brings forward the following fact as proof of progressive vegetation:

'WHEN for instance lime laid down upon a piece of waste moss-ground, and a crop of white clover, for which no seeds were sown is the consequence, the explanation that the seeds have been dormant there for an unknown time, and were stimulated into germination when the lime produced the appropriate circumstances, appears extremely unsatisfactory, especially when we know that (as

in an authentic case under my notice) the spot is many miles from where clover is cultivated, and that there is nothing for six feet below but pure peat moss, clover seeds being moreover known to be too heavy to be transported, as many other seeds are, by the winds.'

The writer remarks that the explanations generally given when life takes its rise without apparent generative means, are very unsatisfactory and fallacious: he evidently thought it much easier to form an hypothesis than to examine the seeds of this moss ground, where doubtless might have been discovered the golden seeds of the white clover; yet these he would have considered, as originally the germ of some inferior vegetation, which from lying so long in the ground (in his opinion a sort of savings-banks for the vegetable world) had from the accumulation of atoms obtained the power of producing white clover. The account which is subjoined of a well-authenticated fact seems so plain, and the difficulties which both writers admit, can be so easily solved, that it is impossible for a reflective mind not to take the common sense view of the matter, instead of crediting an abstract idea, born and nourished in some German brain. A recent writer in the 'New Genesee Farmer' says, that on his farm was a piece of low ground which had been partially cleared ten or twelve years before: this he ploughed in the autumn, and found it a stiff sward, composed of all sorts of decayed vegetation; in the spring he intended to cross-plough it for planting, but it proved to be impossible, from the tough nature of the soil; on the ridge turned up by the plough the previous autumn, a new line of vegetation appeared, which upon minute examination he was convinced was white clover; having heard this growth attributed to spontaneous vegetation, and not believing that something can come from nothing, he carried a piece of the sward home and cut it in slices, when he found the fine yellow seeds of the clover scattered through it, like grains of gold, which on exposure to light and heat grew and produced white clover, and that only. How the seeds came in such a situation seems to puzzle this gentleman sadly. He adds:

'WHAT state of things could have existed to deposit those seeds in that position? The whole country in this region has been redeemed from the wilderness within fifteen or twenty years, and the spot I allude to within twelve of the time I am speaking of; and there is no stream of water that could possibly have brought them from any other place. White clover is undoubtedly indigenous, but does not grow in forests or uncultivated places. Was there a period before trees and shrubs grew, that the herbs of the field had undisputed sway over this country? and that subsequent changes by the subsidence of inland seas, or the Noachic deluge, have disturbed the drift and deposited the alluvial soils mixed with the seeds of a former surface at various depths, and convenient for a proper exposure to multiply and replenish the earth? I know of no other way to account for seeds at the various depths and situations in which they are found.'

This correspondent had previously mentioned the fact that marl taken from the beds in Orange county, in this State, at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, when put under glasses and properly moistened produces various plants, particularly white clover; he farther remarks, that marl is a deposit from lakes or ponds, which from some cause have disappeared. Dr. GRAY could have solved this mystery to the writer's entire satisfaction. This piece of ground was undoubtedly, from the description given, once a lake or pool of water, which gradually became solid land. The first inroad upon the water was made by the peat-mosses, those pioneer plants, whose long and almost indestructible stems and roots, interweaving with other aquatic vegetation, formed a resting-place for seeds wafted by the winds, or washed into it by brooks; the moist foot-hold being a suitable situation for rushes, ferns and mosses; these decayed, and by a constant succession of vegetation a soil was formed, which eventually became deep enough to support shrubs and trees. Even when the upper surface was covered with a verdant coat of vegetation, the unwary animal who ventured upon it would find himself precipitated to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, in a semi-fluid vegetation like the pulp of the paper-makers. In land so formed would be found a variety of seeds, some of which might have been washed there even after the surface of the pool was coated with earth, and which only require light and heat, or a proper mixture of soil, to vegetate.

The tracts in the north of Great-Britain called 'mosses,' are lakes in this transition state; the earth striving for mastery over its rival element, the water, which sometimes gives dread-

ful proof of not being easily subdued; the peat mosses swell, by long protracted rains, and the water bursts like a Sampson the thin crust of earth which had confined it, and pouring upon the adjacent country, scatters devastation and death.

The same idea of spontaneous vegetation is a popular article of belief among the vulgar; but they, with implicit faith in Holy Writ, refer it to the creative power of OMNIPOTENCE, in fulfilment of the primeval curse upon ADAM. They consider that the race of plants deleterious to man were not included in the first creation; when God gave every green herb yielding seed after its kind, and every tree yielding fruit after its kind, to be used for food, and saw that it was good; but this unprofitable class grow in obedience to the command, 'Cursed be the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.' The originators of this theory are not probably aware that even these poisonous plants are in many ways directly serviceable to man, and their indirect use is often of more importance still, as they each support a class of animal life: although but a drop in the ocean of existence, yet it is the ALL-WISE alone who can say that one link in the vast chain is unnecessary. Those who uphold this doctrine seem also to have forgotten how many useful plants spring up in the same manner: the red raspberry, which is certainly one of the most wholesome as well as delicious of fruits, comes up, as every one knows, in a new country whenever the woods are burnt over; the carbonic acid and other substances thus supplied to the soil produces a condition agreeable to the vegetation of the seeds, which have probably been hidden just below the burnt sward for centuries. It only remains to be shown that seeds can remain under ground such a length of time without being destroyed; some facts regarding their vitality are very guardedly set forth by the Text-Book:

'It is well known that seeds which have been kept sixty years have germinated; and it seems that grains of wheat, taken from ancient mummies, under circumstances of their high antiquity, have been made to germinate; but in these cases there are several causes of possible deception. Dr. LINDLEY records the remarkable case of some raspberries, 'raised in the garden of the Horticultural Society, from seeds taken from the stomach of a man, whose skeleton was found thirty feet below the surface of the earth, at the bottom of a barrow which was opened near Dorchester. He had been buried with some coins of the Emperor HADRIAN; and it is therefore probable that the seeds were sixteen or seventeen hundred years old.'

But those who are unwilling to attribute a date so ancient to these seeds, must be convinced (without drawing any inference from the age of the coins) that they were, at even the lowest computation, seven hundred years old; allowing this particular barrow to have been one of the latest constructed in Britain, as this mode of burial was entirely discontinued in the twelfth century. LOUDON also states that some seeds were taken from the stomach of an embalmed ibis, found in an Egyptian tomb, which grew and produced red raspberries. Thus we see there is no impossibility in seeds preserving their vitality for centuries, when subject to a uniform temperature. As progressive vegetation is only a continuation of the idea of spontaneous generation, it is well to extract here Dr. GRAY's opinion of the permanence of species:

'ALL classification and system in natural history rest upon the fundamental idea of the original creation of certain forms, which have naturally been perpetrated unchanged, or with such changes only as we may conceive or prove to have arisen from varying physical influences, accidental circumstances, or from cultivation. This fraternal resemblance, or specific identity, however, is not incompatible with individual peculiarity. If two seeds from the same pod are sown in different soils, and submitted to different conditions as respects heat, light, and moisture, the plants that spring from them will show marks of this different treatment in their appearance. Such differences are continually arising in the natural course of things. To produce and increase, and by artificial management to perpetuate, differences of this sort, forms an important part of the art of civilization. These minor deviations, not incompatible with a common origin constitute varieties. Whenever the conditions that give rise to varieties are carried to excess, these individuals fail to fructify, or perish. When the conditions vary less widely from those most propitious to the constitution of the particular species, a few years, or a few generations, suffice to bring the variety back to the original form. In either case the variation is transient. It must either return to the common character of the species, or perish. A certain flexibility is allowable; but accidental and individual variations generally disappear with the causes which originate them, or are destroyed by the continued operation of those causes.'

The simple lines of WORDSWORTH, so often ridiculed:

— 'do what you will,
Daisies will be daisies still,

certainly contain the great truth now contested ; for although we see varieties constantly springing up, yet it requires constant watchfulness and cultivation to continue them in that state ; instead of containing within themselves the principal of a higher order of vegetation, they show a desire to revert to their original condition, like the savage when brought into civilized society. 'The races of corn, wheat, etc.,' says Dr. GRAY, 'which now preserve their character unchanged, have become fixed by centuries of domestication. Even these at times manifest an unequivocal disposition to return to their aboriginal state. Were cultivation to cease, they would all speedily disappear ; the greater part perhaps would perish outright ; the remainder would revert, in a few generations of spontaneous growth, to the form of the primitive stock.' The transcendental philosopher doubtless looks with pity on the garden vegetables, and hears, as the summer wind moves the leaves of the comfortable-looking cabbage, the jolly onion, and the warlike beet, only sighs for their aboriginal state of freedom ; while the unsentimental might with more truth attribute these imaginary sighs to the same cause as those of a London alderman after a corporation dinner.

We hope that this Text-Book will be generally introduced in the higher order of our village schools, for there the pupils enjoy peculiar facilities for studying the vegetable kingdom ; and even the most indifferent, living in the country, cannot but have observed much which one wholly educated in the city has no opportunities of knowing ; and instead of the dry classification of the LINNÆAN system, so uninteresting to the common student, he will here find his own observations confirmed and explained. The teacher with this book in hand, and by recourse to the woods and gardens, might soon create an interest in this delightful study which would certainly prove as useful in actual life as many which are considered vastly more important. When the student finds that the structure and growth of plants obey known laws, and every-day occurrences, as blights and mildews, are not the result of accident ; that the seed, to grow, requires peculiar food, and that all can be explained by scientific means ; that most respectable occupation, the cultivation of the earth, may not be viewed by the youth of our country in its present disparaging light.

Still there are many who far removed from towns live in the midst of Nature's glories, without having eyes for her beauties :

— ' THEIR glance dwells coldly
When the fresh green earth is strewed
With the first flowers that lead the vernal dance.'

And yet even these may be aroused from careless indifference by apparently accidental causes ; as the celebrated botanist, JOHN BARTRAM, had been for years a farmer, when one day, weary with ploughing, he reclined under a shady tree, and plucking 'for want of thought' a daisy, his eye was struck with different parts of the flower, and to give the account of the incident in his own quaint language : 'What a shame,' said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, 'that thee shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth, and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structure and their uses !' This seeming inspiration suddenly awakened my curiosity, for these were not thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my team ; but this new desire did not quit my mind. I mentioned it to my wife, who greatly discouraged me from prosecuting my new scheme, as she called it. I was not opulent enough, she said, to dedicate much of my time to studies and labors which might rob me of that portion of it which is the only wealth of the American farmer. However, her prudent caution did not discourage me ; I thought about it continually ; at supper, in bed, and wherever I went. At last, I could not resist the impulse ; and on the fourth day of the following week I hired a man to plough for me, and went to Philadelphia. Though I knew not what book to call for, I ingenuously told the book-seller my errand, who provided me with such as he thought best, and a Latin Grammar beside. Next I applied to a neighboring school-master, who in three months taught me Latin enough to understand LINNÆUS, which I purchased afterward. Then I began to botanize all over my farm ; in a little time I became acquainted

with every vegetable that grew in my neighborhood.' This self-taught man was afterward appointed American botanist to GEORGE the Third. He corresponded with many of the learned men in Europe, particularly LINNÆUS, who considered him the best practical botanist of the time in which he lived. BARTRAM possessed the usual enthusiasm of the lovers of this science. He made many long and dangerous journeys through the wilderness, to collect plants and seeds. In one excursion to lake Ontario, after a day and night exposed to a drenching rain, wet to the skin, and among hostile Indians, he thought himself amply compensated by finding 'one lovely white lychnis five feet high.'

To all the lovers of the vegetable kingdom we would heartily commend the valuable work whose merits we have been discussing; and those unacquainted with the science of botany will find it an agreeable and instructive companion in their every-day walks. How delightful, when wearied with the world of sin of man's creation, to soothe our feverish strife by turning to the world of Nature, still bearing in primeval purity the impress of its Divine AUTHOR; for however desolate and forsaken we may feel, we can every where find fellowship in the Eden of flowers around us:

'Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet,
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.'

MEMOIRS, OFFICIAL AND PERSONAL, WITH SKETCHES OF TRAVELS AMONG THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN INDIANS. Embracing a War Excursion, and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Borders. By THOMAS L. MCKENNEY.

WE have been favored by our old correspondent and friend, Col. THOS. L. MCKENNEY, with the perusal of a considerable portion of a work, now in press at Philadelphia, entitled as above, to which we take occasion thus early to invite the attention of our readers; who have already been made aware, from the pages of this Magazine, that the author holds the 'pen of a ready writer.' The volumes are inscribed, in a fervent dedication, in the writer's peculiarly gracious and gallant style, to Mrs. MADISON, not only as a tribute to that lady's great worth, but also to the friendship which existed between the writer and her honored husband, under whom he held for many years a highly responsible and distinguished post in the department of Indian affairs. Mrs. MADISON's acceptance of the honor intended her is in these words; and the chirography, so remarkable as the handwriting of a lady past the age of eighty years, we are informed is to be engraved in facsimile:

Washington, January 22, 1845.

'AN oppressive influenza, my kind friend, has prevented my answering your interesting letter before this day; and although not yet well, I am impatient to thank you at least for that continued friendship, always highly valued by my husband and by myself. I could not, therefore, refuse your request for the dedication so flattering, nor any longer defer the expression of my great regard for yourself.

D. P. MADISON.

To THO: L. MCKENNEY, Esq.

Our author observes in his preface, that no traveller expects, when he sets out upon a journey, to meet only with smooth roads, cultivated fields, lovely gardens, wide-spread and magnificent scenery, a clear sky, and at every stopping place inns filled with comforts; but goes forth prepared to have all these diversified with rugged roads, desolate fields, weedy and odorless gardens, lowering skies, and the inconveniences and discomforts of road-side accommodations. 'I cannot promise,' he adds, 'in my book more than is con-

tained in the combined volumes of art and nature.' This is well said, and it indicates the only true way in which *interesting* books, of a kindred description with the one under notice, can be written. Col. McKENNEY is not mistaken, we think, in inferring that much of interest may be gleaned from those portions of his work which present vivid pictures of nature, in its boundless vastness and savage wildness, and scenes and events among and in which the RED MAN of the forest is the chief actor, and wherein may be seen his habits, his principles, his occupations, and in short whatever attaches to him in his wilderness-home. But we must hasten to a few extracts. The following will afford an example of the variety of theme, as well as a specimen of the style, of the work :

'At Mackinac I took in supplies, which, together with Ben and myself, and eight voyageurs, left out of water of our frail vessel not over four inches, except at the bow and stern, of her beautiful form. All being ready and just as I was going to embark, a storm arose. The good folks of Mackinac urged me not to attempt to put out; but my time had nearly expired, and there was hardly enough left for me punctually to meet Gov. CASS, on his return to the Bay; and so I gave orders to embark. The kind friends with whom we had parted at the landing, ran down to the point of the Island, to see (as some of them afterward told me they were sure they should,) the canoe and all its cargo to the bottom. I had so such fears, for I had the year before been storm-tost on Lake Superior, and had reached the conclusion that if there is any thing specially secure in a gale of wind, when one happens not to be too far from shore, and not exposed to a rock-bound coast — is a bark canoe thirty-six feet long and five feet wide across the middle, and those were the dimensions of mine, which was managed by eight experienced Canadian voyageurs.

'Night coming on, I ordered a landing made on the sheltered side of an Island. The canoe was soon in about two feet of water, her side to the shore, and a voyageur out steadying the stern and bow, while myself and Ben were borne to the beach on the backs of two others. The provisions and luggage being conveyed on shore, the canoe was lifted out of the water, and carried there also; where it was placed, bottom upward, furnishing beneath a shelter for these hardy men, who were soon under it, munching their raw pork and hard biscuit. My tent having been meanwhile put up, all was made right for the night. Presently I heard the barking of a dog. Stepping from my tent, and looking in the direction from which it came, I saw, in the distance, amidst the thick foliage, a light. Advancing a little, I heard an Indian's drum. I knew from the beat of it what it betokened. Somebody was ill, and a medicine-man was engaged with his incantations, and drum, and mummeries, to drive out the bad spirit. Taking along with me Ben, and an interpreter, I wended my way through the dank and tangled undergrowth, till presently a full glare from a flambeau burst upon me; and the beat of the drum fell more distinctly on my ear, confirming my first impressions. The dogs had now all come out in full cry — and a tall Indian revealed himself by the torch-light, at the door of the wigwam, accosted in the habiliments of his tribe, with a rifle in his hand. He hailed us, and received for answer, from the interpreter, in his own language, that we were friends, on our way to the great council, which was soon to be held at the foot of Winnebago Lake. The dogs were called in, when we met and shook hands. The pipe was lighted, handed around, and smoked.

'Upon a mat, much worn, with nothing but the ground beneath it, lay a fine-looking Indian woman. On one side, near her head, sat in pensive mood a middle aged man; and beside him, a young man. On the other side sat two girls, and at the head stood the medicine-man thumping his drum, and performing those mystic rites that belong to his craft. My sympathies grew strong for the sufferer; till finding it impossible to remain longer a spectator of such a scene, and not employ what skill I had, and my means to save life, I determined to interfere. I knew there was hazard in the attempt, for I should have to encounter, first, the ire of the medicine-man, it being a greater calamity to deprive such an one of his 'occupation,' than it was in the days of SHAKESPEARE, to deprive OTHELLO of his; and next, should the patient die on my hands, there might be an account to settle with her husband, who would have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that she had been killed by me. But my mind was made up; so I said to my interpreter: 'Tell this man, (the woman's husband) if he will stop that drum, and allow me to medicine his squaw, I think I can make her well.' These words were scarcely out of the interpreter's mouth, when the medicine-man threw upon me from his black eyes, which were shining amidst the torch-light of the wigwam, and exceeding it in brightness, a look of fierceness, which nothing but my previous intercourse with the Indians could have enabled me, without great apprehension, to withstand. The husband hesitated; looking at me, then at the medicine-man, and then at his suffering wife, he said, 'I will be glad;' when, making the signal, the drum was hushed, and the insulted operator, with a scowl at me, rushed from the wigwam in all the fiery temperament that such a stroke at his art was well calculated to enkindle.

'A brief examination of the case satisfied me that there was no time to be lost, and that the remedies must be of the most active class. My first impression was, that the patient was laboring under puerperal fever; but a farther testing of the symptoms satisfied me it was pleurisy. The inflammation was great, and the suffering extreme. Warm applications in the form of fomentations not being within reach, I directed a hole to be dug at the door of the wigwam, and filled with water; meantime a large fire was kindled, and stones were thrown into it, which, on becoming hot, were put in the water, till it was sufficiently heated, when the patient was drawn down upon her mat, till her feet and legs were immersed, knee deep. Blankets from my stores were then wrapped round and over her. In five minutes the perspiration literally rolled from her cheeks. Meantime I directed Ben to make a good bed out of blankets, with a pillow of the same, when she was drawn back again, and placed upon it, her ragged and time-worn mat being left at the door of the wigwam, and then thrown away. 'The symptoms were greatly and almost immediately improved; which, added to her more comfortable bed, caused this poor destitute daughter of the forest to look volumes of gratitude, although she uttered no word. Twelve grains of calomel that night, and a dose of magnesia in the morning, concluded the treatment, which I took care to sustain by light diet, in the form of tea with crackers broken in it. All being so well, I left in the afternoon of the next day, placing by her a nourishing

diet, with a superadded bottle of sweetened water, dashed with claret-wine, with directions to avoid her usual diet of dog's meat and fish, until these were gone, and then to eat only moderately of this her coarse wilderness fare.'

Our author here leaves the island, and proceeds on to the Treaty-ground, at *Le Petit Butte des Morts*, on the Fox River of Lake Michigan, encountering by the way numerous stirring incidents, and reaches his destination in safety. The narrative proceeds:

'THE Indians were now pouring in, their canoes looking like fleets; some by the way of Winnebago Lake, others from the Fox river, below. I was seated at my tent-door, observing these little fleets, and watching the movements of the Indians, as they landed. The squaws, laborious and busy, plying their paddles to reach the shore of their destination, and then foremost in the work of unloading, and carrying their poor stores, and lodge-poles, and bark to cover them, their kettles, etc., to the beach, when they would take the canoe by one or more of its cross-bars and walk with it out of the water to some secure place, where they would turn it bottom upward, and then return for the materials for their lodges, convey them to the same spot, which their quick-glancing eye would light upon, and there begin and end the process of putting up their place of repose during the continuance of the treaty; their lords meantime looking on with but little concern; or with blankets about their hips, standing or sitting, indulging in the luxury of the calumet.

'It was in the midst of all this that I saw a canoe coming up the river, worked by two men, the women and two girls doing nothing. This was so new a circumstance as to call off my attention from the general movements, to this single arrival. I thought there must be a sprinkling of civilization there; and that the men had been led by it to regard the women with a more appropriate tenderness.

'As soon as the canoe had approached the shore, near enough for the party to step out, the men, I remarked, carried out this principle of tender regard for the sex, and were the first to commence the process of unloading; in a word, the women and the girls were but lookers-on. All the articles, with the canoe, being disposed of, I saw the man stoop down and pick up a white fish of uncommon size; when holding it by the gills, he stepped forward, followed, in Indian file, by the rest, including some half dozen dogs. He wound round the bluff on which my tent was pitched, and when I saw him again rising to nearly a level with me, his eyes were in motion, looking in every direction, till presently they fell on me; when making a short angle, followed still by his family, he walked up to me, and stooping, laid the white-fish at my feet; then gracefully rising, he turned, still followed by the rest, and led the way to the place where his canoe and effects had been placed, and commenced putting up his lodge.'

This was the family from the island, and the woman was the same our 'doctor-author' had cured. The man was her husband, and the young man and girls were their children. This offering of the white-fish was a token of an Indian's gratitude. 'Noble trait!' exclaims Colonel MCKENNEY; where this feeling has place, in no matter what bosom, whether it be red, or white, or black, all beside is apt to be right. Yes, and there is no doubt, but if this poor Indian had possessed silver and gold, these richer offerings would have been as freely made, and in the same unceremonious way.' But let us pass on:

'THE Sabbath of the fifth of August broke upon us in great beauty, and with an air tempered and calm. I have never been able in my forest rambles to disengage from my mind the impression that the Sabbath and these solitudes are in close affinity with one another. How rarely has it happened, in the course of my experience, that this holy day has been vexed with the strife of the elements! On the contrary, all is still. The voice of their MAXES would seem to have hushed river and forest into silence, and then to have bade the sun to wheel himself from the depths in the East, and pour over all, unobscured by clouds, a tempered heat, and crown the world with special loveliness. The dawn of this Sabbath morn was peculiarly beautiful. 'Rosy fingers' did indeed seem to 'unbar the gates of light'; violet and purple with a wide and widening circle of 'orient pearl,' all charmed my eyes with their chastening influences. And there was *such* silence! Not a leaf rustled, and the waves broke in softer murmurs on the shore.

'The tree-tops now began to revel in the beams, and then the highlands to drink in the falling glows, till the entire circuit of the heavens was full of the mild splendors of this Sabbath morn. And all this silence was broken in upon this morning: for just between the time when the Eastern sky was made mellow with the sun's light, and when its rays began to tip and gild the tops of tree and mountain, and all was so hushed, and quiet, my ears were greeted with sweet sounds of music! They came from a lodge of Christian Indians, hard by in the woods. They had risen with the day to worship GOD. They sang in three parts—bass, tenor, and treble, in time and tune, and with voices so sweet, as to add harmony to even Nature herself. Notes of thrush and robin sound sweeter when poured forth amidst the grove, so sounded those of these forest warblers in the midst of the green foliage and in the stillness of the woods.

'I attended their worship, and was present again with them in the evening; and as I listened to their songs of praise, their supplications and prayers of thanksgiving, I felt humbled, and ashamed of my country, in view of the wrongs it has inflicted, and continues to this hour to inflict, upon those desolate and destitute children of the forest. There were flowers and gems there, which needed only to be cultivated and polished, to insure from the one the emission of as sweet odors as ever regaled the circles of the civilized, and from the other a brilliance as dazzling as ever sparkled in the diadem of queenly beauty; and yet they have been, and yet are, neglected, trodden under foot, and treated as outcasts.'

These passages, selected almost entirely at random, will convey to the reader some impression.

pression of the character and style of the volume whence they are taken; which, it should be added, contain also numerous sketches of distinguished characters, and anecdotes illustrative of the times in which they acted; including several of Mr. MONROE, which demonstrate the purity and patriotism of that estimable man and excellent chief magistrate. When the publication of the work which we have had under consideration shall have been announced, our readers will need little incitement to compass its perusal.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July quarter. pp. 266. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WE have remarked that every now and then certain small authors and smaller critics, whose multitudinous books and friendly 'articles' have alike passed without notice in the 'North-American,' make the discovery that our chief and veteran Quarterly is a very indifferent publication, and of no sort of account as a literary exponent of our country's intellectual progress. We remember glancing recently over an example of labored debility, which was chiefly remarkable for its lamentable attempt at satire upon the journal before us, and a vain endeavor to hide the secret grief which was the 'moving why' of the writer's forcible-feeble plaints. All this, however, soon comes to be understood by the public; it does not demand serious rejoinder; it scarcely deserves, and indeed seldom receives, any notice more elaborate than a mere reference like the present. The July 'North-American' is a well-filled number. It has nine articles, including beside in a tenth eight briefer critical notices of new publications. The titles of the several papers are, 'GAMMELL'S Life of ROGER WILLIAMS'; 'GREGORY the Seventh and his Age'; 'MORRISON'S Life of JEREMIAH SMITH'; 'Public and Private Charities in Boston'; the 'Writings of ISAAC TAYLOR,' 'DARWIN'S Researches in Geology and Natural History'; LONGFELLOW'S 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' and 'Young England.' Of these, exclusive of the 'Critical Notices,' we have only found leisure to read the second and third and the seventh and eighth. The article first indicated is admirably written. Its descriptions are almost pictures, and the felicity of language is remarkable. The following closing extract will justify our commendation:

'THE mild May weather lent daily new beauty to the outer world, and the languid eyes of the monk of Cluny loved to dwell upon the deepening verdure. Sometimes his soul mingled again with its old ardor in the contests that were raging; he called his attendant bishops to remind them once more never to own any one pope who was not chosen according to the canon. Then his mind went back to the green valleys of the Apennines, to the shepherd's huts and the snow-fed hills of spring-time; and it passed thence to the heaven he was approaching. Again he murmured, 'I have loved justice and hated evil, therefore I die in exile.' The aged bishop, who had risen from the pleasant window as he heard the voice, bent over him and said: 'Not so, Holy Father, you cannot die in exile; for God has given you all nations for a heritage, and the ends of the earth for a dominion.' The calm, grave lips moved not in reply; GREGORY was not there; the overburdened heart had ceased to beat; the wise, fearless, immovable HILDEBRAND had gone into the presence of his God.'

WILKES' History of the United States' Exploring Expedition is reviewed with ability, and at great length. While ample praise is awarded to the excellencies of the work, and the commendable qualities and acts of the commander-author, he is 'handled without gloves' for sundry things which he ought not to have done, and not a few which he has omitted to do. LONGFELLOW'S copious and excellent work, the 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' is well exhibited, and cordially and deservedly commended. We have seldom seen more cool yet 'withering' sarcasm than that which is visited upon a greatly-over-rated author-politician, Mr. D'ISRAELI, in the article on 'Young England.' Touching his political speeches, the reviewer remarks:

'WHILE we read them at this distance of place, we are amazed by their unexemplified impudence. Sir ROBERT PEEL is the great object of his attack, both by the tongue and the pen. The curious variety of partly-turned phrases with which the dandy novelist attempts to molest the statesman, and to make him afraid, presents quite a study to the critic of style. With a considerable knack at a vicious and affected rhetoric, with a willingness to say what he supposes to be smart and cutting things of political opponents, but what all persons of correct taste feel to be the vulgarities of dandyism out of its natural sphere, and attempting to play a part for which it is wholly unfit, we should sup-

pose the displays of Mr. D'ISRAELI's very peculiar eloquence might be amusing, did they not occupy the time which were more profitably given to the transaction of business. The minister takes it all very coolly, and, we should judge, rather contemptuously. A few mischievous members only, who evidently love the sport, halloo the representative of Young England on. Mr. D'ISRAELI shows one mark of wisdom in the midst of his broadside of words and phrases; he never proposes a measure. It would be a comical piece of political retribution, if, in the vicissitudes of life, this phrase-maker should be actually placed in a situation of responsibility; should be forced to propose and defend measures of his own devising. How, like Cleon, he would shrink from task, and tremble at the certain exposure of his incompetency!

We cannot take our leave of the 'North-American,' thus hastily despatched, without warmly commending it not only to the attention but to the substantial patronage of the public. Its externals, always so creditable to the care of its publishers, seem to increase rather than diminish in excellence. May our honored Quarterly 'live a thousand years!'

THE STRANGER IN LOWELL. In one volume. pp. 156. Boston: WAITE, PIERCE AND COMPANY.

THESE charming essays we cannot doubt to be from the pen of our esteemed friend and correspondent, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Although his name does not appear upon the title-page, the internal evidence of the paternity of the volume is abundant. Perhaps we cannot better indicate the general character of the work, than by saying, that in its appreciation and description of nature's varied aspects; in its evidently faithful limnings of individual character; its warm benevolence, affection for humanity, and its fine poetical feeling, it bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. CHILD's delightful 'Letters from New-York.' The picture given of Lowell makes us well acquainted with that most extraordinary of all the New-England 'working-day' towns:

'WORK is here the Patron Saint. Every thing bears his image and superscription. Here is no place for that respectable class of citizens called gentlemen, and their much-villified brethren, familiarly known as loafers. Over the gate-ways of this New World Manchester, glares the inscription, 'WORK, or DIE!' Here

'Every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late or soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.'

The city is consecrated to the Spirit of Thrift — dedicated, every square rod of it, to the Divinity of Work. The Gospel of Industry preached daily and hourly from some thirty temples; each huger than the Milan Cathedral or the temple of Jeddah, the Mosque of St. Sophia or the Chinese Pagoda of a hundred bells; its mighty sermons uttered by steam and water power; its music the everlasting jar of Mechanism, and the organ-swell of many waters; scattering the cotton and woollen leaves of its Evangel from the wings of steam-boats and rail-cars throughout the land; its thousand priests, and its thousands of priestesses, ministering around their spinning-jenny and power loom altars, or whitening the long unshaded streets in the level light of sunset! It is truly, as CARLYLE says, a miracle, neither more nor less.

Appropos of this theme of work: Mr. WHITTIER remarks elsewhere, that there has been a good deal written concerning 'the beauty and divinity of labor,' by those who have never known what it really is to earn one's livelihood by the sweat of the brow. Let such be silent. Their sentimentalism is a weariness to the worker.' This is a very just rebuke. We have ourselves seen something of this word-homage from the pulpit; of 'honoring the hard hand,' the 'dignity of toil,' the *man* and not the man's *condition*, and the like; but we have never observed in the houses of any of these cheaply-benevolent teachers any of these same hard-handed men, nor have we seen the example of *their* hands being put forth to pull down that 'hateful wall of distinction which Pride has built up between the labored and the labored-for.' 'A Mormon Conventicle' affords us rare specimens of the eloquence of JOSEPH SMITH's ministers. One speaker said that ADAM in Paradise was lord of every thing, for he had all the elements under his feet; but the Devil wanted this power. 'He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived EVE, and lied to her, he did. And so ADAM lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that ADAM had, the Devil got, and has it now. He is the Prince and Power of the Air; *consequently* he is master of the elements, and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birth-right, and will do so, until the hour of the Power of Darkness is ended, and

the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the Old Serpent.' Another speaker, we are told, a stout, black-browed 'son of thunder,' gave an interesting account of his experience :

'He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had 'but three cents in his pocket' when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him 'damned already.' He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land, with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. 'Then,' said he, 'I knelt down, and I prayed in earnest faith, "Lord, give me this day my daily bread!" O, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite*; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house near at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, "I am a minister of the LORD JESUS CHRIST from America. I am starving—will you give me some food?" "Why, bless you! yes!" said the man; "sit down and eat as much as you please." And I *did* sit down at his table, blessed be God! But, my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of ROBERT OWEN's infidels. The LORD reward him for his kindness!"

We can say little in favor of the exordium of this sketch, in so far as it implies commendation or even toleration of that arch-impostor and fornicator, JOE SMITH, although we think the circumstances of his death outrageous and disgraceful. We have in another place a somewhat cognate description with the foregoing, of a 'Second Advent Camp-Meeting,' held in a wood not far from Lowell. We annex a single passage :

'When I reach the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I could readily perceive that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest leaves and flowers, and tasseted, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the sombre hemlocks around it. Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvass, upon one of which was the figure of a man, the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay; the dream of Nebuchadnezzar! On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision: the beasts, the dragons, the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos; oriental types, figures, and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a travelling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of MILTON, who, in speaking of the same evil Dragon, describes him as

'Swinging the scaly horrors of his folded tail.'

'To an imaginative mind, the scene was full of novel interest. The white circle of tents; the dim wood arches; the up-turned, earnest faces; the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible; the smoke from the fires rising like incense; carried me back to those days of primitive worship, which tradition faintly whispers of, when, on hill-tops and in the shade of old woods, Religion had her first altars, with every man for her priest, and the whole universe for her temple.'

Our copy of the volume before us (an imperfect one, let us hint to the publishers,) is dog-eared at numerous extracts pencilled for publication; but our space limits us to the following striking picture of the 'lighting up' of the Lowell cotton factories in October; the 'early candle-lighting' for the 'evening exercise' of thousands of 'operatives' for the worshippers of Mammon :

'PASSING over the bridge, nearly to the Dracut shore, I had a fine view of the long line of mills, the city beyond, and the broad sweep of the river from the falls. The light of a tranquil and gorgeous sunset was slowly fading from river and sky, and the shadows of the trees on the Dracut slopes were blending in dusky indistinctness with the great shadow of night. Suddenly gleams of light broke from the black masses of masonry on the Lowell bank; at first feeble and scattered, flitting from window to window, appearing and disappearing, like will-o'-wisp in a forest, or fire-flies in a summer's night. Anon, tier after tier of windows became radiant, until the whole vast wall, stretching far up the river, from basement to roof, became chequered with light, reflected with the star-beams from the still water beneath. With a little effort of fancy, one could readily transform the huge mills, thus illuminated, into palaces, lighted up for festival occasions, and the figures of the workers, passing to and fro before the windows, into forms of beauty and fashion, moving in graceful dances.'

Much there is, in this very handsome book, of serious reflection, of refined imagination, of spiritual beauty, for the enjoyment of which we would commend our readers to the New-York publishers of the work, if we knew who they were. We trust, however, that the book may be found on the counters of all our principal literary 'dealers;' for although a 'Stranger in Lowell,' we can assure our friend that he will ere long be no stranger any where else.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.—Lounging recently for an hour or so over the well-filled counters of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, we encountered among a rare collection of English works some with the dust and stains of time upon their vellum-covers, a fragmentary volume of more than ordinary interest, which shall for the present be nameless, but with which we propose to make our readers better acquainted. The editor, who gives it to the public after the death of the writer, informs us that the work is but a fragment, being the last and unfinished literary attempt of 'an author whose fame has been uncommonly extensive, and whose talents have been most admired by the persons by whom talents are estimated with the greatest accuracy and discrimination.' He remarks elsewhere that there is a sentiment very dear to minds of taste and imagination, that finds a melancholy delight in contemplating the unfinished productions of genius; sketches which, if they had been filled up in a manner adequate to the writer's conception, would perhaps have delighted the world. We have heretofore given in the *KNICKERBOCKER* some account of the manner in which, in former times in England, persons were secretly conveyed to lunatic asylums, under a fraudulent verdict from 'a commission of lunacy,' and there held in lingering imprisonment, through the connivance and agency of interested guardians or inhuman relatives. In the volume which we are considering, there is a very extraordinary narrative of the confinement in this manner of the heroine in a private mad-house, and of certain events that took place in her unhappy place of abode; the causes of which are developed as the narrative proceeds. She was not permitted, it would seem, to walk in the garden attached to the establishment; but sometimes from her window she turned her eyes from the gloomy walls, in which she pined life away, on the poor wretches who strayed along the walks, and contemplated the most terrific of ruins, the ruins of a human soul! What is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch, of the most exquisite workmanship, when compared with this living memento of the fragility, the instability of reason, and the wild luxuriance of noxious passions! Enthusiasm turned adrift, like some rich stream overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. 'These,' thought she, 'are the ravages over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder, with a degree of anguish not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brass, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind, embodied with the happiest art, we grieve most bitterly. The sight of what has been done by man produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing sense of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a mental convulsion, which, like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground we ourselves stand. When at evening she was permitted, in company with an attendant, to stray along the narrow avenues that separated the dungeon-like apartments, she often met the eye of rage glaring upon her, making her shrink back with horror and affright. Her busy fancy pictured the misery of a fond heart watching over a friend thus estranged, absent though present, over

a poor wretch lost to reason and the social joys of existence, and losing all consciousness of misery in its excess. What a task, to watch the light of reason quivering in the eye, or with agonizing expectation to catch the beam of recollection; tantalized by Hope, only to feel despair more keenly, at finding a much-loved face or voice suddenly remembered or pathetically implored, only to be immediately forgotten or beheld with indifference or abhorrence! The heart-rending sigh of melancholy sunk into her soul; and when she retired to rest, the petrified figures she had encountered, the only human forms she was doomed to see, haunted her dreams with tales of mysterious wrongs, and made her long to sleep and dream no more. Oppressed by a dead weight of existence, or preyed on by the gnawing worm of discontent, she sought with eagerness to shorten the long days which left no traces behind. She seemed to be sailing on the vast ocean of life, without seeing any land-mark to indicate the progress of time: to find employment was then the animating principle of nature.

She had already been six weeks thus buried alive; her imagination in the meantime occupied with melancholy earnestness to trace the mazes of misery through which so many wretches must have passed to this gloomy receptacle of disjointed souls, to the grand source of human corruption. Often at midnight was she awoken by the dismal shrieks of demoniac rage or of excruciating despair, uttered in such wild tones of indescribable anguish as proved the total absence of reason, and roused phantoms of horror in her mind far more terrific than all that dreaming superstition ever drew. Beside, there was something so inconceivably picturesque in the varying gestures of unrestrained passion, so irresistibly comic in their sallies, or so heart-piercingly pathetic in the little airs they would sing, frequently bursting out after an awful silence, as to fascinate the attention, and amuse the fancy while torturing the soul. It was the uproar of the passions which she was compelled to hear; and to mark the lucid beam of reason, like a light trembling in a socket, or like the flash which divides the threatening clouds of angry heaven, only to display the horrors which darkness shrouded. Day after day rolls on, in all the monotony of despair, when one afternoon her attendant brings her some books, which she had obtained from a subordinate keeper, who attended a gentleman confined in the opposite corner of the gallery. She takes up the books with much emotion. 'They come perhaps,' said she, 'from a wretch condemned like me to reason on the nature of madness, by having wrecked minds continually under his eye, and almost to wish himself, as I do, mad, to escape from the contemplation of it.' Among the books were *DRYDEN'S Fables* and *MILTON'S Paradise Lost*; and some marginal notes in the former arrested her attention. She read them over and over again, until her treacherous fancy began to sketch a character congenial with her own from these shadowy outlines. 'Was he mad?' She re-perused the notes, and they seemed the production of an animated but not of a disturbed imagination; and every time she re-read them, some fresh refinement of sentiment or acuteness of thought arrested her attention and won her admiration. 'What a creative power has an affectionate heart! There are beings who cannot live without loving, as poets love; and who feel the electric spark of genius, wherever it awakens sentiment or grace.' Shut out from human intercourse, and compelled to view nothing but the prison of vexed spirits, to meet a wretch in the same situation was to find a friend; and *MARIA* was already in love with this mysterious unknown. She learned, by eager inquiries of her attendant, that he sometimes walked out between five and six, before the family was stirring in the morning, with two keepers, but even then with his hands confined. 'He had an untamed look,' she said, 'a vehemence of eye, that excited apprehension. Were his hands free, he looked as if he could soon manage both his guards; and yet he appeared tranquil.' 'He certainly is not mad!' reasons *MARIA*; 'oh, no; the man who could write those marginal notes, was not disordered in his intellects!'

There is something extremely striking and picturesque in the development and progress of this passion. That night she sat musing, gazing at the moon, and watching its motion as it seemed to glide under the clouds. Then, preparing for bed, she thought, 'Of

what use could I be to him, or he to me, if it be true that he is unjustly confined? Could he aid me to escape, who is himself more closely watched? Still, I should like to see him.' She retires to bed, but awakes, from fitful dreams, exactly at half after five o'clock, and starting up, only wrapped a gown around her, and ran to the window. 'The morning was chill, for it was the latter end of September; yet she did not retire to warm herself and think in bed, till the sound of the servants moving about the house convinced her that the Unknown would not walk in the garden that morning. She was ashamed at feeling disappointed, and began to reflect on the little objects that attract attention when there is nothing to divert the mind; and how difficult it was for women to avoid growing romantic, who have no active duties nor pursuits. She is presently diverted from these thoughts by a lovely maniac, recently brought into an adjoining apartment, who is singing 'Auld Robin Gray' with the most heart-melting falls and pauses. She stands by the half-open door, scarcely daring to breathe, lest a modulation should escape her, so exquisitely sweet, so passionately wild; but a sudden torrent of unconnected exclamations and questions bursts from the singer, interrupted by fits of laughter so horrid, that MARIA, in consternation and terror, shuts the door. The unhappy lady had been married against her inclination to a rich old man, extremely jealous of so charming a creature; and in consequence of this treatment, or something which hung on her mind, she had, in giving birth to her first child, lost her senses. This little episode, and the reading of ROUSSEAU's 'Héloïse,' brings round the next night; but when the hour of retiring arrives, sleep is not to be wooed; yet, far from being fatigued by the restless rotation of thought, she rose and opened her window, just as the thin watery clouds of twilight made the long silent shadows visible. The air swept across her face with a voluptuous freshness that thrilled to her heart, awakening indefinable emotions; and the sound of a waving branch, or the twittering of a startled bird, alone broke the stillness of reposing nature. An autumnal scent, wafted by the breeze of noon from the fallen leaves of an adjacent wood, made her recollect that the season had changed, and she returned dispirited to her couch, and thought of the past till the broad glare of day again invited her to the window. She looked not for the Unknown, yet great was her vexation at perceiving the back of a man, certainly he, with his two attendants, as he turned into a side-path which led to the house! Five minutes sooner, and she would have seen his face, and been out of suspense. Was ever any thing so unlucky! His steady, bold step, and the whole air of his person, bursting as it were from a cloud, pleased her, and gave an outline to the imagination to sketch the individual form she wished to recognize. The next morning she was again true to the hour; and she did not quit the window until she had a glimpse of the countenance she had daily longed to see; but when seen, it conveyed no distinct idea to her mind where she had seen it before. He must have been a transient acquaintance; but to discover an acquaintance was fortunate, could she but contrive to attract his attention, and excite his sympathy. Every glance afforded coloring for the picture she was delineating on her heart; and once, when the window was open, the sound of his voice reached her. Conviction flashed upon her; she had certainly heard the same accents before! They were manly, and characteristic of a noble mind; nay, even sweet—or sweet they seemed, to her attentive ear.

'But does she ever obtain an interview with the stranger?' the reader is very likely by this time inclined to inquire. The query is not an unreasonable one, and it shall be answered, 'all in due time.' When perusing the first parcel of books which had been loaned to her, she had written with her pencil in one of them a few exclamations, expressive of compassion and sympathy, which she scarcely remembered, till turning over the leaves of one of the volumes lately brought to her, a slip of paper dropped out, on which was written: 'Whoever you are, who partake of my fate, accept my sincere commiseration—I would have said protection, but the privilege of man is denied me. My own situation forces a dreadful suspicion on my mind: I may not always languish in vain for freedom; say, are you—I cannot ask the question; yet I will remember you when my remembrance can be of any use. I will inquire why you are so mysteriously detained; and I will have an an-

swer.' Rather incoherent, and unexplained, not over pellucid to the 'general reader;' but it is all cleared up in the end. A reply to this note follows; another and another alternately succeeds; until the two correspondents enter on an interchange of sentiments on a great variety of subjects. To write these notelets is the business of the day, and to receive them the moment of sunshine. By some means the Unknown discovers MARIA's window, and when she next appears at it, he makes her a profound bow of respect and recognition. 'MARIA longed to meet her fellow-sufferer, but he was still more eager to obtain an interview. Accustomed to submit to every impulse of passion, and never taught, like women, to restrain the most natural, and acquire, instead of the bewitching frankness of nature, a factitious propriety of behavior, every desire became a torrent, that bore down all opposition.' He at length succeeds in bribing his principal keeper; who, after receiving the most solemn promise that he would return to his apartment without attempting to explore any part of the house, conducted him, in the dusk of a rainy evening, to MARIA's room. What took place at that and subsequent interviews; some rather striking particulars in the lives of each; the visit of the Unknown to America, and his criticisms upon us; together with 'one thing and another, and other things too,' connected with the same, may form the matériel for another dish on our side-table.

THE MORALITY OF 'CUTENESS:' A YANKEE IN DISTRESS.—There is a valuable lesson, as well as much genuine humor, in the following communication, which we derive from a welcome contributor in the 'land of steady habits.' Has not 'Yankee cuteness,' as it is called, often been applauded, when if the example cited were to be examined, it would be found to be neither more nor less than downright swindling? The 'Stranger in Lowell' mentions a fellow who went about counterfeiting lameness in order to excite pecuniary sympathy, but who, when he supposed himself alone, would travel on hastily as if walking for a wager; and he speaks of another 'cute' Yankee, a tall, shambling loose-jointed scapegrace, who traversed the city with a begging-paper, setting forth that he was a poor shipwrecked Italian sailor, who had lost every thing, and was a wanderer in a strange land, unable to speak a word of our language. When recognized by the writer, who happened to know him, he explained, with ready cunning, that 'he took the paper to help a poor furriner, who could n't make himself understood any more than a wild goose.' He thought, therefore, he'd 'just start him for'ard a leetle.' When he departs, the 'Stranger' adds that he 'can hardly help saying, 'Luck go with him!' And so in effect said the newspapers the other day of the 'cute' thief who stole a bay horse from a New-England farmer, and having metamorphosed him into a fancy animal by painting desirable spots or 'marks' in eligible situations upon a sorrel body-ground, sold him to the man who owned him 'just in the edge of the evening,' at a great bargain! Who can tell how much injury has been done to public morals by open or thinly-disguised approbation of just such examples of 'cuteness' as this? But to our story:

'A FEW days since a raw-looking genius, carrying a cheap hair-trunk, made his appearance on board a sloop which plies between New-York and a small port on the Connecticut coast, and inquired for the captain. He hailed from Coos county, New-Hampshire, and presented in his appearance a perfect specimen of a fresh-caught Yankee. He wore a mixed coat of home-made fabric, with short square skirts, such as are usually called, 'bob-tail,' lead-buttons, and sleeves about six inches too short at the wrists. His pantaloons were striped, and his legs were thrust a long way through them, leaving the interval between the legs of the trowsers and his heavy laced boots arrayed in a substantial pair of pepper-and-salt yarn stockings. On a head, adorned with a luxuriant growth of coarse sandy hair, tallowed to a nicety, was perched a hat much worn but in an excellent state of preservation, with a narrow brim and huge bell-crown, serving the purpose of a travelling

valine in addition to the other uses of that article of wearing apparel. An immense collar, rigid with starch and erect to the ears, supported by a cotton cravat of variegated yellow and black, completed the adornment of his outer man. He seemed about twenty-five years of age; was a lean, cadaverous-looking individual, standing some six feet when erect, but having a stoop of the shoulders which reduced him to about five-feet-nine. A small pinched-up mouth, peaked nose, high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, prominent chin, and a pair of bright twinkling eyes, of an indescribable color, gave an air of extreme 'cuteness' to his physiognomy.

'This was obviously his first visit to the salt water; but as he stood upon the sloop's deck whistling Yankee-doodle, his arms thrust into his pockets up to the elbows, one leg thrown forward, his eyes cast upward scanning the rigging with the air of a connoisseur, he seemed as much at home as though he was a veritable 'ocean-child.' In reply to a question as to his business, he drawled out:

'Capting, what 'll yeöu charge to take a feller tu York city?

He was informed that the fare was one dollar and fifty cents.

'I s'pect yeöu mean yeöu charge a feller that when yeöu find him; what 'll yeöu take a feller for, when he finds himself?'

The price of passage without board, he was informed, was seventy-five cents.

'Then I shall have to foot it tu York; you see, I'm scant on't for funds, and I must have a leetle somethin' left to feed me a'ter I get there; can't get along without victuals.'

'Can't help it,' replied the captain; 'that's our lowest; we ha'nt but one price.'

'Neöw just take a feller for half-a-dollar, capting; come, now; if yeöu will, I'll help du up the chores while I'm aboard.'

'No Sir, I can't take you for that price.'

The green-horn squirted a long stream of tobacco-juice upon the deck, resumed his tune of Yankee-doodle, shouldered his hair-trunk, and walked off. In about an hour he returned, and with a grin addressed the captain:

'Neöw, look o' here, capting, I'm in distress; I posi-tively haint got but tew dollars in the world; I must get tu York, or I shall starve; I can't get nothin' to du here. Neöw, du, capting; I've always hear'n tell that you sailors was generous chaps.'

This appeal to the captain's professional pride had its effect; and he agreed to take the persevering mendicant for fifty cents, provided he would supply himself with provisions, and render such assistance as he could in managing the vessel.

'The passage was unusually long, being delayed by contrary winds nearly a week beyond the ordinary time of starting. On the second day the Yankee ran out of provisions; and the captain, as an act of charity, furnished him from the vessel's stores. About thirty-six hours before their arrival, in the exuberance of his exultation at having outwitted the captain, he disclosed to a fellow-passenger that he had 'lots o' cash,' and he made quite a display of loose change. This soon came to the ears of the captain, who was so indignant at the imposition which had been practised upon him, that he was about setting the tricky customer ashore, to 'foot it to York' the best way he could; but on reflection, he concluded that it would be a worse punishment to keep him on board, stop his rations, and put him to hard work. From this time until their arrival, the Yankee's situation was no sinecure. Furnished with a cloth, and a bucket of sand, he was set to *scouring the anchor*! Being injured to labor, that did not trouble him much; but to work on an empty stomach for thirty-six hours, and endure the curses of the enraged captain, and the taunts and jeers of the passengers and crew, and all for the small matter of twenty-five cents, he thought was 'paying rather dear for the whistle!' Great was his joy, therefore, when they hauled into the slip at New-York; and before the sloop's side had touched the dock, he jumped ashore. Leaving the little hair-trunk to be removed after he had satisfied his hunger, he hastened to the nearest place where food could be procured. This happened to be a huckster's stand at the head of the slip; where, among other eatables, were displayed some fine-looking

boiled lobsters. Our verdant genius had often heard lobsters spoken of as excellent food, although he had never tasted any; this seemed a good opportunity to satisfy his hunger, and at the same time to enjoy a rare luxury; so after bargaining awhile, and beating the old woman down in her price some three or four cents, he bought three lobsters and as many Boston 'crackers,' with which he returned to the sloop.

'Meanwhile one of the passengers, a wag of the first order, having been up into the city, returned on board and noticed the Yankee, at the heel of the bowsprit, seated on his hair-trunk, and 'going into' his bargain tooth and nail. It was a greedy spectacle! He wrenched the jaws and claws of the lobsters apart with unnecessary strength, drawing out with voracity sharp splinters of the meat, and biting them off close down to the sockets which held them. Such a smacking and cracking was never heard before. Carelessly sauntering within hearing, the waggish passenger gave the captain a wink, and remarked:

'This is a horrible business, captain!'

'What is a horrible business?' asked the skipper.

'Hain't you heard the news! All the papers are full of it. Some Jersey fishing-smacks have been taking lobsters on the copperas-banks off Barnegat, and have sold them all over the city. Every person who has eaten any of them is p'isoned. Fifty-three have died since morning; there is a tremendous excitement about it. As I came down, I saw an officer arrest the old woman who keeps a stand at the head of the slip, for selling some of the same lobsters.

The Yankee, who had already devoured one and part of another, paused at the narration, as if suddenly paralyzed; then dropping the fragment which he held, with the untouched prize into the water, his mouth filled with cracker-and-lobster, his enormous palms extended over his abdomen, his face pallid with terror, he exclaimed:

'Oh golly! what shall I du! What shall I du! I'm sartingly a dead man! Darn York! Cuss the lobsters! I wish I'd staid to hum! Oh, my beßwels! my beßwels!'

'If that d — d green-horn has n't been eating some of 'em! — run for a doctor!' exclaimed the captain. Some one started ashore for a physician. In the mean time the Yankee continued to groan and lament, attracting a large crowd of spectators by his cries: 'Oh, SUKE!' if I had only taken your advice, and kept clear of this tarnal York city!' I'm dying — I know I am! My mouth tastes jest like a rusty cent! The doctor 'll charge an all-fired price to cure me, I s'spect. There, I'm spitting green! — that 's the copperas! I shall die before the doctor gets here! Murder! murder! murder!'

Some one personating a physician now made his appearance, felt of the patient's pulse, examined his tongue, and pronounced it a clear case of poisoning from eating copperas lobsters. He prescribed a powerful emetic, which was immediately administered in the form of a quart of luke-warm salt water. The effect was powerful beyond explanation. It produced a prodigious paroxysm, and kept him in a continual shudder for more than an hour, during which, his case seemed to be very doubtful. He kept girding his stomach with his two hands, squeezing his viscera, and bowing down as the contending forces racked his whole inner man. In the pauses of his pangs he uttered sundry exclamations, such as, 'Oh, SUKE!' damn lobsters! cuss York city! Oh, my beßwels! If I ever get hum again you 'll never catch — There it is again! I *shall* die! Parson DULITTLE! Parson DULITTLE! if I had n't neglected your preachin'!' etc., to the great edification and amusement of the by-standers. At length the doctor pronounced him free from danger and convalescent. The next thing was the payment of the fee, which he was informed was five dollars. He groaned in spirit, and his 'beßwels' yearned worse than ever at the thought of parting with such a sum of money. There was no help for it, however; so he 'forked over' the V, and shouldering his hair-trunk, went on his way, growling: 'Cuss York city! cuss that doctor! — and cuss them d — d p'ison lobsters!'

That evening the captain, the wag, and the pseudo-physician luxuriated at FLORENCE'S on lobster, salad and 'trimmings,' for which the Yankee's five dollars stood exchequer.

H. T. H.

AN EVENING WITH AN OLD PHILOSOPHER. — We took down the other evening, from the lips of an esteemed friend, the following account of an colloquial conversation to which he had been a party, and which we could not help thinking would prove interesting to our readers. 'Having often heard,' said he, 'that students in Natural Philosophy were more apt to doubt the existence of a God than even the revelations of metaphysics, I gladly accepted an invitation to pass an evening with a philosophical friend, whose general style of reasoning I had previously discovered to be both mathematical and logical.' After having listened with great pleasure to his clear and self-evident *rationale* of many of nature's wonders, I ventured to ask his opinion as to the existence of a God; begging him to confine himself strictly to such proofs, for or against the position, as were of a philosophical or mathematical character. He cheerfully complied with my request; and as nearly as I can remember, thus gave me his deductions: 'Mr. —,' said he, 'I was among the first who commenced the study of geology in this country: of course I had to contend with the unmitigated fanaticism which at that time proved a barrier to philosophical researches of all kinds. With a view to obtain the best advice as to the course of study I should pursue, I applied to the first philosopher of the day, and asked his opinion of the truths of geology. To my great surprise, he replied that he had paid no attention to the subject; and the reason he gave was, that he feared it would upset his faith in the Mosaic account of creation! You may judge of the effect of such a remark, on the mind of a youthful aspirant after truth. As the truths of geology became self-evident, and divines fearfully gave up the word *Day*, as applied to the creation, I ran ahead of truth, and searched only for a *geological* God. Of course, I became an atheist; and so do all philosophers, who obtain more knowledge of one collateral branch, necessary as premises for general thought, than they possess of others. But I am widening from your question; and will freely acknowledge to you that I most firmly believe in the existence of a God, and that too on philosophical principles; for I have been so much a 'man of *one* book,' that philosophical equilibrium alone has been my criterion. You cannot but be acquainted with the fact, that substances expand by heat and contract by cold. A piece of metal when heated, becomes larger, and when cold, again contracts to its original size. This is the case with fluids and æriform bodies, as well as solids. The grocer will not buy molasses or liquors if gauged after lying in the sun, because he knows that a larger quantity will be represented than will be found there by measurement after cooling. Now this is a law; and that you may understand how definite it is, it is only necessary to tell you that no sophistry could convince you that two and two would make five. You well know that two and two can make but four; and for reasons which to human intellect appear to be equally palpable, philosophers understand that all substances are expanded by heat and contracted by its abstraction. Here ends the power of human thought on this subject; and as in the case of endeavoring to realize infinity of space, or eternity in time, we leave the subject thus far understood. With these facts before you, I need only say, that there are exceptions, the rationale of which exceeds the capacity of human intellect; and with infinity and eternity, must be left to God alone to decipher. One of these exceptions is water, and its uses in human economy. The freezing-point of water is at thirty-two degrees; the boiling-point is at two hundred and twelve; and at this latter point it resolves itself into vapor. Now you will perceive that if water were subject to the general law governing other substances in nature, it would expand by being heated from the freezing point, thirty-two degrees, until resolved into vapor, and even afterward. But this is not the fact. God seems to have created water at forty degrees of temperature; for at this degree water is at its mean. If the temperature be raised above forty degrees, it swells; if it be cooled below forty, strange to say! it *also* swells; and during the process of freezing at thirty-two degrees it swells with such uncontrollable force, that no substance has yet been discovered strong enough to withstand the pressure exerted by a single drop of water in becoming ice! This,

Mr. —, is the strongest proof that the philosophical student can possess of the intervention of a God. If this exception to natural law did not exist, the world in a single hour would be rendered incapable of sustaining organic life. Suppose, for example, that as water became colder, it became, like other substances, specifically heavier by contraction, the surface of the ocean would be continually sinking, until each stratum of water in its turn would be cooled to or below forty degrees of heat; and as the refractive force of water prevents the sun's rays from heating but a few feet below the surface of the ocean, the inhabitants of the great deep would all die, as no animal life can exist in water below forty degrees of heat, for any length of time. There are a few other exceptions, equally necessary for the comfort and well-being of the human family; one of which is, that although cast-iron expands much in melting, and becomes necessarily specifically lighter, still if a piece of cold cast-iron be thrown into a molten mass, although it is specifically heavier, it will not sink, but continues to float until wasted or melted away by its contiguity with the melted iron. You must readily perceive, that if this exception did not exist, the metals could not be rendered available for the use of man.' We shall, as LEAR says, 'have some talk with this philosopher' again; for he is both entertaining and instructive.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — In reading the proof-sheet containing the spirited lines on 'Bunker-Hill,' in preceding pages, there came back upon the wings of memory a vivid recollection of a picture of that memorable battle, which no one having once read could ever wholly forget. After puzzling our brain for some time to recall the work in which we had encountered it, COOPER's 'Lionel Lincoln, or the Leaguer of Boston,' which we had not seen for twenty years, flashed upon our mind; and we instantly resolved to refresh our boyhood's enjoyment of that excellent American novel. We have just risen from the pleasant execution of this purpose, and are anxious that our readers should share the gratification which has been renewed to us. We proceed, therefore, to quote a few segregated passages, descriptive of the great historical event to which we have alluded. The reader will at once recall to mind the cunning pseudo-idiot, JOE PRAY, to whom, in connection with the hero, Major LINCOLN, we shall now introduce him. On the scene where the ensuing conversation took place, seated upon a tomb-stone on a calm moon-lit midnight in October, not long ago, we beheld in imagination the mighty contest which had so long before been seen from 'Copp's':

'RESTLESS, and excited, LIONEL pursued his walk through the narrow and gloomy streets of the North-end, until he unexpectedly found himself issuing upon the open space that is tenanted by the dead, on Copp's-hill. On this eminence the English general had caused a battery of heavy cannon to be raised, and LIONEL, unwilling to encounter the challenge of the sentinels, inclining a little to one side, proceeded to the brow of the hill, and seating himself on a stone, began to muse deeply on his own fortunes, and the situation of the country.'

'The night was obscure, but the thin vapors which appeared to overhang the place opened at times, when a faint star-light fell from the heavens, and rendered the black hulls of the vessels of war that lay moored before the town, and the faint outlines of the opposite shores, dimly visible. The stillness of midnight reigned on the scene, and when the loud calls of 'all's-well' ascended from the ships and batteries, the momentary cry was succeeded by a quiet as deep as if the universe slumbered under this assurance of safety. At such an instant, when even the light breathings of the night air were audible, the sound of rippling waters, like that occasioned by raising a paddle with extreme caution, was borne to the ear of the young soldier. He listened intently, and then bending his eyes in the direction of the faint sounds, he saw a small canoe gliding along on the surface of the water, and soon shot upon the gravelly shore, at the foot of the hill, with a motion so easy and uniform as scarcely to curl a wave on the land. Curious to know who could be moving about the harbor at this hour, in such a secret manner, LIONEL was in the act of rising to descend, when he saw the dim figure of a man land from the boat, and climb the hill, directly in a line with his own position. Suppressing even the sounds of his breath, and drawing his body back within the deep shadow cast from a point of the hill, a little above him, LIONEL waited until the figure had approached within ten feet of him, when it stopped, and appeared, like himself, to be endeavoring to suppress all other sounds and feelings in the absorbing act of deep attention. The young soldier loosened his sword in its sheath, before he said:

'We have chosen a private spot, and a secret hour, Sir, for our meditations?'

'Had the figure possessed the impalpable nature of an immaterial being, it could not have received

this remark, so startling from its suddenness, with greater apathy than did the man to whom it was addressed. He turned slowly toward the speaker, and seemed to look at him earnestly, before he answered, in a low, menacing voice:

'There's a granny on the hill, with a gun and baggonet, walking among the cannon, and if he hears people talking down here, he'll make them prisoners, though one of them should be Major LINCOLN.'

'Ha! Jon,' said LIONEL; 'and is it you I meet prowling about like a thief at night! On what errand of mischief have you been sent this time?'

'If Jon's a thief for coming to see the graves on Copp's,' returned the lad sullenly, 'there's two of them.'

'Well answered, boy!' said LIONEL, with a smile; 'but I repeat, on what errand have you returned to the town at this unseasonable and suspicious hour?'

'Jon loves to come up among the graves, before the cocks crow; they say the dead walk when living men sleep.'

'And would you hold communion with the dead, then?'

'Tis sinful to ask them many questions, and such as you do put should be made in the Holy name, returned the lad, in a tone so solemn, that, connected with the place and the scene, it caused the blood of LIONEL to thrill; 'but Jon loves to be near them, to use him to the damps, ag'in the time he shall be called to walk himself in a sheet at midnight.'

'Hush!' said LIONEL; 'what noise is that?'

'Jon stood a moment, listening as intently as his companion, before he answered:

'There's no noise but the moaning of the wind in the bay, or the sea tumbling on the beaches of the islands.'

'Tis neither,' said LIONEL; 'I heard the low hum of a hundred voices, or my ears have played me falsely.'

'May be the spirits speak to each other,' said the lad; 'they say their voices are like the rushing winds.'

LIONEL passed his hand across his brow, and endeavored to recover the tone of his mind, which had been strangely disordered by the solemn manner of his companion, and walked slowly from the spot, closely attended by his silent changeling. He did not stop until he had reached the inert angle of the wall that inclosed the field of the dead, when he paused, and leaning on the fence, again listened intently.

'Boy, I know not how your silly conversation may have warped my brain,' he said, 'but there are surely strange and unearthly sounds lingering about this place, to-night! By heavens! there is another rush of voices, as if the air above the water were filled with living beings; and then again I think I hear a noise as if heavy weights were falling to the earth!'

'Ay,' said Jon, 'tis the clouds on the coffins; the dead are going into their graves ag'in, and 'tis time that we should leave them their own grounds.'

The next morning, it will be remembered, young LINCOLN is awakened by the quick and heavy roar of artillery; and looking from his window, he observes eager crowds hurrying along the streets, and the neighboring windows full of curious spectators. On inquiry of a passing officer, he is hastily informed that 'the rebels' are out again:

'THE towns-people now began to pour from their dwellings in scores; and LIONEL imitated their example, and took his course toward the adjacent height of Beacon-hill. He toiled his way up the steep ascent, in company with twenty more, without exchanging a syllable with men who appeared as much astonished as himself, at this early interruption of their slumbers, and in a few minutes he stood on the little grassy platform, surrounded by a hundred interested gazers. The sun had just lifted the thin veil of mist from the bosom of the water, and the eye was permitted to range over a wide field beneath the light vapor. Several vessels were moored in the channels of the Charles and Mystic, to cover the northern approaches to the place; and as he beheld the column of white smoke that was wreathing about the masts of a frigate among them, LIONEL was no longer at a loss to comprehend whence the firing proceeded. While he was yet gazing, uncertain of the reasons which demanded this show of war, lamence fields of smoke burst from the side of a ship of the line, who also opened her deep mouthed cannon, and presently her example was followed by several floating batteries, and lighter vessels, until the wide amphitheatre of hills that encircled Boston were filled with the echoes of a hundred pieces of artillery. . . . A voice was now heard above their heads shouting:

'There goes a gun from Copp's! They need n't think to frighten the people with their rattle-helly noises; let them blaze away till the dead get out of their graves—the Bay-men will keep the hill!'

Every eye was immediately turned upward, and the wondering and amused spectators discovered JON FAIR, seated in the grate of the Beacon, his countenance, usually so vacant, gleaming with exultation, while he continued waving his hat high in air, as gun after gun was added to the uproar of the cannonade.

'How now, fellow!' exclaimed LIONEL; 'what see you? and where are the Bay-men of whom you speak?'

'Where,' returned the simpleton, clapping his hands with childish delight; 'why, where they came at dark midnight, and where they'll stand at open noon-day! The Bay-men can look into the windows of old Funnel at last, and now let the reg'lars come on, and they'll teach the godless murderers the law!'

LIONEL, a little irritated with the bold language of Jon, called to him in an angry voice:

'Where are those Bay-men, I once more ask?'

'There!' repeated Jon, pointing over the low roofs of the town, in the direction of the opposite peninsula. 'They dug their cellar on Breeds, and now they are fixing their underpinnings, and next you'll see what a raising they'll invite the people to!'

'The instant the spot was named, all those eyes which had hitherto gazed at the vessels themselves, instead of searching for the object of their hostility, were turned on the green eminence which rose a little to the right of the village of Charlestown, and every doubt was at once removed by the discovery. The high, conical summit of Bunker-hill lay naked, and unoccupied, as on the preceding day; but on the extremity of a more humble ridge, which extended within a short distance of the water, a low bank of earth had been thrown up, for purposes which no military eye could mistake. This redoubt, small and insignificant as it was, commanded by its position the whole of the inner harbor of Boston, and even endangered, in some measure, the occupants of the town itself. It was the sudden appearance of this magical mound, as the mists of the morning had dispersed, which roused the slumbering seamen; and it had already become the target of all the guns of the shipping in the bay. Amusement at the temerity of their countrymen, held the townspeople silent, while Major LINCOLN, and the few officers who stood nigh him, saw at a glance, that this step on the part of their adversaries would bring the affairs of the league to an instant crisis. In vain they turned their wondering looks on the neighboring eminence, and around the different points of the peninsula, in quest of those places of support with which soldiers generally entrench their defences. The husbandmen opposed to them, had seized upon the point best calculated to annoy their foes, without regard to the consequences; and in a few short hours, favored by the mantle of night, had thrown up their work with a dexterity that was only exceeded by their boldness. The truth flashed across the brain of Major LINCOLN with his first glance, and he felt his cheeks glow as he remembered the low and indistinct murmurs which the night air had wafted to his ears, and those inexplicable fancies, which had even continued to haunt him till dispersed by truth and the light of day. Motioning to Jos to follow, he left the hill with a hurried step, and when they gained the common, he turned, and said, sternly, to his companion:

'Fellow, you have been privy to this midnight work.'

'Jos has enough to do in the day, without laboring in the night, when none but the dead 'are out of their places of rest,' returned the lad, with a look of mental imbecility, which immediately disarmed the recrimination of the other.

LIONEL smiled as he again remembered his own weakness, and repeated to himself:

'The dead! ay, these are the works of the living, and bold men are they who have dared to do the deed. But tell me, Jos, for 'tis in vain to attempt deceiving me any longer, what number of Americans did you leave on the hill when you crossed the Charles to visit the graves on Copp's, the past night?'

'Both hills were crowded,' returned the other—'Breeds with the people, and Copp's with the ghosts—Jos believes the dead rose to see their children digging so nigh them!'

'T is probable,' said LIONEL, who believed it wisest to humor the wild conceits of the lad, in order to disarm his cunning; 'but though the dead are invisible, the living may be counted.'

'Jos did count five hundred men, marching over the nose of Bunker, by star-light, with their picks and spades; and then he stopped, for he forgot whether seven or eight hundred came next.'

The description of the battle which ensues, has never been approached by any American pen. We are sorry to be obliged to limit our extracts to the following, which does not do full justice to the entire picture:

'The advance of the royal columns up the ascent was slow and measured, giving time to their field-guns to add their efforts to the uproar of the cannonade, which broke out with new fury as the battalions prepared to march. When each column arrived at the allotted point, it spread the gallant array of its glittering warriors under a bright sun. . . . The advance of the British line, so beautiful and slow, resembled rather the ordered steadiness of a drill than an approach to a deadly struggle. Their standards fluttered proudly above them, and there was moments when the wild music of their bands was heard rising on the air, and tempering the ruder sounds of the artillery. The young and thoughtless in their ranks turned faces backward, and smiled exultingly, as they beheld steeples, roofs, masts, and heights, teeming with their thousands of eyes, bent on the show of their bright array. As the British lines moved in open view of the little redoubt, and began slowly to gather round its different faces, gun after gun became silent, and the curious artillerymen, or tired seamen, lay extended on his heated piece, gazing in mute wonder at the spectacle. There was just then a minute when the roar of the cannonade seemed passing away like the rumbling of distant thunder.

'They will not fight, LINCOLN,' said the animated leader at the side of LIONEL; 'the military front of HOWE has chilled the hearts of the knaves, and our victory will be bloodless!'

'We shall see, Sir—we shall see!'

'These words were barely uttered, when platoon after platoon, among the British, delivered its fire, the blaze of musketry flashing swiftly around the brow of the hill, and was immediately followed by heavy volleys that ascended from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye as they slowly marched into the white cloud which their own fire had alone created.

'They are cowed, by heavens!—the dogs are cowed!' once more cried the gay companion of LIONEL, 'and HOWE is within two hundred feet of them, unharmed!'

'At that instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke, like lightning playing in a cloud, while at one report a thousand muskets were added to the uproar. It was not altogether fancy which led LIONEL to imagine that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill to wave as if the trained warriors it enveloped faltered before this close and appalling discharge; but in another instant, the stimulating war-cry, and the loud shouts of the combatants were borne across the strait to his ears, even amid the horrid din of the combat. Ten breathless minutes flew by like a moment of time, and the bewildered spectators on Copp's were still gazing intently on the scene, when a voice was raised among them, shouting:

'Hurrah! let the rake-hellies go up to Breed's; the people will teach 'em the law!'

'Throw the rebel scoundrel from the hill! Blow him from the muzzle of a gun!' cried twenty soldiers in a breath.

'Hold!' exclaimed LIONEL; 'tis a simpleton, an idiot, a fool!'

'But the angry and savage murmurs as quickly subsided, and were lost in other feelings, as the bright red lines of the royal troops were seen issuing from the smoke, waving and recoiling before the still vivid fire of their enemies.

'Ha!' said BURGOMAST; 'tis some feint to draw the rebels from their hold!'

'Tis a palpable and disgraceful retreat!' muttered the stern warrior nigh him, whose truer eye detected at a glance the discomfiture of the assailants; 'tis another base retreat before the rebels!'

'Hurrah!' shouted the reckless changeling again; 'there come the reg'lars out of the orchard too! — see the grannies skulking behind the kilns! Let them go on to Breed's, the people will teach 'em the law!'

'Right, Jon! — the people *did* 'teach 'em the law.' There was another trial; but Charlestown burning below, whence issued immense volumes of black smoke, revealing amouldering ruins; bellying out fold above fold, and overhanging the scene in a hideous cloud, which cast its gloomy shadow across the place of blood — these did not serve to lessen the exertions of the 'Continentalers!'

'THE trial was too great for even the practiced courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few moments they had again curtailed their ranks behind the misty screen produced by their own fire. Then came the terrible flash from the redoubt, and the eddying volumes from the adverse hosts rolled into one cloud, enveloping the combatants in its folds, as if to conceal their bloody work from the spectators. Twenty times in the short space of as many minutes, Major LINCOLN fancied he heard the incessant roll of the American musketry die away before the heavy and regular volleys of the troops, and then he thought the sounds of the latter grew more faint, and were given at longer intervals.

'The result, however, was soon known. The heavy bank of smoke which now even clung along the ground, was broken in fifty places, and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their deliberate foes, in wild confusion. The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to arrest the torrent, nor did the flight cease with many of the regiments until they had even reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston like the sudden rush of wind, and men gazed in each other's faces with undisguised amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped some unguarded lip, and many an eye gleamed with a triumph that could no longer be suppressed.'

Only one more sheet of flame issued from the row of dark tubes arranged along the top of that green mound; but it swept away PITCAIRN and his forward ranks as if a whirlwind passed by; and *then* the Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes in desperate indignation. It is good to refresh the memories of the present generation with the records of the valor of our fathers; and although 'Bunker-Hill' is so often vaunted by our New-England neighbors, that we may almost suppose them to believe that it was about the *only* battle of any consequence, except that of Lexington, which was fought during the Revolution, still (and aside from patriotic associations,) we could not resist the inclination to show how Genius can invest even a thrice-told tale with undying interest and unfading lustre. . . . We have often heard of persons talking with angry vehemence to inanimate objects which displeased them; and we have even heard of these same objects being 'put upon their good behaviour,' as in the case of the sailor who reminded his staunch craft, when she was sailing beautifully before the wind, that if she would behave equally well during the voyage, she should have a handsome coat of paint the very day after she arrived at her destined port. One of the best things in this kind, however, which we remember to have heard, was told us the other day by a friend, whom no 'good thing' ever escapes. A vessel in the Mediterranean, loaded to the gunwale with a rich cargo of figs, was wrecked in a tremendous storm; the captain and mate being saved by a miracle. The next day, by one of its sudden changes, the blue ocean was as smooth as glass: scarcely a cat's-paw of wind could be traced, as far as the eyes could reach. The captain of the wrecked vessel, however, walking along the coast near Lisbon, surveyed the scene with a jaundiced eye. 'Oh! yes!' said he, 'mighty still *now*; smooth enough *to-day*; but I see through you; I know what you want — you want more figs! You do n't catch me *ag'in*, though, mind I tell you!' . . . We welcome to our pages the fair Natchez correspondent, from whom we derive the following touching lines. She introduces them to our notice with these explanatory remarks: 'Of all the calamities that mark the history of the 'City of the Bluffs,' and surely she has had her share, no one is so terribly conspicuous as the tornado of 1840. One hears a thousand tales of its ravages, all affecting, all true, and yet all different. One especially, which im-

presses me to tears whenever I think of it, is the case of a poor woman who had two very small children playing at her door when the storm came on. They were taken from before her eyes 'on the wings of the wind,' and she saw them no more, nor was any trace of them ever afterward discovered. She herself narrowly escaped being crushed to death; and she received such a mental shock by the loss of her children, that she became demented; and now fancies that they have been taken away by some one, and that she shall one day welcome them back, just as they were when the tornado tore them from her arms. Whenever she passes a group of children, she always stops and looks among them for her own. Poor maniac! — may God comfort her!"

I.

LONELY and sad, still doth that mother ponder
On her lost darlings' melancholy fate;
Whether in heaven they sing, or still they wander
Upon the earth, loving and suffering yet.

II.

Oft as the gloomy shades of night close o'er her,
She clasps her arms upon her aching breast;
She sees her bright-eyed cherubs come before her,
As they were wont, before they went to rest.

III.

To say their evening prayer, blessed and blessing,
In gentle accents at their mother's knee;
O, God forgive, if when thy gifts caressing,
She almost worshipped them instead of *THEE*.

IV.

She walks the street and peers in every dwelling,
Then passes on her melancholy way;
For *something* to that yearning heart is telling,
She 'll find her lost ones in some group at play.

V.

'T is pitiful to see her pale, thin features,
As by my gate she goes each afternoon,
And gazes at my boys, two winsome creatures,
As if she thought she'd almost found her own.

VI.

But when the little fellows run and leave her,
Scared at her half-wild looks, she turns away;
'O 't is not them! — *they* would not, *could* not, grieve her.
How long must her sweet darlings from her stay!"

VII.

Then she returns unto her desolate chamber,
And weeping sits where she was wont to sit,
And lists to hear her 'toddlin' wee things' clamber
The creaking stairs — she thinks them children yet:

VIII.

Though five long years of light and shade have vanished,
Since the tornado swept her babes away;
But ne'er her poor fond broken heart has banished
The hope that 'still they will come back some day!"

IX.

And when the cold night-winds howl o'er her dwelling,
Or the mad Storm-King revels in his play,
She hears their voices in the tempest swelling,
And rushes out: 'They're gone! — they're swept away!"

X.

Alas! unhappy, broken-hearted woman!
Is there no balm in Gilead? — no relief?
How weak, how poor, how frail is comfort human,
To soothe the bitter pangs of such a grief!

XI.

Go home, poor stricken, lone and childless being!
Victim of hope deferred, look up to God:
For there is yet *One* friend, all-wise, all-seeing,
Who loves His children, though they feel His rod.

An affecting circumstance, in some respects not unlike the one upon which these lines are written, occurred recently near this city. A lady, who had a lovely child, a little girl of five years, was 'bereaved of her dear love in a single night,' she having fallen a sudden victim to a prevalent epidemic. The mother watched incessantly by her side during her illness, and when at last she yielded up her innocent spirit, she disposed her rigid limbs, and clad her for the grave; and when the little coffin arrived, she would permit no one but herself to place the precious remains of her only child within it. It was observed that her cheek was colorless, and all her aspect 'cold as the Parian stone;' but it was not until she had missed the coffin, which had been taken to the village grave-yard, that she manifested any active emotion; but when she found her dear treasure was gone, she sent up the most agonizing shrieks. Still she fancies her child will return; often inquires whether she has not yet come in; and always complains if a door is closed, because it will keep the little one from entering the house. If any of our readers should deem this poor woman 'weak,' or lacking that strength of mind which enables the sterner sex to 'bear them stiffly up' against the sorrows of life, let them remember, in the eloquent words of an American orator, that 'no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it.' Even the father cannot realize it as she does. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every graduation of feature was developed before her eyes. She had detected every new gleam of intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every new word; she had been the refuge of his fears, the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when he dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up, with all these memories, these associations? The timid hands, that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on his breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet, whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head, that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and in peaceful slumber, a hair of which she could not see harmed, O! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it here no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these suggestions crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple, spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God. . . . THEY are blowing Saint ANTHONY's Nose all to pieces, the Croton Aqueduct Goths, without a single compunctious throb! May they burn with the old gentleman's choicest 'fire' for the sacrilegious desecration! What will now become of a project, dear to the fancy of a friend of ours, who in projected series of papers upon '*Rhindology*,' proposed that a 'National and Nasal Institution should be established on St. ANTHONY's Nose, divided into various departments, and intended to impart

appropriate instruction to every variety of Christian noses. The Roman-nosed were to be registered in the military school; the Grecian-nosed matriculated in the Belles-Lettres Institute; the angular-nosed were to be taught architecture and the exact sciences; the sharp-nosed were to be enrolled in the philosophical academy, and habituated to nose out occult truths; while the turned-up-nosed were to write tart criticisms, etc., etc. What is now to become of this valuable 'Institute!' 'LORD nose!' as Hood's picture-dealer has it. The nasal orders must continue to be confounded; the noses of the fathers will be visited upon the children; and the emunctory nobility and the ignobility must 'share and share alike.' . . . We recognize in 'X. Y. Z.,' who writes us the annexed note from Philadelphia, an old and always welcome contributor: 'In your 'Editor's Table' for July, you remark upon the communication of a correspondent as being copied from a pretty song in TENNYSON's 'Miller's Daughter.' Probably you have not remarked that in the latter TENNYSON has boldly pilfered, without acknowledgment, from the Twentieth Ode of ANACREON, in BARNES' Arrangement. The song in question is indeed nothing but a loose version of that charming little ode, in which much of the delightful ease and simplicity of the original has been evaporated. In order that they may be compared, I subjoin MOORE's translation of the same ode, premising that his version is very paraphrastic, and that, to the best of my recollection, TENNYSON's song bears much more resemblance to the original. It is a piece of literary audacity which ought to be exposed, and which I am surprised to observe has escaped all the lynx-eyed critics who have been hammering away, for and against TENNYSON, for a long period:

GEM FROM ANACREON: ODE XX.

'H Ταυτάλου ποτ' ἔσση. κ. τ. λ.

THE Phrygian rock that braves the storm
Was once a sweeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine!
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or, were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave

Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave;
Or float as perfume on thy hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I would I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envied pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy ANACREON be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee!
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

'You will observe that TENNYSON has wire-drawn some of the thoughts, and has altered them to suit the greater refinement of the day; but they are ANACREON's for all that. I may as well remark, that in the arrangement of the Vatican MSS., adopted by MOORE, this ode is the twenty-second.' . . . We heard a curious suggestion the other day. Two friends were speaking of the late excellent ELIAS HICKS, and of the strong repugnance to slave-products which he manifested in motioning from his dying bed a sheet which even his darkening eyes recognized as cotton. 'But he is in Heaven,' said one of the speakers, 'where the servant is equal with his lord,' and where no repugnant token can offend his tender heart.' 'I'm not so sure of that,' was the reply; 'for supposing the old Puritan worthy to be an occupant of the same blessed region, how is he to endure the presence of COTTON MATHER?' There was an end to farther speculation. . . . We rejoice, in common with our citizens generally, at the establishment of a faculty in the 'American Institute,' which cannot fail to prove of the highest usefulness and value. It consists of JAMES RENWICK, of Columbia College, Professor of Mechanical Philosophy, JAMES J. MAPES, Esq., Professor of 'Natural Philosophy and Chemistry,' as applied to the Useful Arts; JAMES R. CHILTON, Professor of Analytical Chemistry; and PAUL P. DUGGAN, Professor of the Arts of Design, as applied to the Useful Arts. The names of the three gentlemen first-named are ample security for the faithful discharge of their important

trusts; while the selection by one of the largest institutions in our country of the last-named young gentleman, speaks volumes in favor of his qualifications. Mr. DUGGAN is indeed a remarkable artist. His compositions in sculpture have received the highest praise from the first anatomists of the day; nor is he less distinguished in the other branches of art, which will require his elucidation, in the honorable position which he has been called to assume. We are glad to find the public awaking to the great importance of the arts of design. The tribute we now pay abroad for French goods, French furniture, etc., will by and by reach the pockets of our own mechanics, who are behind none of any nation in skill, when once they are instructed. And how *valuable* is such knowledge! A single pound of cotton, sent by us to France, may be returned in fabrics so elegant and tasteful, that a thousand dollars of our own money must be expended to purchase them. Home-manufacturers, lovers of national progress, 'think on these things!' . . . '*The Country Church*' is filed for insertion. It is a charming sketch; quiet, and effective, without the aid of violent colors. We shall rejoice to hear often from the writer. That is a very pleasant picture which TENNYSON, in a few brief lines, draws of a somewhat kindred scene:

'O'er to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered like a welcome guest.

'One walked between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

'The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

'And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walked demure,
Facing with downward eyelids pure.

'*The Changeless Philosopher*' is not bad; nay, it is very good — but not *quite* original. GOLDSMITH has a character so much like the 'philosopher,' that we hardly think *both* can be original creations. Part of our 'peripatetic' hero's reasoning seems also to have been borrowed from the bankrupt 'WYLDE OATES' argument in extenuation of stealing a conveyance in town, and making an inroad upon the larders and bars of sundry suburban houses of entertainment, 'without regard to expense:' 'I don't know whether things are not funnier when you've got no money at all, than when your pockets are brimful. Take all you can, and no responsibility; no forking down or settling up; a free blow, every-which-way. Get kicked a little sometimes; but that mends itself cheap; and when you've had a ride and trimmings, whisky-punch and fried oysters, a dance, an upset, and a fight with chairs and decanters, why what can they do with you then, if you are independent in your circumstances, and have n't got a red cent? They can't unride a fellow; no, nor undance him neither. When you've had something to drink, you're a fixed fact, and can't be unpunch'd!' . . . '*What is Eloquence?*' is not what the writer 'takes it to be' — we mean the communication thus entitled, and not its theme, which seems to have been chosen as a nucleus of 'eloquent extracts,' many of which were *old* in the school-books of our earliest boyhood. The best exposition of true eloquence that we have lately encountered, was contained in an essay of PAUL F. RAVESIES, Esq., read at the recent commencement of the New-York University. It was entitled '*Passion, the Soul of Eloquence*,' and was itself an illustration of the truth of the orator's arguments. We remember being forcibly struck with one remark, to the effect namely, that DEMOSTHENES had described eloquence as consisting in 'action, action, and then again action;' but, said the orator, 'in moral as well as physical nature, to impress action, you must *feel* it; if you desire to move, *be moved*; weep from your own heart, and you shall draw tears from all who listen to you.' And this is indeed the secret of all true eloquence. There were other passages of great force and beauty in the speech to which we have alluded, which was most flatteringly received by a crowded audience. . . . WE were not a little amused the other evening at NIBLO's, by a dialogue which we overheard between a verdant-looking biped and a colored 'german' officiating as waiter. Taking up a little bill from one of the small tables, the white youth ran over the items, as 'Vanilla cream,' 'Strawberry, do,' 'Raspberry, do,' etc. At length, 'Bring me,' said he to the waiter, 'some o' your '*Strawberry Do*!'" The 'colored

person' looked at the dish indicated by the finger of his interlocutor: 'Oh!' he explained, 'that means *ditto*; it means that it's the same thing, you see.' 'Very well, then, bring me a Strawberry *Ditto*; you've got it, ha'nt ye? There's a man there's jest sent and had one fetch'd. Jest bring me one on 'em!' At that moment we heard the tones of Mrs. MOWATT's most musical voice; the curtain was up; and we left the intelligent inquisitor thrusting into his very throat large heaps of 'Strawberry Ditto.' . . . We have been taking a short 'run' among the studios of some of our metropolitan artists, who are staying at home during the summer solstice. INMAN, beside several portraits in his free, graceful manner, has upon his easel a most charming landscape, including a water-fall, not far from WORDSWORTH's demesne, on the Windermere, which, as one gazes at it, seems scarcely to lack sound and motion. It is a charming picture. ELLIOTT, who is establishing an enviable reputation by his admirable portraits, has finished lately three or four heads, which he has never before exceeded. They are of Mr. THAYER, the artist, Mr. DECOST, a weather-worn packet-captain, retired from the storms of the ocean, and Capt. ERICSON. These portraits have excited the warm admiration of all who have seen them. Nor are Mr. ELLIOTT's lady-portraits of minor excellence; as a recent effort of his pencil will convince any one who will call at his rooms in the Granite-Buildings. Mr. JARVIS, son of the elder JARVIS, is winning fame in his profession. We have seen three or four of his latest portraits, which would have reflected credit even upon his gifted father. . . . THE force of habit in animals was pleasantly illustrated in a circumstance mentioned to us the other day. A clergyman's horse, that had never for twenty years, in his stall hard by the sanctuary, heard a hymn sung at the close of the afternoon service that contained more than four verses, was one day startled at hearing a fifth given out; and manifested his anxiety thereat, by kicking, whinnying, etc.; but when a sixth was commenced, he snorted out his indignation, broke his bridle, and started for home, with tail erect and main streaming in the wind. Six verses constituted an innovation that was not to be tolerated for a moment. . . . SITTING, this sultry, oppressive night, beneath the bright light of our gleaming 'Carol,' we have thought, with unutterable longings, of the broad, cool promenade at Congress Hall, Saratoga, and of the benevolent face of MUNGER, the kind and gentleman-like host, regarding his guests with an enjoyment equalled only by their own. Would we were among them to-night! The moonlight sleeps upon the garden below the long colonnade; sleeps upon the wreathing vines around the lofty white columns, and flecks with 'quivering silver' the broad front of that noble mansion. Oh! for a quiet walk thereabout! for a sight of the sparkling Pavilion spring! of MUNGER's well-spread board! of his cool apartments devoted to sleep! But it may not be. We are 'tied to the oar.' . . . A good story is told in the 'Albany Evening Journal' of an occurrence which took place at Canandaigua, when the enactment mentioned in our last (directing the sale at public vendue of the trustees, whenever any animals were found running at large in the streets,) reached that pleasant village. When the intelligence was received, a legal wag submitted a knotty question for decision. He was desirous, he said, to bid upon the President of the Board of Trustees, for he wanted to own him; but he must first know whether a second or subsequent sale of him would impair a title obtained by virtue of a *prior* sale! In a word, after a second sale, who was to own 'the property?' The question was received with peals of laughter. . . . We wish that our metropolitan readers, many of whom we dare say often scarcely know what to do with themselves, would take 'occasional occasion' to step into the excellent schools of 'The Mechanics' Institute,' and observe the progress of the pupils in the acquisition of useful knowledge. We visited them the other day, with a benevolent and public-spirited friend, and have seldom been more interested. The most intricate questions in abstruse arithmetic, suggested casually by the visitors, were answered upon the black-board by lads called up at random from the different classes, with entire readiness and ease; and in other branches, the same praiseworthy *thoroughness* of instruction was apparent. In the girls' department, kindred progress and ability were visible; indeed, we scarcely remember a single error in either branch of the Chambers-street school. Fellow-townsmen, step in now and then, and judge for yourselves in the premises. . . . MRS. MOWATT,

at Niblo's Garden-Theatre, has been winning new laurels in the arduous pursuit she has chosen. Every new character in which she appears brings to her an acquisition of new wreaths. Graceful, self-possessed, handsome, intellectual, she seems in need of nothing but experience to make her all that her most ardent friends desire her to become. . . . Our old friend and townsman, Gov. GILBERT DAVIS, has returned from abroad, with 'several ships' full of wines and other potables, of the richest and rarest, 'to make glad the heart of man,' as the Good Book has it, when used without being abused. The Governor, who is any thing but a staunch Romanist, has brought home with him several rare Catholic relics; one of which, of undoubted authenticity, consists of a handful of hair from the tail of the ass on which our SAVIOUR rode into Jerusalem! . . . We learn from 'The Town' that 'Professor' INGRAHAM 'is engaged on a romance of thrilling interest and heart-rending incidents. The events are startling and horrible to the utmost degree. The scenes are laid in a slaughter-house. The title is the 'Bloody Butcher.' . . . SEVERAL new works, and some scores of communications, will receive attention in our next. 'C. W. E.' has not been forgotten; he shall be remembered when it is most *timely*: there's 'nothing doing' now.

LITERARY RECORD.—The recent work of Professor BUSH on '*The Resurrection*' seems likely to create a new era in the theological history of that doctrine. From all quarters we hear of the profound sensation it has produced in the religious world; not in this country only, but also in England. In the true spirit of free inquiry, and with his acknowledged endowments for discussing biblical questions, he has submitted the prevalent loose notions on the subject to the strict ordeal of Reason and Revelation, and shown that there is no real foundation in either for the common conceit of the resuscitation of the decayed and dispersed elements of the present material structure. On the contrary, he proves that the true doctrine is the doctrine of the immediate re-living of the soul after death in a spiritual corporeity, which is never to be laid aside and replaced by a new body, constructed from the remains of flesh and blood. The tenet thus resolves itself into that of the *immortality of the inner man*, which is in fact enveloped in the present corporeal tenement; a view of the subject infinitely more satisfactory to thought and to feeling than the vague dogma of a disembodied being, or a dreary sleep of the soul through an indefinite tract of ages. We are happy to learn that the fierce assaults which have been made upon the Professor's theory are likely to bring out from his pen a still stronger confirmation of every important point sustained in his work. We have now in our hands an interesting tract of one hundred pages, entitled '*The Resurrection of Christ*;' in answer to the question, whether he rose in a Spiritual and Celestial, or in an Earthly and Material Body; and an answer it truly is, embodying a powerful array of evidence that our LORD's post-resurrection body was in the highest sense spiritual and glorious, and such as could not be seen by the gross visual organs of the flesh. It will be read with deep interest. . . . We have received two poetical volumes, and at a late hour, which we have the 'inclination without the ability,' by reason of a preoccupation of our available space, to notice as they deserve. '*Saul, a Mystery*,' by Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COKE, reached us while the sheets containing our 'Literary Notices' were passing through the press. Without reading it through consecutively, therefore, by which we should have been enabled to judge of its merits, considered as a well-developed dramatic poem, we were only enabled to open the volume here and there, so as to obtain some knowledge of the general character of its literary execution. We found, even in this very cursory perusal, many things to admire; and our readers would see why, if we had leisure or room to indicate the passages which pleased us. We cannot forbear, however, to direct attention to the colloquy between DAVID and JONATHAN, embraced between the two hundred eighteenth and nineteenth pages. Surely the 'natural dread of death' has seldom been more forcibly depicted than in the touching thoughts of DAVID. We may have more to say hereafter of this bold and difficult effort of a young poet of decided and acknowledged genius. Mr. HENRY B. HIRST's very beautiful volume, '*The Coming of the Mammoth*,' and other poems, contains many minor pieces which impress us more favorably than his elaborate effusions; and several of them are most creditable to his talents and to his heart. We would instance '*The Coming of Night*,' the '*Lines to Summer*,' and '*Isabelle*,' as especially felicitous. We should like 'Geraldine' better, although it is a very good poem, if the name were not made to rhyme with words which have no resemblance in their sound to its true pronunciation. The volume is one of much promise, which we have little reason to fear will not be redeemed. . . . We are well pleased to receive from Messrs. SAXTON AND KETT, Boston, in two handsome and convenient-sized volumes, '*The Foresters*' and '*The Trials of MAR-*

GARET LINDRAY, those charming works of Professor WILSON, which, with the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' by the same author, have been read, and will continue to be read, by countless admirers in both hemispheres. Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON, the American editor, introduces the volumes to the public in appropriate and well-written prefaces. . . . Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY have issued, from casts from the plates of the original Edinburgh edition, *Reid's English Dictionary*, in a compact form, and with a clear type, although it contains forty thousand words. Beside its correct orthoëpy, it is commended for the following important improvements: The primitive word is given, and then follow the immediate derivatives in alphabetic order, with the part of speech appended; after the primitive words, is inserted the original term whence it is formed, with the name of the language from which it is derived; there is subjoined a vocabulary of the Roots of English words; by which the accurate purport of them is instantly discoverable; and an Accented List, to the number of fifteen thousand, of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names, is added. It is an excellent, a superior work, for schools and families. The same publishers have issued an admirable edition of all the poetical writings of Mrs. HEMANS, in two handsome volumes, with engravings, for which we predict a steady, sure sale. . . . Mr. HENRY M. 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I have written the above book for your amusement and instruction; and the world may take it for what it is worth. I have illustrated the "**BIBLE BIOGRAPHY**" with pictures. I have written for **THE YOUNG**; but as I desire that this volume may not be forced upon any body, I say in the title page that it is designed for families. I wish it to be permitted to enter the family circle, and take its chance to make its way. If it is placed, not as a task book, on the table, perhaps the children may patronise it; perchance the parents may deign to look into it. The Editor in his **PREFACE** says:—

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I wish you, therefore, to ask your Parents and Teachers to call and examine this work; and if they are satisfied of its utility and the correctness of the above statement, to procure you a copy. Then I want you to read *carefully* and *prayerfully* yourselves; and as you read, *think* and *feel*. If you will do this, and keep close to your **BIBLE**, you will gain much Scripture knowledge—you will be able, ere long, to extract useful lessons from almost every verse of the Bible. You will grow up useful members of both civil and religious society. You will resist temptation and conquer. You will hear the sarcasm of the profligate without leading you to sin; and with the Atheist says not only in his heart, but with his lips, "**THERE IS NO GOD**," you will see the hand of a creating God, and reverence it—of a preserving God, and rejoice in it. **YOUTHFUL READERS!** with the Bible, *alone*, for your foundation, you will stand amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of **CHRISTIANITY**. If these should be the *fruits* of my labors, the end I have desired will be attained.

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VOL. XXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

No. 3.

BELGRADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TURKISH SKETCHES.'

OF all Lady MONTAGUE's sprightly letters on Constantinople, none are so thoroughly *couleur de rose* as the description of the little village of Belgrade, where she spent a couple of months during the spring of 1717. The 'elysian fields,' and the 'women exactly resembling the ideas of the ancient nymphs,' are no where to be found; and the seeker after the marvellous must be satisfied with the enjoyment of the 'shady walks,' 'fountains famous for the excellency of their water,' and the 'refreshment of cool breezes,' which are as attractive now as they were more than a century and a quarter ago.

During the last spring, we paid a short visit of a couple of weeks to Belgrade, in the month of May; and after existing through the rains, snows, winds, and endless variety of weather, of a Constantinople winter, no atmosphere and scenery could be more reviving. It is distant from Pera some ten or twelve miles, in a northern direction, and within a few miles of the Black Sea. The road runs parallel with the Bosphorus for more than half the way, glimpses of which were now and then caught from the eminences. The only objects of interest to be seen are several hydraulic pyramids erected for the purpose of increasing the force of the current of water led in earthen pipes under ground from Belgrade, for the supply of Pera and the capital; an occasional 'corps de garde,' lodged in comfortable stone buildings, and a half-way village, if indeed half a dozen houses can be called one, named the *Maslak*, or 'Water-way,' where the lady of a late Austrian Minister established, in benevolence, a *Cahveh*, surrounded by a small flower garden. Farther on we had a distant and very interesting view of the Black Sea, the entrance to the Bosphorus, with its strong castles erected by Baron de Tott, (the original Munchausen,) the ancient ruined Genoese Tower and Giant's Mountain on the Asiatic shore, the Bay of Buyuk Dereh, with its shipping waiting a favorable breeze to carry it into the Euxine, and ambassadorial summer-houses along its beach.

Soon afterward the road turned more to the north-west, and we entered the forest, mostly of chestnut trees, in which the village is situated.

The forest is preserved from the woodman's axe by a Turkish law, which forbids any trees to be felled within a certain number of miles of the *Bends*, or 'Water Reservoirs' of Belgrade; nature teaching that the moisture of the soil under the shady foliage attracts the watery clouds floating westward from the Black Sea, drawn down the funnel-like current of the Bosphorus; and the demand for water causes its execution to be better maintained than almost any other emanating from the government. And yet the villagers partly evade it by cropping off the branches of the trees, thus stunting their growth, and arresting their development. As we passed round the head of the great valley called *Buyuk Dereh*, we could distinguish the celebrated sycamore, under which Godfrey de Bouillon reposed with his brave Crusaders, before crossing over into Asia. Much has been said and written about this tree, but it certainly is not remarkable for size—at least it would not be in Ohio, where there are sycamores double the extent. It is, in fact, what is thought to be one composed of several different trees growing in a circular line, and having somewhat the appearance of having once been united in one trunk.

We passed under an aqueduct built by Mahmoud I., and through a small miserable Greek village, called *Backtcha-Kieuy*; then continuing farther for half an hour, we arrived at Belgrade, of which I enclose you a little drawing, made by my friend and companion. It is composed of some forty or fifty houses, most of them in a crumbling condition, built of wood and mud, and without any pretensions to comfort or cleanliness. Those owned by the few Frank merchants, whose families spend the spring here, are exceptions, to which may be added some half a dozen others, owned by peasants of the village, and let out to Europeans. The one we occupied was of the latter, and proved to be, though small, one of the cleanest of the place. A house, now much injured by time, is shown as that which Lady Montague occupied; but it cannot be more than another erected perhaps on the site of that from which she addressed Mr. Pope in 1717, as no wooden building could possibly withstand the effect of the dampness which prevails here during the greater part of the year.

The dews commence falling soon after sun-set, and it is unhealthy to be out in the night air much after that time; we therefore did not see the village to best advantage until the morning following our arrival, when rising early, we had our breakfast conveyed out under a cluster of chestnut trees, to the west of the place, and enjoyed it in the open air. By eight o'clock the sun beams fell hot on the unshaded soil, and good two hours previously the night-dews had disappeared from the grass.

From the western side of the village, near the road on which we reached it the day before, the *coup d'œil* of green hills and greener meadows, with shady trees and refreshing fountains, is a very agreeable one. Near our seat was one of the latter, of crystal clear and icy cool water, flowing on with a ceaseless music, tempting one to drink on, regardless of a satiated thirst; an equally clear stream ran before us down to a *bend* at the foot of the green sward fronting the village; be-

yond it, and to the left, were several verdant meadows, with tethered horses nipping their crops of grass ; the village of Belgrade came next, on a gentle acclivity, its houses mingling with tall cypress, poplar, and sycamore trees ; and the back ground, a hill some five or six hundred feet high, its side, at this season, covered with green vines and fruit trees. There were not wanting birds to sing in the trees around us, among which we frequently heard the plaintive tone of the nightingale replying to his mate ; but none had plumage of gayer colors than the purple and blue of the magpie, and the sable and red of the thrush. We saw also a number of long-legged white and black storks, stalking about in the high wet grass of the meadows opposite to us, intent on snatching up every worm or insect which might venture to come within the scope of his keen eyes and sharp bill, much resembling a parson in canonicals and league-boots, the former tucked up under his coat-tail and held there with both hands, while he made a matinal survey of the prospects of his vicar-glebe. Their spacious nests, formed of branches of bushes, reeds, and straws, capped the summits of the village chimneys, or lodged in the arms of the larger sycamores, for which places the venerable-looking parents would now and then sail away to convey food to their chattering young.

The ancient fable of the storks conveying their aged parents from harm on their backs, can scarcely have had its origin in fact, yet the tender affection and care which they have for each other is remarkable. In the spring of the year, the country around Constantinople is thickly populated by them : they arrive from the south in thousands, and for several days *stalk* over the fields and meadows with deliberate gravity and composure. There is no doubt but that they return annually to the places of their birth, and reoccupy the same locality and nests which their sires did before them. The Turks call them *Ak-Babas*, or *White Fathers*, a name which they generally give to their sheiks and holy men, one denoting great respect and veneration ; they also designate them as '*Laila Kushee*,' or the '*Bird of Laila*,' it being stated in their most celebrated love tale of '*Laila and Medgenoon*,' that when the latter was love-distracted, and crazed for his mistress, she sent faithful storks to watch over him, and that they even built their nests on his devoted head.

A good friend of mine, now no more, some years ago had a young stork taken from its nest and conveyed to his garden, with the intention of domesticating it. It soon learned to follow him, come at the call of his bell, and, by chattering and flapping its spacious wings, to ask him for food. It would spend hours in standing guard before his door, and drive away, at the risk of a severe blow from its sharp bill, any dog or cat which might venture to approach it. During the summer, an accident injured one of its wings so as to prevent it from flying ; and in the fall, at the period when storks migrate to a warmer clime, its friends and relatives, in a sycamore grove, distant a couple of miles, made it frequent visits, either to learn its intentions or persuade it to accompany them on their flight southward.

After several councils, during which the matter appeared to be gravely discussed, and the circumstance of the injured wing examined,

all left it but one, who remained to aid it in overcoming the difficulty under which it labored. Several days were spent in attempts to fly, always against the wind, the healthy bird aiding it with a timely lift with its own wings. For a while success seemed doubtful, but it was finally accomplished, and the domesticated stork determined to accompany its species to the climate where nature taught it to spend the colder season. A day or two later, Ak-Baba seemed agitated, disobeyed its friend's bell, and neglected the guardianship of his door. The cause was soon manifested: gradually some hundreds of storks collected and hovered over the garden, a few descended to its side, and after several trials to rise, they finally aided it, as before mentioned, to reach their companions in the air; and then, taking a direction nearly due south, they commenced their migration; great interest and care being shown in favor of the weaker bird; and as long as the company was in sight, we could distinguish the position of *Ak-Baba* by the little group of assistant friends around him.

There is but little variety in the *passé-temps* of Belgrade: the amusements are simple, conducive to health, and full of forgetfulness of the busy life of Stamboul, and the Ghâour *faubourgs* of Pera and Galata. If the diplomatic social usages, now in full strength and vigor at the 'City of the Sultan,' were in existence during the period of the mission of Lady Montague's liege lord — husband may well be omitted — it is readily understood, the relief she experienced from retirement to the secluded shades of this village. It was also then a more fashionable resort than at present, and may have better agreed with her poetical account of its 'elysian fields' than it now does. After breaking our fast near one of her 'fountains, famous for the excellency of their water,' beside one of her 'shady walks, upon short grass that seems artificial,' enjoying the 'refreshment of cool breezes,' we usually walked for half an hour along the banks of one of the artificial lakes, called *Bends*, of which mention will be renewed, and then, frightened away by the increasing heat of the sun, retired within our humble dwelling. During this matinal walk we were not generally alone: all the younger Franks, and even some of the young villagers, followed the same method of spending the coolest and pleasantest part of the day; and the little groups which they formed in the woods or by the water's side added much to the beauty of the picturesque scene.

There were at the village several Armenian families in search of health or diversion; the female part of which, freed from the gaze of Mussulmans, or even men of their own creed, would, like so many young lambs escaped from the fold, frisk and play, with a hearty enjoyment that was really contagious: they retained, with the exception of the *yashmack* and *feradjeh*, (veil and cloak,) their usual entire oriental costume and head-dress; and although they seldom associated with the Franks, especially when the latter were males, it was evident that they would have no objections to doing so, were it not for the presence of their elders, and the existence of their uncivilized custom of separation between the sexes. One of them became a subject of much interest to us, both from the meek and melancholy cast of her countenance and deportment, and the story of her misfortunes, which we learnt from

a European lady, a mutual acquaintance. She had married two years previously a young Armenian jeweller, supposed to be wealthy, and of known respectable connexions: they spent a year happily together, living perhaps more expensively than their position in society required; and when her husband suddenly determined to visit France, and take her with him, it was with feelings of anticipated enjoyment, readily conceived, in a country like this, where the Armenian females lead lives almost as secluded as those of the Turkish ladies themselves. By the aid of the French steam-packet they reached Marseilles, and soon after Paris. News of the departure of the husband, with not only his young and beautiful wife, but jewels to a very large amount, which had been confided to him by different individuals, was received at Paris, by the Ottoman embassy, soon after their arrival: it seized upon the jewels and their possessor, and sent them back to Constantinople, where the latter has remained in very irksome confinement ever since, with no prospect of immediate release.

The disgrace and sorrow consequent on her husband's venality almost broke the young creature's heart; her health and personal appearance have greatly suffered; and her affection, unlike that of the females of more civilized lands and more tutored sensibilities, which leads them to love on through disgrace and poverty, has been completely alienated from her husband; and we were informed, her hopes of any worldly happiness are completely blighted. It was indeed affecting to know the cause of her sorrows, witness her pale faint countenance and retiring habits; and notwithstanding the continual grief of her mind, observe her endeavors to meet with even a forced smile and appearance of pleasure the attempts of her companions to draw her thoughts away from their one all-engrossing subject to the freshness of spring that surrounded them.

During the remainder of the day, until some five or six o'clock, the heat compelled us to remain within doors, occupying ourselves with books or music; in the afternoon, toward sun-set, we would again sally forth to the 'many shady walks' in the woods. Sometimes we were visited by young gentlemen from the residence of the diplomatic corps in the summer, viz. Buyuk Dereh and Therapia; or pic-nic parties even from the more distant Pera. The costume of the Greeks of the village differed very little from that of those of the females of the capital, except perhaps in the colors of the dresses, some of which were bright red or yellow. There has evidently also been a great falling off both in that respect and the beauty of the females, since the date of Lady Montague's letter to Mr. Pope; for her ladyship asserts that they then resembled 'the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters.' We scarcely saw a good face among all the women whom we met; and the only nymph-like figures were those of the young girls occupied in the very homely and unpoetical employment of washing clothes at the springs, or in the streams running from them. But a truce to such strictures on the literary remains of that really charming writer, whose letters were doubtless not intended to be strictly correct, but rather descriptions *couleur de*

rose, to suit the fancy of the poet, Mr. Pope, to whom they are addressed.

Belgrade, as previously mentioned, is the seat of the *Bends*, or artificial reservoirs of water, for the supply of the capital. These are dams of stone, constructed from hill to hill across the intervening ravine or gorge, sometimes of very beautiful and costly workmanship: during the winter and spring, the falling rain is amassed in the ravine to such an extent as to form considerable lakes; and in the summer, there is likewise a constant supply flowing into them from the sources in the hills. The bends are seven in number, some larger than others, dating back to a distant period: their waters are conducted to the capital and its faubourgs through pipes and stone and mortar ways, which run across some of the deeper valleys in aqueducts, wind along the sides of the hills until they can cross without descending, or actually descend some of the minor declivities.

Before our departure from Belgrade, we made an excursion to several of the bends, and dined à la pic-nic on the green sward of the eminence of that constructed by the late Sultan Mahmoud II. The morning was clear and fresh; the birds, among them the sweet-toned nightingale, sang and flew about in the green brush-wood, welcoming the rising of the world-enlivening Phœbus, whose rays, however, soon became too warm in their intimacy. While my friends rode in our Araba, drawn by a couple of oxen — for here the safest, though certainly fleetest, conveyance is a carriage, drawn either by oxen or buffaloes, and the wealthiest ladies of the land, 'faithful and infidel,' do not disdain to use them — I enjoyed the recreation of a pedestrian tour through the forest. We first visited two bends near the village of Belgrade, one uniting two small hills, built by the Greek Emperor Andronicus, in A. D. 1190: behind them are two smaller ones, in a rough state, one on each side of the great bend, called that of Pasha Déré. The water of these four bends runs down into a broad valley, through pipes, a distance of some seven or eight miles, to a great reservoir, erected by Andronicus Comnenus, but now bearing the name of Osman III. In a valley to the west of Belgrade is another bend, called *Aiwad*, built by Mustapha III. in A. D. 1766. From the great reservoir of Pyrgos, the water crosses a valley in a magnificent aqueduct, erected by Justinian, and thence around hills to the city.

Near noon, we reached the new bend, erected by the late Sultan Mahmoud II. near the village of Baktchakieuy. It is the newest and most perfect of all the bends: its façade is constructed of white marble from the island of Marmora, in the sea of the same name, and its water runs through the aqueduct previously mentioned, of twenty-one arches, and five thousand three hundred and sixty feet in length. Between the aqueduct and Pera are numerous pilasters, each some eighty feet high, called in Turkish *Sooterazee*, or water balances, by which, agreeably to the system of hydraulics in use here, the current of water in mounting and descending to and from their apexes, receives additional strength, and is aired. From the bend there is an extensive view of the distant capital and its faubourgs; the Sea of Marmora, and even of the 'high and hoar' summit of Olympus; near the water is a *Cahvek*,

which furnishes mats and coffee to the numerous pic-nic parties that visit the forest ; and here, under the shade of a noble chestnut tree, we partook of our lunch.

The system of hydraulics now in use among the Turks was that of the Romans in France and Spain : the Moors of Granada were ignorant of it, but it is in full operation in Barbary, no doubt borrowed from Constantinople. It is called that of *sooterazee*, or water-balances, and consists of pipes in the form of reversed syphons, built over arches or columns, and is conformable to the law of fluids by which they are always brought to their level. The sooterazee is generally a mass of masonry in the form of a pointless pyramid or Egyptian obelisk. Care is taken to choose a water source higher by some feet than the reservoir from which it is intended the water shall be distributed. The water is then carried in subterranean passages, slightly inclined, open here and there to give it air, to the side of the valley or declivity over which it is to be carried : here a sooterazee is erected, facing another on the opposite side ; leaden pipes of certain diameters are placed parallel on two of its sides ; they are unconnected at the summit of the pyramid, and the one facing the source empties itself into a small basin there, from which the water descends on the other side in the second tube to another subterranean passage, leading to a second, third, fourth, or more sooterazees on the sides or in the valley, until it finally attains the summit of the one erected on the opposite hill of equal height to the first. When there, it flows on to the place of final distribution ; and, so that the quantity of water resolved upon may flow freely in the sooterazee without losing any of its velocity, the ascending and descending pipes are made of double the diameter of the final orifice. The distance generally between the sooterazees is about two hundred yards. The ascending pipe or tube rises as high as the water is when it is received, which is seven inches below the surface of the source ; and the descending one is exactly seven inches more below that, and so on to the last sooterazee. The reservoir of distribution should be just seven inches lower than the last sooterazee. The expense of a water-way of this kind is estimated at one-fifth of an aqueduct on arches ; and also admits of a great economy in the distribution of the water. Thus :

A circular orifice of four lines in diameter discharges, under a pressure of three inches of water, seven hundred pounds of water in twelve hours, and double that in twenty-four hours. This measure the Turks call a *macoor*. Eight macoors form what they call a *lula*, which is eleven lines in diameter. These are the only water measures they have ; and to regulate the distribution of what their religious ablutions render indispensable, there are erected throughout the city a great number of pyramids, with each a basin at their summit, to which both macoors and lulas are attached horizontally. The water in the basin is kept three inches above their mouths, and when supplied too copiously, flows off in an extra tube to furnish some other pyramid, fountain, etc. This basin of macoors and lulas is called a *Mooslook*, and is of any given dimensions. The officers charged with watering the city use a portative mooslook, to enable them to know when and where there is a waste of water from any of the pipes or water-ways. As they know

the number of macoors and lulas of water which ought to pass through each point of the water-way, they arrange a mooslook with the same number in the latter, and when the water does not keep even with its edge, they know there is a loss.

The sooterazees are of two kinds ; those used as aqueducts across ravines, where there is generally but one pipe, and those used in the city for the distribution of water, where the number is governed by the demand. At some places a vaulted chamber is used for the distribution of water, called a *Takcim*. Here the water from Belgrade runs into a marble trough, furnished with numerous macoors and lulas, through which it escapes to the different fountains, palaces, public baths, etc., of the city and its faubourgs. In a time of drought the water of the takcims is regulated by the quantity supposed to be in the Bends of Belgrade ; and notwithstanding the care taken, there is frequently much distress felt from the want of water at the public fountains. J. P. B.

T O M Y W I F E .

I.

Ours shallop, long with tempest tried,
Floats calmly down life's tranquil tide ;
Blue skies are laughing overhead,
The river sparkles in its bed ;
The sunbeams from the waters glancing,
On the white canvass flashing glisten ;
The small waves round the vessel dancing,
Melt and dissolve in silver foam ;
And we in our frail home
To the charm'd water-music listen.

II.

We and our little children float,
Dreaming, in this enchanted boat :
A gentle and propitious gale
Follows, and fills the snowy sail,
From spicy southern wildernesses,
And thickets of acacia blowing,
Where dewy morning's golden tresses
Shine through the quivering purple gloom :
And loaded with perfume,
The sea of air is overflowing.

III.

Great trees their branches overhead
Thrust forth, with flowers thick-garlanded :
And while our little barque I steer
Through the bright rosy atmosphere,
The thick leaves murmuringly quiver,
The golden sunlight, floating, flashes
On green isles jewelling the river,
On whose smooth, silver-sanded shore,
Foaming up evermore,
The river musically plashes.

IV.

But westward a dark frowning cloud
Veils the bright river like a shroud,
Where, wandering under unknown skies,
Its course is hidden from our eyes.

We only know that onward ever,
Lapsing with fluctuating motion,
The mighty and majestic river,
To where the sunset glories fade
Through changing light and shade,
Runs to Eternity's broad ocean.

V.

Between what bleak and desert shores,
Down what steep cataracts it pours,
Over what rocks and treacherous shoals
The fretted river hoarsely rolls,
We know not: we are in God's keeping:
He loves and will protect us ever;
And while our little ones are sleeping,
We kneel in earnest prayer to Him,
To guide us through the dim
And unknown perils of the river.

Little-Rock, Arkansas.

ALBERT PIKE.

THE DEAD MAN'S SERMON:

OR BILL BAXTER THE COXSWAIN'S STORY.

AN AUTHENTIC INCIDENT ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES' FRIGATE PRESIDENT, IN THE YEAR 1812.

It was on a delicious afternoon in the month of July, that after making a tour of its circuit, I drew up my horse on the highest ridge of Staten Island, to take a survey of the noble picture that lay on all sides extended around me. The sun had so far declined in his course as to throw the softest lights and richest shadows on the surrounding scenery; and the rolling and undulating hills, covered with a carpet of verdure of the hue of emerald, glittered with the snow-white cottages and villas scattered upon their surface. On my right, the ocean stretched in majesty, his broad expanse a rising hill of waters, till reaching the sapphire blue of the horizon, it mingled into one, the gallant ships and argosies swan-like floating on his bosom.

The fortifications on the Long-Island shore slumbered in grim repose, the flags hanging supinely from their staffs above the ramparts, and the green fields and harvest-ripened farms smiled in beauty, as they stretched onward to the city of Brooklyn, whose mansions, resting on her terraced Heights, were throwing back from all their casements the rays of the declining sun in quivering sheets of gold. New-York, rising from its bed of waters, appeared a fairy city springing from the deep; while the lordly Hudson, escorted by the Palisades, coursed gallantly on his northern journey. On the left, the plains of New-Jersey rested in sleepy stillness, guarded by their undulating mountains; while on the west, one

great sea of forest-verdure extended to the horizon; the Raritan, like a band of silver, glittering in its breaks and intervals, as it wended its circuitous and serpent course.

Taking the panorama for all in all, it was the most captivating and beautiful creation that He who is the fountain of all goodness and benevolence has permitted me to gaze upon. At my feet, the cheerful snow-white buildings of the Quarantine were throwing long shadows across their verdant lawns, (a paradise to the poor sick mariner released from the darkness and confinement of his weary lair in the dank and dirty fore-castle;) and anchored on the water were vessels of all flags and burthens, from the light Bermudean shallop, with its oranges and pines, to the proud and richly-laden Indiaman; but high above all, and moored at aristocratic distance from the rest, towered a dark and lofty ship, that perfection of naval architecture, a frigate of the largest class, whose stars and stripes, languidly floating at the gaff, proclaimed her nation.

I sat for some time, absorbed in delight, the silence unbroken save by the occasional snort and pawing of my steed, who I doubt not likewise enjoyed the scene, till the great orb of molten gold in the western horizon, o'erhung and draped with a gorgeous canopy of clouds, slowly descending, warned me that Night's sable ministers were near, and that I must cease to linger. Putting spurs to my horse, (a figurative expression, for my bonny bay required no such argument,) I was soon at the landing. Dismounting, I threw the reins across the saddle, and prepared with all due philosophy, as the steamer had just left, to wait her return, to take me again to that city whose destinies and might St. Nicholas so vividly portrayed to the sage Van Kortlandt in the chronicles of KNICKERBOCKER. I had the prospect of waiting for some time; so, lighting my cigar — thanks to Pandora, that she left us *that blessing!* — I slowly sauntered down the pier, and leaning against a spile, puffed away in silent contemplation.

In the far distance the revolving beacons at Sandy-Hook at measured intervals threw forth their warning fires, like angel-guides to the home-bound mariner, and the 'Yo! - heave-o!' from the shipping, rendered soft and flute-like by the distance, floated gently and sweetly on the summer atmosphere.

While I thus stood absorbed, a slight jar against the pier aroused me, and looking over, I saw a man-of-war's barge lying alongside, the sailors, some asleep upon the thwarts, and others lolling in various attitudes, as dictated by convenience or caprice; while just beyond, partly concealed by a pile of wood, were two of her crew, seated on the pier, whom I had not before observed. Although the twilight was rapidly thickening, I could see that one was old and weather-beaten, his locks grizzled by the hand of Time, and his countenance channelled and scarred into the stern expression which long conflict with storm and tempest always leaves behind; while the other, with large whiskers encircling a handsome dare-devil face, was much his junior. They were both dressed in man-of-war rig; white trowsers and blue jackets, the collars worked with the foul anchor turned over their shoulders, exposing their bronzed chests and throats, while around the broad ribbon

on their jaunty sennet hats was inscribed the name of their frigate, 'The United States.' Seeing the name, I involuntarily exclaimed aloud : 'There then is the 'Old Wagon !' the sobriquet by which the ship is known in the navy. On hearing my voice, the men turned for a moment ; but perceiving that I did not address them, they again turned, and paid no farther attention to me.

After some moments, the younger of the two broke the silence by saying :

'What water does they carry out over the bar of this here port, Baxter ?'

Ruminating on his quid with true nautical deliberation, the elder, after a pause, slowly replied : 'By the *old* channel, half less four ; at slack water, four fathom ; by this here new channel as Lieutenant Gedney has found, five fathom at full tide, and four fathom at low water ; at the neap, may be half less six.'

A pause ensued, when the younger again spoke : 'I've hear'n say, that they can take a line-of-battle-ship, guns, water and all, out by this here new channel, at any time o' tide.'

'So they say,' said the old man ; 'and it would have been well if one of the ships as has carried the stars and stripes in times gone by had known that ere channel ; there is one sea-faring man, not fur from here, as would have been saved thereby from an English prison.'

'And who is that ?' asked the younger sailor.

'It is a man as is quarter-master on board that 'ere frigate riding at anchor yonder, and coxswain of the first cutter lying alongside this here pier ; the man as is talking with you ; launched into the world by the old folks, with the name of William Baxter on his stern.'

'Better known forward, and on the gun-deck,' retorted the other, 'by the name of Grumbling Bill.'

'Ay, ay — very like,' said the other. 'A gray-head has no more respect shown to it now-a-days, nor half as much, as an unshaved boy : times isn't as they used to was.'

Saying this, he slowly rose, and taking a short stump pipe from his pocket, deliberately filled it with tobacco, and advancing toward me, touching his hat, asked 'whether he mought be so bold as to ask for a light.'

'Certainly,' said I ; 'but I have another cigar here ; let me give you that.'

'No, no, Sir ; many thanks, many thanks,' replied the veteran. 'I hopes I've been long enough in the sarvice to know my place : pipes for the fo'castle, cigars for the cabin ; pipes for the men, cigars for the officers. I likes every man to know his station : I've been aboard ship long enough to larn the valu' of *disci-pline*.'

Somewhat amused at the old man's notions of propriety, I remarked : 'It would be well if we had a little more of it on shore here.'

'You may well say that,' said he. 'Things is getting to a pretty pass here ; there's no respect into the times, Sir. I'm hard aboard o' seventy year, and can see at the end of every cruize that the people is more saarcy and houdacious than they was before. Every man 'long shore here is master and no man mate. D'ye see, Sir, I think

the only place for a decent man now-a-days is aboard ship, where he 'll see the valu' of *disci-pline*. There every man has to toe the mark : if he does his duty, he knows he deserves well of his country, and gets the good will of his officers ; if he do n't, he 's triced up, and gets the cats till he larns. I should like to know, Sir, now, what would become of the sarvice without *disci-pline*. There's '*the Old Wagon*' yonder ; I've known the Old Man* come on deck at midnight, and order the officer of the deck to beat to quarters ; every man asleep in his hammock, save the watch, and in *five* minutes from the first tap of the drum, the crew have been at quarters, guns loose, stanchions knocked away, magazines opened ; and in *eight*, hammocks stowed, decks sanded, the ship ready for action, and a gun fired from each division ; every man at his post, from the powder-monkey with his leathern-cartridge-bucket at the magazine hatch, to the surgeon with his knife and tourniquets in the cock-pit. That's what I call *disci-pline*. What would become of that 'ere ship, I say, Sir, if she was in the hands of land-lubbers ? These here same shore people is mighty brave, Sir, when there's no danger, and always ready to cry out for war ; and d'ye see, I think there's nothing that will bring them to their senses but the d—d good licking they 'll get when it comes ; a parcel (*puff*) of bragging (*puff*) fools, always ready to get up a muss, (*puff*), and then leave the steady men to get them out of it.' (*Puff—puff—puff*.)

'You appear very familiar with this port,' said I ; 'you were just giving the water on the bar.'

'Ay, Sir,' he replied ; 'the water on that 'ere bar I shall have cause to remember the longest day I have to live. 'Cause why ?—that and another carcumstance as is not to be mentioned, caused me to be made prisoner to a British fleet last war.'

'Indeed !' said I ; 'you were then engaged last war ?'

'You may say that, Sir,' said he, 'and tell no lie, if some half a dozen actions and as many wounds may be called being engaged. I was in the United States' frigate '*President*', Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR, when she struck on that 'ere bar last war, and knocked her outwater athwart ships, thereby causing one of the fastest ships in the sarvice to sail but little better nor a Dutch Logger ; and the '*Mainmast* of the American Navy,'† as we called him, to strike his flag to a British fleet. Howsomever, if there had been fifty feet of water on that bar, 't would have been all the same. A carcumstance turned up in her cruize befoze, as took the luck out of her, and rendered her an onsafe craft, in my judgment, to go to sea in, in time of war. When a dead man comes to life, a'ter he 's been dead three hours, and preaches a sarmint, and calls for a drink, 'tai n't a thing as befalls a craft for nothing. No, no ; a dead man do n't come back into this here world for nothing, that's sartain ;' and he puffed away with redoubled energy.

* THE Captain is always called by the sailors 'the Old Man.'

† The sobriquet given to DECATUR by the seamen.

'Did such a thing occur on board the President?' said I; 'I never heard of it.'

'Ay, Sir, very like,' replied he; 'you could have been but a child then, and the thing was hushed up, but 't want no use. I say it caused Commodore Stephen Decatur to strike his flag to a British fleet.'

'Why, Baxter,' said the younger sailor, 'I have hear'h say she was took by the *Endymion*.'

'Endymion be d—d!' growled the old sailor. 'John Bull would have to keep a double gang of ship-carpenters, if that 'ere was the way he conquered his inimy. The *Endymion* got her saarce, and that hot enough too, before the rest of the British fleet come up. Took by the *Endymion*! D—n their impudence! They are so used to beating the French, (as are not by nature a sea-faring people, but good enough for them on the land, any day,) and lying about it a'terwards, that I should n't wonder next, if they said the President did n't make no fight at all, and that the skipper went aboard in his gig to ask them to take possession. Took by the *Endymion*! Why, we whipped her before the rest of the fleet came within gun-shot; their rigging, spars and sails was cut to pieces, and she drifted a complete wrack, firing guns only at long intervals; and we could have taken possession of her, but bating the honor of the thing, it would n't have been no use; for our firing having deadened the wind, the rest of the squadron, the *Majestic*, *Pomone*, and *Tenedos* came up hand over hand, choosing their positions on our quarters, and pitching their old iron into us by the ton. So the commander had n't nothing more to do, to save the spillin' of blood, but to surrender. Took by the *Endymion*! Why when we had to yaw, to avoid the fire of the chase, she could have raked us a dozen times, but d—n the shot did she fire! We'd 'ave whipped her with one watch and sarved out the rest, if they had come on one at a time. The President's men was grit;* and as for Commodore Stephen Decatur, there was no more dodge about him than there was about the mainmast. But as I was saying, it was n't no use; the luck was out of the ship, and she had to strike.'

'But what was the circumstance you allude to?' said I. 'You spoke of a dead man's coming to life.'

'Well, Sir,' said he, slowly knocking out the ashes from his pipe, and carefully replacing it in his pocket, looking furtively about him at the same time, and speaking low, 'this here aint the place, nor the time of night, I likes to speak of such things; 'cause why? Jim Austin's sperit may be haunting here away now, for aught I know, as he hailed from this here city of New-York. But the carcumstance as I have mentioned occurred on board of her in her last cruize, under Commodore Rodgers—it was in that very cruize. D've see, Sir, we had been out a long time, and scoured the Atlantic and Nor' Sea from one end to the other; but somehow, and it was n't the fault of the old commodore naither, we had n't the luck to fall in with the inimy, and had naither a chance for a fight nor for prize-money; but as the cruize was nigh up, we was on our way home, feeling mighty small, to be sneaking into

* A favorite expression of DECATUR's when praising his officers.

port without having fired a shot in anger, nor burnt powder save in scaling the guns, when the circumstance occurred. D'ye see, Sir, there was a man on board of the ship from this same place, New-York, by the name of James Austin, captain of the mizzen-top; a good seaman, but a bad man, and when he had his grog aboard, as profane and blasphemous a wretch as ever stepped foot on a tarred plank, but nevertheless, a right bold and daring fellow. Well, Sir, somehow he gets this here consumption, and bleeds every day more or less from the lungs, and gets weaker and weaker, 'till the doctor claps him on the sick-list.

'So, he gets worse and worse every day, 'till the doctor, he condemns him as unseaworthy, and turns him over to the chaplain, so that he mought patch him up for his last cruize. The good man did the best he could, but d—l a bit could he make out of Jim; for while he was talking to him, Jim would curse the loblolly boys about him in the sick bay, the same as if he had n't his clearance-papers all made out for the great ocean of eternity. The chaplain told the first-lieutenant, (when he was in the bay one day to see that all the sick was comfortably taken care of,) shaking his head, and looking sorrowfully at Jim, says he, 'He fears death, Sir, no more nor a drunken sleep, and is desperately mortal.' He made a kind of merit of being houdacious and hardened. As he was growing weaker and weaker, and almost suffocated by his cough, the doctor orders him, as it was hot and confined in the sick bay, to be slung up in his hammock near the main-deck ports, so that he mought have the air; and there he was, off and on, for two or three weeks, sinking day by day; but the oath was always uppermost with him, and though his anchor was all ready to let go into the quicksands of death, he was just as wicked and profane in his whisper as he used to be when he answered the hail of the officer of the deck, in the voice of a bull, from the mizzen-top.

'Well, Sir, one morning airly a sail hove in sight, and we soon made her out from the mast-head to be a man-o'-war, and before long, from the decks, a heavy, double-banked frigate, with two reg'lar rows of teeth. I'll tell you what, Sir, every man's eyes brightened up on board of that 'ere ship, from the niggers at the coppers to the commodore in his cabin. The drum beat to quarters, and the ship was made ready for action; and great glee was there among the men, and congratulations—I say, Bill Blunt, aint that 'ere the word the officers uses?—and congratulations among the officers, that we should n't be obliged to sneak into port without having fired a shot. In course, Jim's hammock, with all the other lumber, was stowed away, and Jim placed out of harm's way, with the rest of the sick. Says the surgeon to him, says he, 'My man, if we go into action, I charge you, (for Jim was always ready for fight,) I charge you not to leave your cot; for any exertion that you may make will start your lungs;—your life will not be worth ten minutes' purchase; you'll bleed to death on the spot.' Jim said nothing, but his eyes brightened, and a faint smile played across his pale lips; so the surgeon telled the lieutenant a'terwards. We clapt on all sail in chase, and so did the strange ship: but the President then being in luck, the circumstance at that time not having occurred, gradu-

ally overhauled her, and getting near enough, sent a couple of shot across her fore-foot, to make her tell her name. Shiver my timbers! if I ever seen so many long faces aboard a Yankee frigate, as showed themselves of a sudden, as the French flag run up and floated in the wind from her gaff. 'Stop my grog!' growled old Albro, the surly boatswain; (and Albro was n't a man as stuck at breaking the third commandment, for every other word was with him an oath; but he never used *that* oath 'cept when he was excited;) 'May my grog be eternally stopped!' growled he, between his clenched teeth, 'if it aint a d — d Johnny Crapo, after all! D — n me, if I was the skipper, if I would n't make this Mounseer make a fight of it, or co-arce him to send aboard a couple of butts of old cog-ni-ac, to pay for the deception.'

'So all hopes of a fight and prize-money having vanished, like scud before a Nor'wester, we had nothing to do but secure the guns ag'in, and make the best of a bad bargain. But as for Jim Austin, what does he do, but — at the report of the first gun that was fired — what does he do, but come crawling up, and as the surgeon tell'd him, hardly reaches his gun, before he falls, the blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils, and they takes him below, bleeding to death.

'Well, all was made snug ag'in, and the men got their breakfast, and the French ships and Jim's case was nigh on forgotten, when, as the commodore and first lieutenant was walking up and down the quarter-deck, one of the surgeon's mates comes up, touches his hat to the lieutenant, and says: 'I report James Austin, Sir, captain of the mizzen-top, aged forty-two years, dead of consumption at four bells.' 'Very well,' says the lieutenant, '*make it so*: let the purser square his accounts, and have him ready for burial at an hour before sun-down this evening.' Now there, Sir, you see the valu' of *discipline*; a man a'int allowed to be dead, nor the hour struck, till the officer of the watch says, '*Make it so*.' Well, Sir, the day wore on; the men had got their dinners, and the officer of the deck was leaning ag'in the capstan, with his trumpet under his arm, when the surgeon comes up, and says in a low voice, 'There 's something very queer going on below, Sir. That man Austin, that was reported dead this morning, has come to life ag'in, and is sitting bolt upright in his hammock, addressing the men, who are crowding around him, and in language and terms so different from what was usual with him, that I can hardly believe it's the same man.' 'I'll go below with you,' said the lieutenant, 'and see into the matter. He may do mischief among the crew with his nonsense.' So they went below, and made their way for'ard to the sick bay, which was surrounded by the men, crowding around and reaching over each other's shoulders; and there, as the surgeon said, sat the dead man, as white and cold and stiff as a marble statue, preaching a sarmint to the men. It wa'nt long before it came to the commodore's ears that there was something unusual going on below, and he was about to send to inquire into the matter, when the surgeon himself comes up, and says: 'Commodore, Austin has sent for *you*; he says he has one word for *you*.'

'Pish! pish! pish!' says the commodore, as was his way when he was vexed; 'what does the man want with *me*?' 'He says he has come from the dead, and has a message for you, commodore, and begs

that you will indulge him, for the moment that he has to remain.' 'Well,' says the commodore, 'I will go, lest he should work nonsense among the men, and turn my gun-deck into a Quaker meeting.'

'So he goes down to the sick bay, (and it was a great condescension for the commodore to go down at the call of a foremast-man, dead or alive,) and there sits Austin, bolt upright in his hammock, white as death, the surgeons each side of him, one holding his wrist and the other with his hand on his heart; and they said there was no more pulse in his wrist than there was in a marlinspike, and that his heart was as still as a pirate's conscience. 'Commodore,' says Austin, and there was n't a muscle of his face moved save his lips, 'commodore, a few hours ago, and I trembled at your frown, but now I do not fear you, for I'm come from the dead to warn you and this ship's company to mend your ways, and take care of your immortal souls; and he then went on for nigh on a half an hour, and gin a sarmint, which the chaplain said, 'in beauty of diction and elevation of sentiment was equal to that of any divine that he had ever heard, and the language that of a refined and accomplished scholar.' He told them it was their duty to stand by their flag, and fight in defence of their country, (which pleased the commodore; cause why? he was afraid he'd cow the men,) and at the end he warned them all to be ready to follow him; 'for,' says he, 'ship-mates, I am but a little way ahead of you, and you must all soon follow. And now,' says he, 'I'm done; my errand is finished;' and he sunk back cold and stiff into his hammock. Well, the men dispersed and went to their duty; but there was many of them as did n't feel easy that night, and they was collected in knots, talking it over for'ard and atween the guns; and some of the hardest men aboard the ship looked sober, and allowed themselves to be disconcerted about the matter. Even old Albro clapt a belay on his tongue, and stopped swearing for hard on two hours, which is more than could be said of him before or since, 'cept once't a'terwards, in that same ship, when a musket shot from the Tenedos went into his mouth, just as he was launching an oath at a marine as was in his way, and carried half his grinders through the opposite jaw. But, d'ye see, Austin was n't done yet; for about half an hour after that, he rises ag'in in his hammock, and says to the surgeon's mate as was looking at him, 'Give me a drink!' So the surgeon he gives him a tin cup of water. Jim takes a drink, glares around him for the space of a minute, and then staring steadily in the surgeon's eyes, slowly sinks down the third time, stock dead into his hammock. I'll tell you, Sir, there was one man aboard as would have been glad to have been out of that 'ere craft, and his name was William Baxter. I happened to be near the commodore as he and the surgeon was talking in a low tone together in the evening, while I was sweeping the weather-quarter with my glass, and I listened, and I hear'n the surgeon say:

'Yes, Sir, I have seen cases, something like this, that we call in the books *catalepsy*, but I never heard of one *speaking* in that state.'

'That was enough for me. The smallest boy on board ship knows that a cat is ill luck on board any craft. Well, Sir, Jim was at last dead in airnest, and sowed up in his hammock, with a thirty-two pound

shot tied to his heels ; and the commodore's orders was, that he should be buried next day at seven bells. Did ye ever see a burial at sea, Sir ? If not, to my mind you never seen the right way to return the ALMIGHTY what is left of one of His creeturs, after his cruise in this world is up, and his des-tined sarvice ended. I've seen shore folks bury their fellow-creeturs ; but like every thing as landsmen does, its onhandsome, and not ship-shape. It's only a few days aback that me and Bill Blunt, this man as sits here on the log, alongside o' me, was ashore on liberty, and overhauled one o' their funerals as they call them, under way to carry some poor feller to his last mooring-ground. There was a horse towing a wagon covered with a tarpaulin, for all the world like our powder-barge, 'cept it had n't the red flag on it ; for, d'ye see, Sir, when we brings powder aboard, we always hoists a red flag as a caution, on the barge, and afore we comes alongside, the boatswain pipes, 'All hands, ahoy ! Put out the fires in the galleys, and all pipes, cigars, and lights aboard the ship ! Wake up, cooks ! d'ye hear, men ? d'ye hear ?' And the magazine is n't opened till every particle of fire aboard ship is reported 'out' by the officer.

'But as I was saying, this here craft was towed by a white horse, and in its wake followed a long fleet of coaches and other conveyances. In the first two or three of them, to be sure, there was passengers as had their pumps a-going, and was swabbing up the water with white handkerchiefs ; but in all the rest, the people was laughing and talking, and looking out of the ports, as onconcerned as if they was following a brute beast to his grave instead of one of their kind. I say, Sir, the sight was onpleasant to me ; and I says to Bill Blunt, says I, 'Bill, look how little these here shore folks cares for their ship-mates ;' but Bill was three sheets hauled in the wind, and he only hiccups, and pulling off his hat, bows to the procession, and 'wishes their worships a pleasant journey.' Bill was hard up, and I seen it was n't no use to talk to him, so I takes off my hat and stands by and looks while he steadies himself ag'in the lamp-post ; and I'm free to say that them lamp-posts is a great convenience to sea-faring men, when they has their grog aboard, as I've know'd by my own experience in a squall. But as I was saying, we steadies ourselves by the post with our hats in our hands, till the procession gets by ; but it gin me a dislike to all shore burials ; and all I ask is, that when Bill Baxter's time comes, he may be launched off soundings in blue water.

'Howsomdever, at seven bells the bo'swain's whistle was heerd, and old Albro and his mate's hoarse voices sounding down the hatchways : 'All hands ahoy, to bury the dead ! Below there, all hands to bury the dead !' The body of Jim was brought up out of the sick bay, sowed up in its hammock, and laid on a grating at the gang-way ; the officers, with their epaulettes on their shoulders, their swords at their sides, and laced scrapers in their hands, standing on one side, and the men in their clean jackets and trowsers, and hats off, on the other, just aft the mainmast, Jim's messmates close aboard the grating. The ship was hove to, the main-top sails aback, the flag half-mast, and nothing was heerd to break the silence 'cept the slapping of the blocks and rigging occasionally ag'in the masts, as she slowly rose and fell in the heavy swell. And there was the chaplain, surrounded by us sea-far-

ing men, about to return to the ALMIGHTY the hulk of our late shipmate. A shipmate's faults, and may be vices, is forgotten at that time, when we sees him laid stiff and silent before us, and thinks that there he lies, as has pulled at the same rope, laid out on the same yard, messed from the same kid, and may be fou't at the same gun with us; I say his faults is forgotten, and the best feelings of a seaman only remain; and many an eye that has looked into the muzzle of an enemy's forty-two without winking, at such times runs down with tears like a child: but somehow that 'ere was n't the case with the body of Jim Austin, as he lay there on the grating. The men was afeard; and when the chaplain comes to the part in the sarvice, 'we consign him to the deep,' and the body plunged overboard, every man aboard of that craft, officers and all, breathed freer, as if they'd got rid of a sort of Jonah, as boded ill to the ship. The men rushed to the ports, expecting to see the body rise ag'in and float, and sure enough it did. It shot half out of the water, and then sunk again — rose and sunk — and then slowly rising, floated half its length above the swell, in which it surged and rolled from side to side, as if it were trying to regain the ship, and there it remained floating in our wake, until, as the ship got way, it gradually grew less and less, and finally disappeared. Now, Sir, it's my belief, and the belief of some of the oldest sea-faring men I have met, that Jim Austin's sperit always haunted about that 'ere ship arter that, and in spite, lent a hand to knock her cutwater athwart ship when she thumped on the bar, and that thereby, as I said, she had to strike her flag to a —

'First cutter, ahoy!' hailed a fine deep voice.

'Ay, ay, Sir!' answered the veteran, abruptly breaking off his narration; and by the light of the wharf-lantern, and the glitter of the uniforms, I perceived a couple of officers approaching along the pier. In a moment or two more, they were seated in the stern-sheets of the barge, the old seaman at the tiller.

'Oars!' said the officer, and each man's oar elevated, stood upright before him. 'Shove off;' and the bowman gave the bow a sheer with his boat-hook. 'Let fall!' The oars fell simultaneously into the water, dashing around them phosphorescent fire as they fell. 'Give way, men!' The boat shot away, and soon the measured roll of the oars in the row-locks became fainter and fainter, and the boat was lost in the darkness.

A few moments more, and my horse was pawing impatiently the deck of the steamer as we dashed up the bay on our way to the good and ancient city of Gotham.

FRAGM.

Brooklyn Heights, July, 1845.

L I N E S

TO THE BELT OF A VERY FAT BUT A VERY BENEVOLENT WARM-HEARTED LADY.

'Thou belt of Mrs. U., I pray
'Tell why so long thou art!
'Because, in circling round her waist,
'I go all round her heart.'

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. F., ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN H. BRYAN.

'WHERE your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

I.

LISTEN, mother! dost thou hear a sound?
Her voice, her step, fond mourner! canst thou hear?
With swimming eyes how oft thou look'st around,
As if thy loved one still were near!
And, at deep midnight, why
Along the floor,
Why by her chamber-door,
With gentle foot-fall glide adown the stair?
While yet, with tremulous voice, I hear thee sigh,
'She is not there!'

II.

Seek her, father, by the winding stream,
The path that skirts the hill-top's shady brow;
There, by the struggling sunshine's fitful gleam
Up-flashing from the wave below,
There, where she loved to roam;
Hast thou not seen,
Far in the forest green,
Her light robe fluttering in the breezy air?
Alone, thou turnest to thy silent home:
She is not there!

III.

Sabbath stillness o'er the earth doth brood,
While, bowed with years and sorrow, ye are seen
Slow wending onward by the old oak wood,
And upward to the grave-yard green.
There, with the dead, alone,
Ye moveless stand;
Yet why, with trembling hand,
Cling to each other by that hillock bare?
Why rain your tear-drops on the marble stone?
She is not there!

IV.

Mourn no longer! Rather bless the grave,
Our portal to the palaces of bliss!
Our FATHER, Lord of Hosts, mighty to save,
Hath taken home, from wo like this,
The treasure HE had given.
His lips have said:
'Where'er the treasure's laid
Thither the heart its deepest love will bear.'
She was your treasure; raise your love to Heaven,
For she is there!

A M I D S U M M E R ' S D A Y - D R E A M .

'Ours life is two-fold. Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.'

BROWN.

It was the sunrise of a year ago—the sunrise of the longest day in June. The morning was as lovely to the eye and grateful to every sense as any, the sweetest that ever looked from the portals of the brightening east. Yet I was thoroughly unhappy. I had slept but brokenly, and my body was ill at ease. The day previous I had been wronged, deceived, insulted. All my life long, but of late especially, I had been disappointed—baffled at all points. Three several schemes, connected with prospective happiness or glory, had in one short year been nipped in the bud. Clearly, I was destined to be a literary, political, and social nonentity. All energy, all hope, all desire was gone. I was verging to the meridian of life, and I had less power to do or to suffer than I had possessed twelve years earlier. The striking lines of WORDSWORTH recurred to my mind with painful application:

'SUMMER ebbs: each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.'

But I would not give up without one brave struggle. I turned to my treasured volumes of classical and modern lore, in search of that burning poetry or lofty prose, which, even in darkest days,

—'with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish.'

they were all disenchanted of their ancient spell. I had lost not only the creative but even the perceptive power. I could sympathize no longer with heroic deeds or heroic thoughts. Fancy had flown away, I thought, forever, and Poetry would no longer shed fragrance on my spirit from her dewy wings. I resorted to algebra—of all sciences the most purely intellectual, the most intensely and delightfully absorbing. I grappled with a complicated problem, proposed by Professor Porson, which I had once encountered in the 'Reminiscences' of Butler, and had laid aside for the entertainment of an idle hour. I instituted countless equations, but all equally useless, and I soon became perfectly bewildered. So, then, the reasoning faculty and the power of patient thought were gone. I was sick, sick at heart, and forgot the panacea of the Bible. Nerveless, hopeless, reckless, I rushed into the open air. It was mid-morning, and the entire face of nature, earth, air and sky could not possibly be more lovely. But not the airs and sounds, the

streams and flowers of Eden, could have dispelled the gloom, black, dense, monotonous, that hovered over my distempered spirit. I walked and walked for miles, unknowing, unheeding whither; and ever as I walked, dark thoughts and bitter memories pursued me like those classic ghosts of the conscience, the blood-avenging Furies. I was fatherless and motherless, sisterless, brotherless, and childless. I stood almost alone on earth. Of my early friends many were estranged; some by their own fault, some by mine; while the dearest were all dead, some killed by the slow tortures of a broken heart; and I, the lone survivor, was dragging out a dismembered and half-expiring life. The waste of irrecoverable years; the extinction of innumerable hopes; the remembrance of wrongs inflicted and of wrongs endured; the thought of my single state, with no hope of domestic happiness, but rather the anticipation of an early, unlamented death, or else of a weary, dreary, fretful, regretful, unendeared old-age; all these feelings, and memories, and prospects, fell upon my heart with overwhelming power. They closed in, like clouds, around my pathway, shrouding its Past, its Present, and its Future, in a pall of darkness. Poor, pitiful puppet in this grand show of creation, I could not comprehend the tiniest blade of grass beneath my feet; and even the crawling worm, which so soon would revel in my flesh, was wiser and happier than I. *He* followed the sure guidance of his instincts, while *I*, though gifted with immortal reason and unquenchable aspirations, was the slave of every passion, the sport of all the elements, the foot-ball for the insolence of chance and change. What, then, had *I* to do with life or hope, with love or joy?

I threw me down on a rich grassy hill-side, sloping westward. Far away in the distance wound a broad and noble river, and on its breast were many vessels floating gracefully, with their tall masts piercing the air like arrows, and the sunlight sleeping on their sails. Fifty miles beyond, blue mountains rose and fell in a long and wavy line, while around me, throughout the winding valleys, and on the low-browed hills were men engaged in rustic labors; cradling the wheat, now yellow for the harvest, or nursing the maize, green with infant promise. The pastures were filled with sheep, and oxen, and horses, grazing, or lying peacefully under the shade of majestic trees. In truth, it was a most 'living landscape,' and

— 'CANOPIED by a blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That GOD alone was to be seen in Heaven.'

These lines of the unhappy Byron recurred strongly to my memory, and with them the thought that with him, as with thousands, the most exquisite organization had proved but an added refinement of anguish; the 'afflatus' of the Muses but the breath of desolation. Why then strive for knowledge? Why covet that intellectual power, or intellectual beauty, which only widens the range of our baffled longings, and multiplies and sharpens our sensibilities to pain? I strove to banish the agonizing thought, and looked again upon the scene around me. In many fields I saw men planting or cultivating tobacco; bondmen, toiling for others, and their sleek fat masters urging on their toils. 'Slaves! slaves!' I said; 'poor fellows! Yet they are happier than their mas-

ters; happier than I. For are we not all slaves—and the more gifted only slaves the more—crouching to the rod of blind necessity, or scourged on by our own scorpion passions? These tobacco-growers are the slaves of Mammon, and raise annual ship-loads of a weed productive only of lassitude, disease and death. One-sixth, it may be, of our race are slaves to the vile nuisance, and I am one among the weak preposterous fools! Oh, miserable, thrice-miserable world! The moralist may say, 'Because man *will* make it so. His happiness and misery depend on himself.' And what then! If his nature be such that he *will* go astray, is it any consolation to tell him that he had the physical ability to do otherwise? Is it not rather an aggravation of his wretchedness, 'to know the right and yet the wrong pursue?'—to feel that he is *sinning* against light, and disobeying the monitor within? Could he, in the midst of accumulated griefs, throw the blame on some one other than himself, he might set his teeth, and like Prometheus on his jagged rock, defy at once his torments and his tormentor. But to leave the load of wretchedness, and with it the consciousness of guilt, this, *this* unnerves the stoutest heart, and fills the whole moral frame with one pervading sense of weariness, despair, and unutterable loathing. Our strength of will is like the efforts of a child against the surges of a retreating tide. We resolve, and are conquered; we resolve, and are again defeated; till weary of buffetting a sea whose every heave bears us farther and farther from the shore of peace, we quietly resign ourselves to its force.

Ah! what is there to comfort us in life? What in the first flush of youth was expectation, in early manhood fades into hope; in riper years the hope evaporates into a wish; and in age the wish subsides into a dull regret. In boyhood, we *know* we shall succeed: in youth, we *believe* we shall; in maturity, we *hope* we may; and in the vale of years we mourn that we have not. The rainbow hues of early fancy gradually lose their vividness; are tintured, little by little, with sober gray; and, at last, are merged in the deep unvarying gloom that emanates from, and overshadows, the chill precincts of the grave. In youth, we are preached to, and refuse to listen; in manhood, we counsel ourselves, and fail to practice; and in old age, we warn others, and are disregarded. In life's morning, we are mad; in life's noon-day, we are spent with toil, and worn by care, and sick with disappointment; in life's decline, we grow callous, indifferent and sullen. 'The heavens above our head have become brass, and the earth beneath our feet is iron.' Ah! what is there to comfort us in life?

But grant that we possess uncommon energy of purpose, and pursue with iron will the path conducting most apparently and directly toward happiness, what security have we against the thousand disasters and annoyances of life? Implanted in our nature are the germs of an ambition, whose aspiring growth neither time, nor place, nor circumstance can repress. This ambition, even when master of its material object, is nevertheless sure of disappointment; successful, but still baffled; replete, yet ever craving. For no man has ever attained to so high a place in power, wealth, or reputation, that there did not still remain a 'Naboth's vineyard' to belittle all his past acquisitions, and poison his

peace. But in most cases this ambition is entirely unsuccessful. Rivals overshadow; enemies oppose; friends forsake; envy raises her slanderous crest; and all is strife, disquietude, vexation. Do we wish for fame? Then we must 'flatter the world's rank breath,' parting with independence, and receiving self-contempt. Wealth is desirable. Do we aim at wealth? We can obtain it by self-sacrifice and conscious degradation. Would we acquire learning? would we hive in our hearts the wisdom of the dead? We can obtain it by becoming dead ourselves; by dwelling for long years apart from 'the ways of men' in cold and savage isolation. Would we benefit our race? We are baffled. They will not permit it. They are wicked and foolish, head-strong and ungrateful. The history of all their illustrious benefactors — the god-like man Socrates and the God-man JESUS — proves that they would rather drag you with themselves to ruin in their own way, than be saved in yours. Then what is there to comfort us in life?

As thus or nearly thus I soliloquized, I was carried away by an indescribable rush of emotions; but dominant over all was a kind of resentment, a vague and listless but deep and universal anger. Yes; I was angry with myself, angry with my brethren, angry with the universe; angry, impious ingrate! angry almost with my MAKER! If questioned, I could have answered with the peevish Jonah, 'I do well to be angry!'

I turned my eyes upward to gaze once more on the broad, pure, perfect, infinite, everlasting sky. Ah! well did I remember how often, when a guileless, trustful boy, drunk with unconscious gladness, and filled with aimless hope, I had lain under old trees a summer's day throughout, and dreaming of love and happiness, of God and Heaven, had gazed and gazed into those dark, unutterable depths, absorbed in one voiceless yearning, but unknowing of a single wish; for *all* were happy, *I* was happy; I should *always* be so — and I *knew* it. But *now*, oh, sad eclipse! I now believed myself, I believed all worlds, all beings to be completely wretched:

‘A UNIVERSE of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good:’

and I wished that I were some strong-winged spirit, to overpass the limits of this incongruous creation; flying and flying away by sun and star; flying, flying on, through the infinitude of space, to some spot far-off in vacancy, where even the light from the Eternal Throne should no longer fall upon my pinions! And there I lay, a helpless, miserable clod! This memory of the past confronting the picture of the present; this contrast between my morning and my noon-day, was overwhelming; and Passion sweeping away the barriers of Pride, I buried my face in the tall grass and wept, not with the sorrow of a child but with the fierceness of a man, wept long and bitterly.

THE paroxysm was over. The stubbornness of anger and the agony of grief had exhausted their nutriment, and I rose, weak yet refreshed. I walked on several furlongs, till I reached a thick dark forest. I entered the leafy wilderness, and moved with soothed spirit and tranquil steps up

its pillar'd aisles, while the breath that came *outward* from that verdant solitude flowed cool and reviving over my cheeks and brow. I plunged still farther into the depths of its greenness, and passing beneath a grand old oak, reclined myself on its mossy roots, curtained round and canopied all over with a luxury of leaves. Above me, through its foliage, patches of the blue sky were visible: far up among its branches the squirrel, most *spirituel* of quadrupeds, chattered saucily; and all around me the birds warbled a thousand various airs; while the mocking-bird, most perfect of vocalists, with exquisite mimicry caught up and repeated every note, now singly and now combined, gushing in a perfectly labyrinth of melody, which no human instrument or human voice could follow for a breath.

As I lay there on the fragrant breast of Nature, the calm beauty of her face, the reviving coolness of her breath, and the low sweet lullaby she hummed, hushed all my being into rest. How great, how strange the revulsion! I now wondered at my impious and ungrateful fretfulness. I now saw that my happiness depended on myself, and that if I would cherish a spirit of love and contentment, life would always be what I *now* thought it mostly had been, a succession of enjoyments. Low, soft voices from childhood, and high, grand words from the abysses of the Past, came floating like far-off music down the vale of years, and tempered my mind to a mood of delicious revery. All the warm outgoings of affection; all the dear hopes enlinked with our inmost identity; all the glowing pictures presented to us in life or in books, floated in a many-colored vision before me. The still arcadian era of our world, if such there ever was, with its shepherds strolling through the green vales or piping in the shade of primeval trees; Thyrsis and Damon, Galatea and Nériné, moved as in a *tableau vivant* before my soothed eyes. And why, thought I, in these days of supposed refinement, should men imprison themselves so stubbornly within four walls, or move about in dry, hot cities, blinded by the glare of life, and deafened by the roar of its choked and bursting tide, neglecting these sylvan haunts, which from very sympathy, might soften them into a kindlier nature? Here in truth they might 'find sermons in trees and books in the running brooks;' sermons and books which heard with an attentive ear, and perused with a loving eye, would be more pathetic and more powerful than aught that was ever preached or ever printed. 'The groves were God's first temples;' and surely they are more majestic than any built by human hands. And why, at least in this season, when the out-door atmosphere is like the breath of life:

'AMID the long, bright summer days, that make
The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake,'

should not our preachers, imitating the Saviour's example, plead with their people by the sea-side, or on the hill-top, or in the forest-depths; scenes harmonizing in grandeur or in beauty with the sublime or lovely doctrines they would teach? Would not those truths of overwhelming greatness and universal scope, be more fittingly and effectively inculcated amid the vastness of Nature, than in narrow 'houses made with hands,' and continually reminding one of man, and man's poor pride

and vain inventions? Has not the outer air, with all the sights of earth and sky, a pure and soothing influence, kindred with that spirit which must be felt before men can become 'like little children,' and receive God's Bible in their hearts?

And then I remembered the beautiful sketch, drawn by WIRT, of the old blind rural preacher. Gradually I fell asleep with this sweet picture in my mind. The picture went with me in my dreams. Methought I was threading the mazes of a mighty wood with some dear friends of my youth, whom imagination had wakened from their graves. Oh, had it been a real resurrection! Coming to a spot, the object of our search, where the huge trees rose at wider intervals, we saw many rude seats laid for the accommodation of an audience gathered from far and near. It was mid-forenoon. The trees were vocal with the songs of birds, and in places through their over-arching foliage, yet glittering with the dew-drops, streamed the warm, rich sunshine, dappling the ground. The congregation were all seated in mute expectancy; a solemn multitude! And I thought I *knew* them all. I had seen them in various parts of the country, and at different periods of my life. There were sweet girls whom I had known and loved — loved with a brother's love — long, long ago! There were youths of noble promise, with whom I started and struggled up the hill of science, now scattered far asunder, or sleeping in their early graves. There were dear old ladies, whom I had thought so industrious, so motherly, so good; and there were white-headed old men, so kind, so wise, whose living presence I had revered, and whose memory I loved. There also were youthful profligates and hoary sinners.

Presently a venerable preacher, with bowed frame, and long, thin, snow-white locks, stepped feebly into a temporary pulpit. After looking around for awhile on his audience with a face that beamed with benedictions, he commenced the exercises of the morning. His prayer was simple, yet fervent; like the warm thanks and artless entreaties of a child to his father. The entire congregation, old and young, then sung a hymn; an out-gush of faith, love and thanksgiving. The preacher rose, and began with a tremulous and feeble voice, which however, as he advanced, gathered steadfastness and strength, except at frequent intervals, when deep emotion almost quenched his utterance. His theme was LOVE; the love of God to men, and the love which men should bear to one another. As he dilated on this topic, his manner was gifted with that soft, persuasive power of which Moses speaks with such inimitable beauty: 'My doctrine shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.' His expostulations were all couched in words so simple, and uttered in a style so touching, that all seemed moved alike; and long before he ended, the eyes both of the speaker and the hearers were wet with many tears. For myself, while the good old man dwelt with such fervent tenderness on the love of God to us, and on the happiness, *through love*, which some *do* and all *might* enjoy, imperfectly indeed, while here on earth, but pure and everlasting in the Heaven above, the hard, cold incrustations, with which time and sin and suffering had encased my heart, were melted entirely away. The fountains of feel-

ing, dried up or frozen over since the days of boyhood, were unsealed again, and I woke weeping with a passion that was neither joy nor sorrow, but a something deeper, purer, holier than either.

The impression remained long and deeply engraven on my heart, though alas! too feebly traced in my life. Thinking it might happily prove of pleasure or benefit to some, I have attempted, on this the anniversary of that day, to retrace the outlines of that dream-born sermon. I do not pretend that even the course of argument, much less the language and illustrations, are indeed in any degree faithful transcripts of what I seemed to hear in my sleep. That appeared to me as a collection of all the sweet persuasions I had ever heard or read, but combined anew by the wand of Fancy, and fused all together by the breath of Passion. Least of all, can I recall the exceeding *familiarness* of language and directness of address which characterized that imaginary discourse. The manner is unapproachable, while the matter, with some exceptions, has faded from my memory. The homily, of which the reader shall have an opportunity to judge in the next number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, is suggested by, and reproductive of, its general drift and spirit.

PERVIEROCCO.

Maryland, June 22, 1843.

MY LAST RESTING-PLACE.

WERE I to seek a place to rest
When the stern toils of life are o'er,
And, sleeping in this crumbling breast,
The quiet heart shall beat no more;
I would not ask to have a grave
Where crowded cities pile their dead,
And Mammon, with his greedy slaves,
Might build a ware-house o'er my head.

I would not have a marble urn
To guard my ashes for a time,
For that would crumble too in turn,
And mix its wasting dust with mine.
No vault, within its ghastly walls,
Should ever hoard my wasting clay;
Though dark and stern its loathsome halls,
They totter to a sure decay.

The hollow niche, where hollow pride
Has laid a votary down to rot,
Shall sink beneath Time's whelming tide,
And be dishonor'd and forgot.
Perhaps among its wasting stones
Some antiquarian foot may tread,
And gather up the scattered bones
As relics of the ancient dead.

But when these lids, in dreamless sleep,
Close on this fleeting world of care,
Bury me in the restless deep,
And let my body perish there!
There's music in the ocean's caves;
And where the branching corals hide,
Like floating gems, beneath the waves,
The yellow gold-fish loves to glide.

FLEEING A LAWYER, OR TAKING RECEIPTS.

‘It is always safe to receive money.’—LAW MAXIM.

‘THERE NOW!’ said Elkanor Bunker, musingly, ‘that’ll do tolerably well. Chitty in there, and Starkie next beside it, and ‘my Lord Coke,’ and his devoted admirer, Sir William, on the shelf above; and then the Reports—‘Kirby,’ ‘Day,’ ‘Root,’ and ‘Connecticut’—we’ll string them along here. Who says, now, there is n’t considerable law on those three shelves? And who, that did n’t know, would suppose that those few books cost me something short of one hundred federal dollars, for which sum old Spicer has my ‘promise to pay?’ A rash promise that, all things considered;’ and Elkanor sat down to reflect on rash promises in general, and his own in particular.

Elkanor Bunker was a lawyer; newly fledged, and as yet without a client. His ‘shingle,’ with

Elkanor Bunker,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

in letters as bright as gold-leaf could make them, had gone up the day before; and his library, rather a scant pattern, had just arrived, and Elkanor had spent the last fifteen minutes in putting that up too; after which, Elkanor seated himself again in his old arm-chair, and musing, rested.

Elkanor Bunker was what is generally called ‘a ‘cute Yankee.’ In the classic and expressive language of his native land, he had ‘cut his eye-teeth some time since,’ and ‘could see as far into a mill-stone as most folks.’ The only thing *we* know against Elkanor’s cuteness was, that he had of his own free-will determined to ‘locate himself’ in Connecticut; Connecticut, the great Sahara of the legal profession; and not in Connecticut merely, but in the little town of *Grizzle*, that had the reputation of having starved out two thirds of the lawyers who had made their *début* at the county bar. The truth was, Grizzle, like an old tobacco plantation, had become exhausted—‘used up.’ Some thirty years before, one ‘Squire Rawson, now *Judge* Rawson, (‘judge’ by courtesy) had gleaned the legal field which Grizzle and its vicinity presented, and had gleaned it pretty thoroughly too. *He* had grown rich by the operation, and on a competency had long since retired, occasionally, however, giving advice; ‘giving’ it too in the full sense of the term, which *some* lawyers said was the reason why Grizzle, never since his day, could support a lawyer. In Judge Rawson’s footsteps,

so far as 'becoming rich' was concerned, Elkanor was determined to follow. The prospect was any thing but flattering.

'Oh for a good fat client!' sighed Elkanor, after a half an hour's solitary reflection. Sighing does n't generally secure the object longed for; but in this case, the usual order of things seemed likely to be reversed. A heavy step was heard in the passage, a rap at the door, and in stalked a gaunt, bony six-footer, with an ox-goad in one hand and an undressed sheep-skin in the other. Elkanor knew his customer, an old acquaintance, 'miserly as the day is long when days are the longest.' He coolly pushed out a chair to him, and then busied himself with some books and papers that lay before him, with an appearance of industry decidedly greater than he manifested before his visitor's entrance.

'You seem to be plaguy busy, this morning, 'Squire,' said Mr. Tarbox, after a silent session of some fifteen minutes.

'Rather busy, Sir.'

'Well then, I guess I won't interrupt you, 'Squire, seein' as you are busy.'

'It is my business, Sir, to be interrupted,' remarked Elkanor.

'Yes, I know it is; but you see, I did n't exactly call on *business*. I only wanted to get a little advice; just to find out what your opinion is.'

'Well, Sir, state your case,' laconically remarked Elkanor.

'Why, you see, 'Squire, we had a kind of a cattle-show down at our eend of the town, you know, last week a-Tuesday. Well, you see, I got into a little bit of a scrape there. You know Bill Walker, I s'pose?'

'I can't say I do,' said Elkanor.

'Don't know Bill Walker! Heavens and airth, 'Squire! *every* body knows Bill Walker. I ruther guess you know him, 'Squire. Jest think a minute.'

'Perhaps so; but go on with your case, if you please, and let Bill Walker go.'

'Yes, but raally now, I thought you knew Bill. Why, I swan, 'Squire, you *must* know him. Bill Walker 's the man that wears that old —'

But we will not inflict on our readers Mr. Tarbox's luminous description of Bill Walker's wearing apparel. Suffice it that he *did* describe the said Walker's apparel in a discourse of about fifteen minutes; after which he spent half an hour in telling how he and Bill had had a fight together, and then eked out the rest of the morning by telling what they had fought together *for*. He was in the midst of this, when Elkanor heard the distant dinner-bell ring. Elkanor had n't been in the profession long enough to know that lawyers are generally supposed not to need dinners. So he cut short his client's tale with:

'The amount of the whole matter, Mr. Tarbox, so far as I can see from your own story, is, that you *think* Bill Walker stole one of your sheep, and *acknowledge* that you have been and taken one of his.'

'That 's it, 'Squire; you 've hit it 'dzactly.'

'But you have no business to take one of Bill Walker's sheep.'

'Why, Bill Walker took one of *mine*.'

'Perhaps so; but can you *prove* that fact?'

'Prove it! Thunder and lightning! I should hope so. I can prove *that* fast enough.'

'Who 'll swear to it?'

'Why, *any body* will swear to it.'

'And what might 'any body's' name be?' inquired Elkanor. 'Did *you* see Bill take the sheep, or have any thing to do with it?'

'No, I did n't see him.'

'Well, do you know any body who *did*?'

'I can't say I do, *'dactly*: but, thunder and lightning, 'Squire! Bill Walker is just the sort of fellow to steal sheep: I'll swear to *that*.'

'Yes, but *that* won't do. My opinion, Mr. Tarbox, is, that you had better give Bill Walker his sheep, and get yours back whenever you can. It is your shortest way out of the scrape, Sir.'

'Do you *raally* think so, 'Squire?'

'I don't '*think*' any thing about the matter; I *know* so.'

'Wal, that's what Bill said Squire Ketchum, down to Walkerville, said. But I did n't *raally* believe him. Howsomever, if you *both* say so, I s'pose it must be so. It's an all-fired hard case though, I swan it is.' (Here Mr. Tarbox pulled out his watch.) '*Hul-lo!* 'most two o'clock! I must be goin', that's a fact.' And Mr. Tarbox gathered together his 'fixings,' and made for the door.

'Look here, Mr. Tarbox,' said Elkanor, 'you hav' n't paid me yet. 'Cash down,' is my motto.'

'Hav' n't *p-a-i-d* you! Paid you for *what*? I don't owe you any thing, as I know on. Do I?'

'Certainly you do.'

'I should like to know what it's *for*, then.'

'Very well, I can tell you. It is for professional advice given you this morning.'

'Ha! ha! Well now, *that* is a good one! And how much may your 'professional advice' be *wuth*?'

'If you follow it, and I'm inclined to think you will, it will be worth to you about ten times what I shall charge you for it. My charge, Sir, is one dollar.'

'Oh git ebut, 'Squire! You don't mean to say you want me to pay you a dollar for an hour or so of sociable talk, do you?'

'Indeed, I do, Sir.'

'Well, look here, young man. You need n't think you are going to diddle me out of a dollar that way. I'm a little too knowing for *that* operation. So good morning to you; and as to that dollar, *don't you wish you may get it*? Good morning. 'One dollar!' Ha! ha!

'Let those laugh that win, Mr. Tarbox,' said Elkanor; 'you'll either pay me that dollar *now*, or before sun-set I'll sue you for *five*. You can take your choice.'

'*Wh-e-e-w* now! You *are* a screamer, for a young one. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, 'Squire. I'll give you that dollar, if you'll *give me a receipt for it*.'

'I'll give you a dozen, if you like,' said Elkanor.

'Very well; here 's your dollar then. Now hand over the receipt, if you please.'

Elkanor sat down and wrote :

'Received of Hiram Tarbox, One Dollar, in payment for professional advice to him this day given.'

'ELKANOR BUNKER,
'Att'y at Law.'

'Grizzle, Sept. 9, 1842.

'There you have it,' said he, handing it over to Mr. Tarbox.

'Yes, and it is where *you'll* have it, too, or I'm mightily mistaken. You've swindled me, young man, out of a dollar, and here I've got proof of it in black and white. That will be a dear dollar to you, my good fellow.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Elkanor; 'but if you are through, Sir, you need n't wait any longer. There 's the door.'

Mr. Tarbox went out. He went out too as if he fancied he saw demonstrations, on the young lawyer's part, of an intention to *put* him out. He kept on too, after he had got out, until he came to the house of Judge Rawson, to whom allusion has before been made. Here he stopped and rapped. The judge was not in. He had gone over to 'the farm.' So over to the farm, after the judge, went Mr. Tarbox. It was a long three miles, and by the time he reached the spot, he had about made up his mind that it would have been as well to have given the dollar, and said nothing farther about it. However, he persevered, and at last found the judge in the fields, with a hoe in his hand, hoeing potatoes.

The judge was a man of few words, and soon brought Mr. Tarbox to a point.

'Why the amount of it is, judge,' said Mr. Tarbox, 'you see this receipt the little rascal has given me. Well, I want you to take it, and haul the fellow up for me.'

'Haul him up! Why, the receipt is good enough. What more do you want, pray?'

'I don't want any thing more from him. But I should like to make him swing for it, though, *one* while.'

'Make him swing! Swing for what?'

'Why, for swindling me out of my money.'

'You stupid old jackass!' said the judge, 'did n't you go to him and ask his opinion?'

'To be sure I did; but ——'

'And did n't he give it to you?'

'Yes, certainly; but ——'

'Don't bother me with your 'buts.' If you asked him for his advice, and he gave it to you, I should say that was enough.'

'Yes, but he did n't *'give'* it to me. He made me pay a dollar for it. Now, that 's what I call swindling.'

'You may *call* it what you like; but it is no more swindling than for you to charge a dollar for a bushel of corn is swindling.'

'Well, blast it all!' said Mr. Tarbox, rather testily; 'do you mean to say, judge, that this receipt is a good one?'

'To be sure I do.'

'And that I can't get my dollar back again?'

'Not by a long shot.'

'I suppose, then, I can't make the little rascal suffer for it?'

'I should say not, most decidedly.'

'Well, if that's the case,' said Mr. Tarbox, looking rather crest-fallen, 'it is high time I was going;' and off he started. But his progress was suddenly arrested:

'Just stop one moment, if you please,' said the judge. 'I believe you haven't paid me yet.'

'*P-a-i-d* you! Paid you for *what*, I'd like to know?'

'For professional advice.'

'Why, you don't mean to say, judge, that you are going to make me pay for your telling me that I can't prosecute that fellow, do you? You *do n't* mean *that*, surely.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, all I have got to say, is, I'll see you to thunder first! How much do you charge for *that*, eh?'

'I'll tell you what I charge for it,' said the judge, slowly lifting his hoe. 'Either pay me my fee, or I'll give you such a mauling as you never have had in your life. Take your choice, and be quick about it, too.'

Mr. Tarbox looked at the hoe, and then at the judge. There was no mistaking either the determination of the judge's eye, nor the strength of the judge's hoe-handle.

'Well, if I must, I s'pose I must,' said he, at length. 'What is your charge?'

'Two dollars.'

'Two dollars! Thunder and lightning, judge! you are too bad! too bad, that's a fact. I thought you did n't charge any thing for law business now-a-days.'

'That depends on circumstances. I do this time.'

'But, *two dollars*, judge!—is n't that rather high?'

'Not a cent less,' said the judge; 'either that or the hoe-handle. Take your choice.'

'Well, blast you! *take* it, then!' said Mr. Tarbox, hauling out of an old dirty pocket-book a dirty 'five.'

'Very good,' said the judge; 'Phoenix Bank, five dollars.' All right: here 's your change. You may go now.'

And Mr. Tarbox *did* go. He stopped, though, after going a few steps, for he heard the judge calling after him.

'Well, what's wanting *now*, I'd like to know?' snarled he.

'Oh, nothing very particular,' replied the judge; 'only I thought, perhaps, as you had let me have the two dollars, that *perhaps* you might like a receipt.'

Mr. Tarbox ground his teeth audibly, and as he turned away, something very much like '*I s-w-e-a-r!*' found its way out. Mr. Tarbox was a deacon in the church, though. So it couldn't have been *that*.

L I T T L E - F A L L S .

It is honorable no less to the good taste than to the good feeling of the inhabitants of this romantic village, that its present unmeaning title is fast losing itself in the more beautiful name of 'Astaraea,' so called from the 'Astaraga Reek,' which is still shown in the bed of the Little Falls; the poetic legend of which is still current among the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley.

WHY is thy name so false and so unmeaning ?
Is it because thy moss-stained mountain walls,
O'er whose huge masonry old woods are leaning,
Cradle the tempest in their rocky halls ?

Is it because thy hoary blocks of granite
Are green with fields of aged mountain-pines,
Where the wild lichen blooms, with airs to fan it,
From chasms o'erhung with fire and trailing vines ?

Oh ! who hath stood amid the dark night-season
Upon these heights, and hath not burned with shame
For him who in the very face of reason
Dared to link greatness to so false a name ?

And who hath ever sought this rocky altar,
When stormy wind and tempest were abroad,
And hath not only felt his spirit falter
Before the presence of the living God !

Felt that amid each huge cathedral column,
Whose incense is the mist of storm and rain,
There was continual worship, far more solemn
Than the religion of an earthly fane.

Is 't nought that in this wild and deep seclusion
The heart may overflow with holy thought,
Thought, that comes not amid the world's confusion,
But here is all unbidden and unsought ?

Is 't nought that the deep thunder's midnight rattle
These granite halls with solemn echoes fills,
When the red lightning flings its torch of battle
Among the green scalps of the aged hills ?

Look ! while it blazes through each rocky alley
Far down in yonder small and silent town,
How each bold mountain-bluff that guards the valley
Lifts 'mid the misty rain its cedar crown !

And then, if thou hast heart enough to cherish
The libel cast upon so fair a spot,
Let its divinest forms of beauty perish,
And with its olden romance be forgot !

Forgotten — though it teem with legends hoary,
Which might have given it a worthier fame
Than that which now connects its mountain-glory
With all that is unmeaning in a name !

H. W. ROCKWELL.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

BY JUNIUS JUNIOR.

By the light which we derive from history, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that religious as well as civil liberty is the offspring of civilization. In the far-off and dark ages of the past we scarcely find any glimmer of religious liberty. Socrates fell a victim to religious bigotry, and Xenocrates barely escaped being put to death for denying the existence of the numerous gods worshipped in Greece. The priests of the ancient superstitions no doubt found it for their interest, in order to defend their errors from inquiry, to persecute those who had the temerity to call in question the existence of their gods, or the reality of their miracles. This appears to have been one of the characteristics of the numerous false religions which have prevailed in the world; and they therefore judiciously covered up from the public eye, and from the inquiry of the philosophers, as far as possible, the mysteries of their respective religions. Among the heathen, religious liberty appears not to have dawned until the best days of Roman civilization; and even then appears to have been more owing to indifference to, and even contempt for, its superstitions, than from any other cause.

Among the Jews, in their own country, and under their own laws, religious liberty appears never to have existed. The Mosaic law against heresy, as found in the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, could hardly have been more severe. A part of this law is to the following effect: 'If thy brother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, 'Let us go and serve other gods,' thou shalt not consent unto him nor hearken unto him; neither shalt thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him, but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterward the hand of all the people.' Another part of this law directs, that if the inhabitants of a city go out after other gods, they shall be utterly destroyed, 'and the cattle thereof;' the city shall be burnt, with all the goods therein, 'every whit;' nothing shall be taken away, 'and it shall be a heap for ever.' The Jewish government at this time was a theocracy, and the power was entirely in the hands of the priesthood. All laws emanated from them, and they were also the executive part of the government. Their authority was unlimited; and their rule, according to our modern ideas, would be called an ecclesiastical tyranny.

Whatever was the reason then for such severe laws against the liberty of changing one's religion, no such reason can exist now. The cause which then existed, whatever it was, for preserving the unity of religious faith, has now undoubtedly ceased; and we find the different sects of Christians, at least the Protestant sects, advocating religious liberty as the true ground of Christianity. And the day cannot be far

distant when the Catholic church, at least the American Catholic church, will be as strenuous an advocate as their brother sects for individual as well as collective right of conscience. In the earlier stages of society, before civilization had advanced beyond barbarism, we find the ecclesiastical and political powers united. As the ignorance of mankind, in this stage of society, renders them superstitious, they are most readily governed by the ecclesiastical power, and a government of this kind naturally takes place. As society improves, and its objects and occupations increase, the government becomes divided into political and ecclesiastical departments, each having its head, but united together for mutual strength and support. The religion, whatever it is, in this early stage of civilization, is a government religion. Large sums are abstracted from the earnings of the people by taxation, which are lavished on the ecclesiastical and political powers. Magnificent temples and palaces are built, and large armies are marched to the conquest of surrounding countries. All this adds to the glory of the nation, but at the same time it rivets the chains of the masses, and defers the dawn of liberty. The king and the priests roll in luxury, while the enslaved millions labor hard to furnish the necessary means. This was the condition of Egypt under the Pharaohs, and has been the condition of every nation which has advanced toward civilization.

It is observable that all the tyranny which has ever crushed the millions to the earth; which has ever reaped its full harvests of blood and tears; which has ever trampled on the agonized and convulsed hearts of humanity; has exhibited its fiendish character under either a political or ecclesiastical form — the king or the priest. One has ruled by force, the other by fraud. One has governed by the terrors of this world, the other by the terrors of the next. One has seized on man's weakness, the other on his ignorance. But they have been alike in their pride, their luxury, and their unrelenting cruelty. Not only among the Egyptians, but other nations, knowledge has been carefully kept from the people, and confined to the temples and the priesthood. It served as a means of more easily ruling the ignorant masses. But as it gradually became diffused, little by little, among the million, the power and influence of the people began to be felt, and the first dawn of freedom to appear. At first their influence was small; but as it increased, many and hard struggles took place between them and the privileged classes. Yet the march of freedom is onward, and the popular branch attains a powerful influence. The people acquire, first of all, *political* freedom, next *religious* freedom, and last of all *pecuniary* freedom. The first has its patriots; the second its martyrs, who battle nobly for the emancipation of mankind; but the latter, being less obvious, and requiring more knowledge of political economy than the two former, is not as readily perceived by the million; and long after they have acquired a large share of political and religious freedom, and have tasted their sweets, the government and the church continue to fleece them of their earnings without stint. This is the condition of England at the present moment, and of other enlightened nations of Europe.

As civilization advances, the popular branch of the government becomes all-powerful, and the people recover their natural rights. Education, and a knowledge of the principles of government, have discovered

to them their power when combined together, and their rights as men standing on the common level of equality and humanity. Those rulers, therefore, who have governed them by force and fraud, are deposed, and a representative government takes place, in which the people elect, from time to time, persons to attend to the affairs of government. Man has thus attained to the greatest liberty of which we have any knowledge, political, religious and pecuniary. He is subject to no restraint, but such as crime makes necessary ; no duty, but such as the common interest requires ; and no taxation, save such as is necessary for the expenses of an economical government. He is now free to go whithersoever he pleases ; to adopt any trade or calling which suits him best ; to profess any religion or opinion which is most agreeable to his conscience or his fancy, and enjoy the fruits of his industry without let or hindrance from any power whatsoever. In short, he is free to do just as he pleases, except where he may interfere with the equal rights of others. Should he trespass upon his neighbor, either in person or property, the combined power of the whole people, by means of its agents, must restrain him, and defend the peaceable from the depredations of the vicious. Such are the just and righteous principles upon which the governments of these United States are founded. And although they may not, in every respect, be fully carried out, yet the right principles have been adopted, and more knowledge and greater civilization will yet make us more free and happy.

In these governments, religion is entirely disconnected from the political power ; and the reason of this is obvious : as the opinions of men are various, giving rise to a great many different sects, it would interfere with their equal freedom to impose on them a religious system which should conflict with the wishes of any. A government religion in a free republic would be as absurd as a national costume. They are both private matters, and are therefore left to private arrangement. Religious freedom, like political freedom, is but a part of our civil rights : or, to speak more correctly, of those private rights of the citizen with which the government has no business to interfere. And it is an interesting inquiry, whether the principles of our own free governments have liberalized our religious arrangements equally with our political. It is obvious that the different religious sects have an animosity toward each other, which breaks out occasionally in those little persecutions which take the character of slander, falsehood, back-biting, and social uncharitableness ; and although our civil governments are democracies, yet the government of many of the churches still retains the form of tyranny, in which the people have no share, and in others but a very limited influence. These circumstances give us reason to believe, that the principles of republican liberty have not yet had their full influence on the people. But does not this want of religious liberty among our churches influence in some degree our political freedom ? Does it not interfere unnecessarily with our private rights ? The laws of our State, recognizing the clergy as a separate and distinct class, relieved from some duties which other citizens are subject to, and precluded from some advantages which other citizens enjoy, appear to us of this character. It is unjust to the citizen, whose occupation is that of teacher

or priest, to deprive him of any advantage which other citizens enjoy ; and it is equally unjust to other citizens to lay a burthen on them from which any one is relieved ; unless that relief is in consequence of political services rendered to the government, and thus to the whole people.

Of the same character appear to be our Sabbath laws against innocent recreations. Not only is religion injured by this attempt to enforce it by statute, but the animosity and opposition of the public are excited against it ; and it comes to be looked upon as an attempt of the aristocracy to oppress the laboring classes, who find recreation so necessary. Among many foreigners, who come among us, the custom prevails of walking out of town on Sabbath afternoons, or of meeting together to hear pleasant music, to converse together, et cetera. Now what is better calculated to promote cheerfulness, and relief from the severe fatigues of the week ? I have frequently visited these weekly retinions of the Germans, who have settled among us, for the purpose of observing their manners and habits. I have gone to see them again and again, and though I have often seen several hundreds together, men, women and children, I have never seen an instance of rudeness of manners or of intoxication. They laugh and talk together with the ease and simplicity of childhood ; they sip their wine-punch, or light ale of 'the Vaterland,' and are always temperate and social. The German, though always ready to defend his rights, is rarely a brawler, and never a 'rowdy.' His habits are friendly, and marriage and industry make his home happy.

Let me ask those who are disposed to object to his manners, if hundreds of our own people, of different ages and of both sexes, especially the laboring classes, could meet together, week after week, with as much good order and politeness ? Is it not for want of some reasonable and refining recreation, that our own laboring population resort to the grog-shop on Sundays ; and companies of apprentice-boys prowl about and disturb the peace of the Sabbath ? Is not this lack of amusements, whose tendency is to refine the taste and feelings, one great cause of that 'rowdiness' which disturbs so much the peace of the city, and which is so much to be deplored ? Our city fathers must be sadly ignorant of physiology, if they suppose that the strong muscles and powerful frames of our young men are to remain supine during the entire Sabbath ; or that the tedium of the week's occupations is not to be relieved by recreation and social intercourse. Museums, reading-rooms, libraries, are closed against them ; and their amusements, even those of the most innocent and elevating character, are debarred as far as the law can effect it. It is true, the churches are open to them ; but many are satisfied with going once a day ; and if they prefer not to go at all, should the law be armed with authority, either directly or indirectly, to compel their attendance ? I am inclined to attribute the superior social manners of the Germans to their frequent associations and recreations on Sabbath afternoons. It converts them into acquaintances, friends, relations ; it promotes respect, kindness, marriage. And I as little doubt that our own over-strained puritanism is the cause of so great a want of the same virtues in our own lower classes.

No one can doubt the great blessing of the Sabbath, as a day of rest

from labor and ordinary occupations; as a relief from toil; as a day set apart for spiritual and mental culture; for attending church, for reading, recreation, visiting our friends and neighbors; in giving relief to the body, and for the cultivation of the mind and the heart. The artisan, the laborer, the merchant, the mechanic, leave their respective places of toil, and on the Sabbath seek such relief and recreation as they feel themselves in need of. Social converse, study, exercise in the open air, relieve and restore the fatigued bodies and wearied spirits of the people. Health, cheerfulness, energy, are promoted, and our lives rendered more happy, by this occasional change from ordinary occupation to comparative leisure. During this day such occupations and recreations should be sought as, beside relieving the tedium of business, will have a tendency

'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.'

Instead of promoting these ends, the interference of *Special Sabbath Legislation* appears to have produced little else than moroseness and hypocrisy. Another evil of Sabbath legislation is, that it erects into a crime that which it recognizes as innocent on the remaining six days of the week. Upon what principle of morals this is done, it would be difficult for these legislators to define. Its tendency cannot be otherwise than bad, as it sanctions, so far at least as the law has a power to sanction, certain practices on six days out of seven, which it stamps as immoral on the first day of the week. Immorality undoubtedly depends on certain principles which apply to all days alike. That which is wrong, should never be done; that which is innocent, the citizen should never be debarred from doing. This interference of the law-making power with the private rights of citizens, and the animosity of the different religious sects toward those who differ from them in sentiment, show conclusively that the precepts of the gospel, and the principles of a true republic, which were designed to 'produce peace on earth and good will among men,' have not yet entirely fulfilled their office. H.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S WINE-GLASS.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H. C. W. BUTLER, OF DUNBOYNE, I.A., ON RECEIVING FROM HER A CHAMPAGNE-GLASS FORMERLY BELONGING TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

AMID my choicest treasures why retain
This simple glass of fragile antique ware?
Why guard it with a fond and reverent care,
Which goblets costlier far may crave in vain?
Why is it that in it the bright champagne
With fresher brilliance sparkles, than rich cups
With wreathen silver girds and burnished tops,
Or bowls of gem-bestudded gold, can gain?
The hand of WASHINGTON, in times of yore,
Hath touched, and given it immortality!
Age after age the relique dear shall see:
While, with the name of thy great ancestor,
Thine, too, shall be remembered, lady fair,
With warmest gratitude for gift so rich, so rare.

Bayou Goula, La.

J. H. H.

ASTAROGA: OR THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

A TALE IN FOUR CANTOS: BY FANNY FORESTER.

CANTO I.

I.

I LOVE to muse upon the voiceless past,
 When round me rise the scenes of other days,
 And think on those whose deathless names shall last,
 While yet there is a voice to sound their praise,
 Or hand to wreath their brows with fresher bays.
 I love to wander 'mid the ruins gray
 Of time-wrecked cities, and in wonder gaze
 On crumbling relics that still lingering stay,
 Meet epitaphs for men who long since passed away.

II.

But 'tis an infant village cradled here,
 Unlinked with mem'ries of the olden time;
 No exiled prince, no persecuted peer,
 Has sought a refuge in this sylvan clime;
 No wandering bard has tuned his harp to chime
 With forest minstrelsy, or with the roar
 Of yonder current; and although the rime
 Of age has made those cliffs with honors hoar,
 They speak not to the heart the thrilling tales of yore.

III.

No gallant knight has in this rocky dell
 His daring shown, his prowess e'er displayed,
 No honored warrior here in glory fell,
 No sage, or son of song has here been laid,
 Whose mouldering dust the soil has sacred made;
 No time-worn battlements, or turrets gray,
 The last sad relics of a house decayed,
 Stand like lone monuments of old, to say,
 'Here trod a nation's hope, and here he passed away!'

IV.

No glorious ancestors whose laurel'd names,
 Dimmed with the dust of centuries, appear
 More glorious still, have on our homage claims.
 No CŒUR DE LION waved the banner here,
 No conquering WILLIAM strode, his throne to rear
 Upon the ashes of its rightful heir;
 No noble ALFRED, still to memory dear;
 His council held. Yet here my muse must dare
 Attempt her infant flight in poetry's pure air.

V.

Although this soil reared not our honored sires,
 Men, worthy of a noble song, have dwelt
 In these wild solitudes. The bosom fires,
 To think of all they've suffered, all they've felt,
 Since on these cliffs in ages past they knelt
 And chanted requiems o'er some fallen brave,
 Or on the Spirit called, the God who dwelt
 On yonder rock, which cleaves the hurrying wave,
 When winds in fury sweep, round which the waters rave.

VI.

There stood a mighty nation in its power,
 Like yonder giant oak, saluting heaven;
 These wilds their fortress, every rock a tower,
 Which in the battle hour has shelter given
 To iron hearts; here man with man has striven;
 Roused by the power that fired the Norman's breast,
 And gallant souls in nobler warfare thriven;
 Chiefs have in council met, and wrongs redrest,
 Here men have suffering known, and here they have been blest.

VII.

Ay, hearts have throbbed with hope and sunk in fear,
 The bounding pulse stood still, and heart-strings broke,
 When Wo's chill finger press'd their springs too near,
 As men now fall beneath the self-same stroke.
 With grief and carnage have these echoes woke,
 And Love's soft whispers lingered on the wave;
 Mourners have stood, the lost one to invoke,
 And lingered oft both beautiful and brave,
 Around these monuments which make a nation's grave.

VIII.

But they have passed away, and like the dream
 Wrapt in the slumbrous mist of yesternight,
 Anon to waken with a sudden gleam,
 Which in a moment vanishes from sight;
 Bright flashes of their history sometimes light
 The long, dark vista of the unknown past,
 O'er which Forgetfulness has flung her blight,
 Or Falsehood her dark mildewed mantle cast,
 Covering with one broad pall an urn both rich and vast.

IX.

It is from out this urn of faded things
 My muse would cull one memory of the past,
 And flutter for a while her unfledged wings,
 An offering on a broken shrine to cast;
 To weave a garland round the last, the last
 Sad relics of a race that's passed away;
 To call to tuneless strings one strain that's passed,
 Extract from darkness one faint glimmering ray,
 The wreath, the light, the song, at powerless feet to lay.

X.

'Tis centuries, since first adown these hills
 A blue-eyed stranger wound his toilsome way,
 Paused northward where a limpid stream distils,
 To slake his thirst, and then at noontide lay
 Within a bower now given to decay;
 Stretched listlessly upon his leafy bed,
 With arching boughs for roof and canopy,
 The mossy bank a pillow for his head,
 While far beyond, o'er hill and dale, the forest spread.

XI.

The sun went down, and clouds came gathering slow
 Upon the pinions of the upper air,
 A picture dark, unlike the world below,
 Where sunshine mantles e'en the face of care,
 Falsehood contrives the garb of truth to wear,
 And guilt, and misery, hide themselves from view;
 The morn retired, her light grew weary there,
 The stars went out, the heavens still darker grew,
 And clothed the vale and hill in their own sombre hue.

XII.

Uprose the winds among the forest trees,
 And, moaning wildly, waved their branches strong
 In very madness, mocking the soft breeze
 That all day wantoned with the forest throng,
 Kissing the flowerets as it sped along;
 This was the Storm-King's hour, and his stern tone
 Hushed quiet nature's gentler, softer song;
 Cloud unto cloud rehearsed, in dirge-like moan,
 And deep-mouthed thunders woke to echo every groan.

XIII.

Still deadlier grew the storm, and wild and high
 Above it all, arose a louder scream;
 The eagle, cradled in his native sky,
 Answering the thunder's crash and lightning's gleam:
 And coward wolves that fly, when morn doth beam
 Hurrying in crowds went ravening down the vale,
 Howling a chorus, IVAN could but deem
 Coined when for aye immortal ears assail,
 The demon's dreadful yell, and the lost spirit's wail.

XIV.

But IVAN onward pressed; he dared not stay,
 Where crouched the panther in his midnight lair,
 Where ranged the wolf, and where the wild bear lay;
 Though ever and anon a broader glare
 Lighting the darkness laid his dangers bare,
 He shrunk not still, but with a toilsome tread,
 On, on he pressed, and almost seemed to dare
 The thousand horrors gathering round his head,
 Charged with the power to fill the stoutest soul with dread.

XV.

Southward he bent his way through woodland drear,
 Now drearer rendered by the raging storm,
 That howled its dreadful music in his ear,
 And wildly rav'd around his bending form:
 He once had owned a spirit free and warm,
 But reckless now, and with a will untamed,
 Daring and dauntless, he would crush in scorn
 Whatever dared to thwart his purpose named,
 And uncontrolled within a thousand passions flamed.

XVI.

His home was in a far-off quiet isle:
 Old England's sun upon his birth-right shone;
 His eye had sparkled oft at beauty's smile,
 But then that smile had too familiar grown,
 And so his heart grew sad and cold and lone,
 And sternness settled on his sunny brow,
 And bitterness breathed out in every tone;
 His flashing eye grew wild and restless now,
 And to strange errors did his wayward spirit bow.

XVII.

Voluptuous music echoed in his halls,
 • He turned his ear from its entrancing strain,
 Eyes beamed on him whose glance might well enthral,
 And harp-like voices often strove in vain
 To win his spirit back to love again;
 But there was that in his stern wayward mood,
 Which made him all that others prize, disdain,
 And blind alike to evil and to good,
 As the world sees it, hating all, alone he stood.

XVIII.

At last he bade his native land adieu,
 And sought a desert shore, to wander where
 Uprising ever to his eager view
 New things and scenes seemed formed to greet him there ;
 And soon his lip began again to wear
 A smile, though not like that which once it wore,
 With more of mockery in it, more of care,
 And of a haughty, tameless spirit more,
 Scarce softer than the frown that bent his brow before.

XIX.

But then he learned to love his desert home,
 Its rocks, its hills, its lakes, and woodlands free ;
 He loved to watch the chainless cataract's foam,
 As on it rushed so bold and recklessly,
 O'er jagged rocks, while cliffs, with time worn gray,
 Upreared on either side a hoary wall,
 Ivyed and moss-grown ; and he loved to stray
 In sunless dingles, where some bird's lone call
 Or breeze's whisper only on the ear might fall.

XX.

And there he found congenial spirits too,
 Men bold and tameless as their own wild floods,
 And more like these in thought he daily grew,
 Dwelling like them in these wild solitudes,
 Wandering alone along the boundless woods,
 Or pausing 'neath an over-shadowing rock
 When nought but eddying winds would dare intrude ;
 And then he loved to hear the night-bird mock
 The robbin's mellow tone, or the vile raven's croak.

XXI.

He knew not whither now he bent his way,
 But he had stood by Cuyahora's stream,
 And watched the rushing torrent's maddening play,
 And hailed the arching rainbow's varied gleam,
 Like the few smiles that lit the changing dream
 Of his own life, touching its blackened clouds
 With here and there a faint and transient gleam,
 A wayward nature never quite enshrouds,
 Which sometimes lights the soul in solitude or crowds.

XXII.

Man was not made for wo, though he may crush
 The power within that bids him to rejoice,
 He owns a spirit he can never hush,
 Answering to that the universe employs :
 A string harmonious tuned to nature's voice,
 And its soft melody will often play
 Upon his breast, and call up buried joys,
 Those faded relics of a brighter day,
 His hand has madly crushed, yet cannot cast away.

XXIII.

Then through the woodland he had wandered long,
 His couch the dew-gemmed turf, while jewelled flowers
 Around him formed a lovely nymph-like throng,
 And held low converse through the silent hours
 Of lonely night ; within their forest bowers,
 Nodding to each light breeze that dallied there,
 Or bowing meekly 'neath the summer showers,
 Casting meanwhile their richness on the air,
 And rising from the weight, still lovelier and more fair.

XXIV.

But then his nature was of sterner mould,
 And soon he wearied of those fairy things;
 He loved a scene like Cuyahora bold,
 Where loveliness a softening aspect flings
 O'er rugged grandeur; where the raven wings
 Of stern-eyed terror borrow beauty's light:
 Even the tempest, in its bellowings,
 And all the horrors of that awful night,
 So like his spirit-storms, were welcomed with delight.

XXV.

Yet he grew weary, for across his way,
 Uprooted by the fierceness of the storm,
 Full many a giant forest-king there lay,
 And the down-rushing torrent made him blind,
 E'en to the lightning's flash that unconfined
 Circled the storm-cloud with its livid wreath,
 And, stronger than the many-pinion'd wind,
 Shivered the stern old oak that grew beneath,
 And placed on every thing it met the seal of death.

XXVI.

Weary and wounded by a broken bough,
 That came careering through the darkened air,
 He downward sank, and o'er his senses now
 Crept a benumbing spell; he ceased to care,
 Though every danger hovered o'er him there,
 For aught but rest, and soon, to slumber given,
 He lay upon the cliff so gray and bare,
 And while all else was by the tempest driven,
 Scarce sheltered, there he lay, beneath the angry heaven.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-RHUMBOO.

WHAT ho! make room for the New Philosophy! 'Hurrah! hurrah! avoid the way of the avenging childe!' Clear the track of the infant science! Astronomy, Geology, bow your heads before it; Astrology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and all ye other sciences whose titles end in 'ology and 'nomy, give place; yield to this the highest seat in the assembly of all wisdom! Think not, ye people, that the five sciences I have mentioned are all which I could have written down; I might if I pleased have copied from a book, which I have even now in mind, page upon page of names of sciences, of which now but the names remain, but I will not descend to such mean shifts. I will not filch from him who probably filched from others; I will not write of that which I do not understand. I might, if I had the will, write a dissertation upon other systems of philosophy, which should be as unintelligible as the sermons of the famous Friar Genoud de Campazas; but I will spare the infliction. I am not, nor do I pretend to be, a learned man; yet am I, if not the originator, at least the reviver of a great, glorious, stupendous science.

Ye wise men of all ages, arise, and do reverence to the mighty genius which hath risen like a star in the horizon of philosophy, giving

out a new light for men, opening a new path to knowledge. Having now blown the trumpet in honor of the science and its professor, let me usher in the former. But hold! not till I have furnished it with a title. What would become of a science in these days, though containing the knowledge of the seven sages of Greece, or the seven legions of wise men in modern times, unless it enter the world with a high-sounding name? I had a great inclination to invent one as long as my arm, to terrify the unlearned, or excite their admiration, and to puzzle the brains of the learned commentators, who shall hereafter devote their lives to elucidate my text. But on second consideration I resolved not to be guilty of any such piece of charlatanism. Let the science of which I am an humble teacher and expositor, depend on its intrinsic merit; let it stand on its own bottom. Having therefore consulted the *Scapulæ*, the *Schrevelii*, and *Donnegan's Lexicon*, and pondered long, I at length hammered out the following title:

ENDUMATOLOGY, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

But inasmuch as this does not entirely express the particular scope and intention of the science I promulgate, I was under the necessity of seeking farther for a more comprehensive one. Being unacquainted with the Hebrew, the Sanscrit and the Arabic, I was obliged to turn to my own country, and from the language of the *Shoskonees*, a tribe of Indians dwelling beyond the Rocky mountains, I drew a compound word, which fully illustrates the whole scope of my philosophy:

ONOMOPHILOGOSLOWBOTO-ISM, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES,

as indicating the character of the wearer. Let the former be the title for the multitude, the latter for the chosen few. 'Let the one refer to the exoteric, the other to the esoteric doctrine of the author.'

Here then you have it. It has nothing to do with 'Walker on Female Beauty.' It is not the philosophy of the sage *Teufelsdrückh*, but something more practical. I leave the learned professor to speculate amidst the clouds, while I wander on the level of mankind. He hath treated of clothes as distinct essences, spiritual, depending on nothing else; I consider them in connexion with the body they cover. Yet is he the man, if any, that shall bar my claim to originality, if but on account of this one observation in his book: 'Again, what meaning lies in color! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice; if the cut betoken intellect and talent, so does the color betoken temper and heart.' Though the professor has entitled his work '*Clothes, their Origin and Influence*,' it was my impression, until I again took up the book to-day, that he had written entirely on what he hath termed '*The Spirit of Clothes*;' but I find that it is not altogether so; he hath touched, though but incidentally and transiently, on the peculiar province which I intend to examine and bring forth to the consideration of the world. If I may not then be entitled the 'great originator,' I will at least vindicate my claim to the appellation of the '*Renowned Lecturer*;' and on this hint I shall produce my future lucubrations under the name of Lectures. If I cannot lead, I will follow; if I cannot be first, I will not be last. The

worst that can be said of me is, that I have hold of the same string with the author of 'Sartor Resartus,' though at a different point. Let it not be supposed that I have the least tendency toward Transcendentalism. I thank my good stars that there is not about me the least tint or tinge of blue. I know nothing of the German language, and am content to talk and write as other men do.

To return to my philosophy. I look forward to the time when the confession of a man's scientific faith shall include Physiognomy, Phrenology, Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, and last, though far from least, my science, *Ono-mo-philo-go-slow-botoism*. Hear my philosophy: The time shall come, when one shall look upon the clothes and vestments of a man far distant, or even in his grave, and say what he is or was; the day shall be, when family portraits shall no more be painted, for the garments of an ancestor shall hang in their stead; affording a more perfect idea of the appearance and character of the man than any picture Vandyke ever painted; the hour is not far distant when the writers of Philosophic History, instead of wasting their days in endeavoring to trace the remote causes of events, and speculating on the motives of leading actors in scenes of importance, shall investigate the progress and mutations of dress.

Walter Shandy hath made a great step in the Philosophy of Names, as affecting the character of a man; I claim the honor of the Philosophy of Clothes, as applied to the external man, and indicating his internal temperament. Assuredly there is oftentimes in a man more than his outward appearance would lead one to suppose, and yet we may learn something of him from his dress. My philosophy is not yet completed; I intended to have written a book that should have classed me at once with the great Mesmer; but I was afraid that some one would forestall my discoveries, and snatch away the crown of immortality ere I had placed it on my head. I shall therefore dole it out in driblets to the admiring multitude; like alms-house soup, you must come to get it at *periodical* times. Every man has a sort of inkling of my great principle, yet like all great discoveries, it has been reserved for one clear-headed genius (that's myself, you understand,) to bring it to light, and demonstrate its truth. I, myself, have as yet but a dim vision of the glories beyond; I am still laboring with the mighty birth. Future ages shall see clearly what hath not been vouchsafed to my eyes. Napoleon came very near discovering the very essence of my science, when he was shown a boot, and exclaimed 'Moreau!' Had that great man been at leisure to prosecute the idea, had he devoted the powers of his mind to this study, my labor had doubtless been spared. The statesmen of old times ordained different and distinct modes of dressing to the different orders of society. Why? Merely that they might be known from one another in the streets, be distinguished by their outward mien? Not so; they had in view the moral influence of dress on the character of individuals. Some great mind, without inquiring the reasons, jumped at once to the conclusion, that the way to keep the multitude down, to prevent those at the bottom from rising to the top, was to dress them more meanly than those who were in power; to make a distinction in outward appearance, a barrier impossible to any one, rich

or not rich. So long as those high in place and in the scale of society held rigidly to this system, they did oppress the lower classes, and those lower classes, though murmuring occasionally, made no great efforts to redress their grievances; but when confident in the ascendancy they had so long retained; they began to relax their vigilance in attending to these matters: when men, as they grew rich, were not prevented from dressing according to their means, then immediately trouble for them arose. The minds of men expanded as their dress became better; liberty grew up in their hearts, with the added dignity derived from richer attire; men servile in one garment, became haughty in another; yielding, they grew obstinate; driven to extremity, they threw off the yoke. Hence convulsions in society, changes, upturnings, and revolutions in the political world.

I am sorry to have thus, by a single stroke as it were, knocked on the head the idle dreams of innumerable historians; to have put to flight a whole army of philosophers with their hobbies; but the progress of science is still onward: what is wisdom in one age, another pronounces folly. Newton demonstrated that Copernicus knew nothing of what he wrote so much about; the philosophy of Aristotle has been superseded by a modern system. Truth, truth is the mistress of my heart, the object of my aspirations!

Some people account for the phenomena of the political world, these changes which have taken place, by declaring that they arose from the spread of the spirit of liberty. Preposterous! Spirit of fiddlestick! Whence came this spirit of liberty? Did it descend from the sky, or rise from the earth? Was it drawn from India, or imported with tobacco? Was it generated like the plague in the very extremity of misery, and taken like the plague? Not a bit of it! This spirit of liberty we are now speaking of was but the offspring of dress; clothes have been the agents of destiny, in changing the state of nations. Many will hoot at the idea: but standing on the lofty pinnacle of the great science I profess, and trusting in immutable truth, I defy them, one and all!

Let us see by what train of reasoning we shall arrive at conviction of the truth of what I have said. Negative proof is all that I can produce; but in spite of Paley, I pronounce negative proof to be just as good, if not better, than positive. The multitudes did not become free, or rather acquire greater privileges, and more equality, until they began to dress better. It is therefore clear that liberty depends upon dress. Some one here objects that history will not bear me out in my assertions. Sir, a word with you: let me give you a piece of advice; never mention history to a man who is constructing a theory. It is an insult, a personal insult, nay, worse than a personal insult; it reflects not only upon himself, but upon the creature of his mind. But allow me to ask you a question, to put to you a problem for solution. Suppose the miserable operatives of England, those who lie on their backs in coal mines, and labor in the mud and wet, till exhausted nature can do no more; suppose in some unknown manner they each become possessed of a handsome suit of clothes, of which they could not dispose, even in barter for the necessities of life, would they work any more, though starving?

I said before, that in proof of my assertions I could adduce but negative evidence, yet can I almost give beside, what is equal to proof any day, pure reasoning. It has long been a moot point among surgeons, physicians, and other scientific men, whether or no the want of opportunity to exercise any particular organ did not in the course of ages and many generations destroy the power of exercising the faculty of which that organ was the instrument, and in time operate the total extinction of the organ itself. The discovery of the fish which pass their lives in the dark recesses of the great cave of Kentucky, and which are said to be without the organ of sight, or any rudiment thereof, would have settled this question for ever, but for this one difficulty: no man can say whether those fish or their progenitors ever possessed such an organ.

Adopting the opinion that liberty in deed, and liberty in dress, are intimately connected, together with one or two other principles equally unimportant, let us reason backward, and see what would probably be the effect of these restrictions on dress? Why, reasoning by analogy, that it would be the same or similar to that in the case of an animal function. Liberty, unable to vent itself through its proper organ, dress, naturally would die away and be lost, which proves my proposition. We must, however, go a step farther, and imagine (which may very easily be done) that on the recurrence of a good opportunity, those organs begin to manifest themselves again. We come again at last in this, as in the other case, to a difficulty, insurmountable to any but a persevering man. There was a time when the human race wore no clothes; how then shall clothes be properly said to constitute an organ of the mind? To this I answer, I do not push my researches farther into antiquity than the period of the deluge. I am not a selfish person, and therefore give full permission to any scientific man to borrow my arguments and data, in case the discussion about organs be revived.

Let it not be objected, to invalidate my arguments, that I have assumed as true the very thing I was to verify and prove. In every science you must take something for granted; you must leave to the philosopher Archimedes' platform, or he will never move the world. How shall I ever finish this introduction to my science, unless I do so? Men have spent their lives in scholastic disputations, reverend divines in polemical discussions, merely from the want of moral courage to regard something as true, indisputable. Then, thank fortune! at last have I escaped from the mists of 'pure reason.'

Every body knows that the priests of the Jews dressed differently from the rest of the people; that the divines in our days attire themselves differently from the laymen; soldiers again from civilians; and till lately, the judges of England wore a peculiar garb. Many have suspected the connexion between dress and character, but none have reduced it to a science. This I propose to do.

My philosophy is the inductive; general principles in it there are none. Whether or no I shall hereafter form some, is to me a matter of doubt. I consider general principles in the light of snares or pitfalls for the unwary sage; wells for the philosopher to fall into while he is studying the heavens. If you once commit yourself by establish-

ing general principles, you may find them very troublesome things to manage ; you must conform to them afterward, if but for the sake of consistency, that bug-bear of politicians. General principles have been the ruin of many a fine theory. Some intolerable, envious fact hath risen up, broken to pieces the beautiful system, and forced the poor architect to raise a new one out of the ruins of the old. The Phrenologists have experienced this trouble. When the science was brought almost to a state of perfection, some well authenticated skull hath turned up, and though inanimate, hath proved too much for the united wisdom of the living. If I am not mistaken, Voltaire's cranium has given them a great deal of trouble. They found there, veneration largely developed, and they have been obliged in consequence to discover several counteracting bumps, which only (as they say) go to prove the science more unquestionably true. I do not pretend to have reached perfection. I have no doubt that I shall make some mistakes in my deductions ; I am willing to be corrected by others, or to retract my opinions, if after observation shall lead me to deem them erroneous.

One thing must be understood ; let it not be supposed that I hold that the dress maketh the man ; far from it ; Shakspeare, Massinger, Jonson, all the old dramatists, have ridiculed the attempts men make to appear, by means of dress, that which they are not. Ben Jonson, in a sort of semi-indignant serio-jocular way, exclaims in one passage :

'But that a rook by wearing a py'd feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-pil'd ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humor!
O, it is more than most ridiculous !'

Mark the word humor ; the expression of the humors of a man in the clothes he wears, shall constitute one branch of my philosophy. What I mean is, that when a man wears the dress that pleases him, without regard to the opinions of others, much may be gathered from it, of his character : I say you had better examine that man's clothes than his skull, for indications of his propensities. I hold that dress affects the character, and vice versâ. No one will deny that a tight boot influences the temper in an extraordinary degree ; to be sure this is an extreme case, but extreme cases are the best for examples. Again, all agree that the white cravat sometimes makes the parson ; and this I consider to be an overpowering argument against the introduction of white cravats. Consider the confusion that would ensue ! Every one of any observation must have noticed that there is a certain indescribable dress, which none but a gentleman could wear or be the author of.

The great mind affects the garments : I have seen an old coat with more expression in it than many a man's face. The rich dress overpowers the weak intellect. I have come across some figures, of which you would never dream of examining any thing but the covering. The clothes and character of an individual, and of an age, reciprocally affect one another : they resemble the two great currents of electricity in the universe, ever lending to, ever borrowing from, one another.

There are but three flaws in my ever-to-be-admired science.

I. It can never become universal, as every country must have a new modification, to suit its costume.

II. Men cannot always afford to wear the clothes to which their inclination would prompt them.

III. Fashion is evanescent — mutable.

I therefore calculate that three thousand years of unremitting study will barely suffice to establish it on immutable principles, and consequently that I shall never live to bring it to perfection. I care not; I labor for posterity. But after all, these defects are very slight; when I cannot demonstrate I will speculate; and speculation (if we may judge from what is passing before our eyes continually,) is as good as demonstration, any day, in every thing except geometry, and water-lots of inestimable value.

A few words on the manner in which I intend to write. It is my unalterable determination to do as I please; to wander off from the subject I began upon, when and whither I take a fancy. Let no man complain, if instead of a chapter on pantaloons, he be treated with a dissertation on broom-sticks, for he may not perceive, as I do, the invisible connexion between the two. If any man finds in these my lectures any thing unintelligible, I hope he will do me the justice to believe that want of apprehension in him, and not of clearness in me, is the cause of his inability to comprehend it; and that he will the more admire my works and my wisdom. For why? — the disciple shall not be wiser than his master. Thus have I finished my introductory dissertation. I now give notice to all whom it may concern, that lecture the first shall be devoted to — SACKS!

S U M M E R F L O W E R S .

I.

CHILDREN of summer! cradled by spring,
Around me a spell of enchantment ye fling;
In each leaf and blossom strange beauty I see,
And your sweet-laden breathing seems music to me!

II.

Daughters of loveliness! stars of the earth!
Surely the spirit-land witnessed your birth;
Some angel that wept o'er this dark world of ours,
From his tear-drops created ye, beautiful flowers!

III.

Types of our happiness! brilliant and frail,
Your glory is scattered by every rude gale;
With the sunshine of summer ye vanish away,
Like the hopes of life's spring-time ye bloom and decay.

IV.

Teachers of holiness! speak to the heart;
Tell that its freshness like yours must depart:
But the fragrance of virtue, like yours may arise,
In incense of gratitude meet for the skies!

John Ross Dix

L I N E S T O A L E A F

PLUCKED FROM A TREE GROWING OVER GRAY'S GRAVE, IN STOKES FOSSES CHURCH-YARD, ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'PEN AND INK SKETCHES.'

My footsteps press a foreign strand,
Above me bend Columbia's skies;
Yet doth the old Ancestral Land
Appear before mine eyes.

Ay, from thy rifted rocks, Nahant!
Round which the everlasting seas
Rave, rage, and sink with mighty pant,
Imagination sees

The isle to which yon bark is now
'In sunshine sailing far away,'
While blue waves dance around her prow,
In Massachusetts bay!

Leaf! green and solitary, thou
Recall'st the days of old to me,
When I hung lightly on the bough
Of the old family tree.

So here, like thee, divorced, alone,
I greet thee with a loving eye,
And in my inmost spirit own
A natural sympathy.

Come, let me from thy vernal page
Read pleasant memories of the time
When I life's war began to wage,
E're thou had'st known thy prime.

It is to me, this Sabbath day,
As if some sweet-voiced angel spoke
Unto me of the grave of GRAY,
In thy old church-yard, Stoke!

I see the village spire, and mark
Green ivy round and o'er it climb,
While carols the ascending lark,
And peals the Sabbath-chime.

And lo! from many a cottage home,
Through fields, and hedge-rows breathing balm,
Singing, the village children come
In the sweet summer calm:

With travellers who from youth to age
Tread paths their 'rude forefathers' trod,
Who finished here their pilgrimage
And then went home to God.

Their little world, a valley-fold,
Where, safe from turmoil and affright,
He who did bear the lambs of old
But penned them for a night.

And standing in the ancient pile,
I see the windows arched and dim,
Where pictured angels sweetly smile
On pictured cherubim.

They bear them on immortal wing
Unto the Eden of the blest;
While waiting saints at heaven's gate sing,
To hail the stranger-guest.

I listen to the sacred word,
"Till sound in silence dies; and then,
Deep echoing from the roof, is heard
The many-voiced 'Amen!'

And round me are their tombs who rot,
Though monumental marble hide,
Like those of humbler heart and lot
Who lone and nameless died.

Now issuing from the house of Goss,
And pausing on their homeward walk,
Of those who sleep beneath the sod
The village people talk.

Of youth gone down, of beauty lost,
Of energy and strength departed;
Of passion stilled, of project crossed,
Of mourner, broken-hearted.

Of him who swept his living lyre,
And sung the place in which he sleeps;
While for his quenched 'celestial fire'
Some village genius weeps.

As when cathedral anthems swell
In some vast venerable pile,
Sweet spirits seem with us to dwell
Within the solemn aisle:

Our rapt soul soars upon the sound
To heaven and endless life — it stops!
Then to the cold material ground
Our broken spirit drops.

So, borne on Fancy's wing by thee,
O little leaf! I've roamed away
From where sweeps on the sounding sea,
In Massachusetts bay:

I see the joys of other days,
While seated on this old gray stone;
But the mock-mirage fades away,
And I am left alone.

Still do I thank thee for the dream
So full of beauty, yet so brief;
And thou unto my sense dost seem
A missionary leaf:

Sent to me, as a cherished thing,
To greet me from beyond the wave;
To tell when genius folds its wing,
It sanctifies the grave.

A GLIMPSE INTO FAËRY LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE FRIENDS, A COLLOQUY.'

SENSIBLE people! read not these recollections. Utilitarians! look not at a line, for to you they will be especial folly. Your time, O ye wise ones! is far too precious and useful to be wasted on shadowy abstractions. You can make money, laws, or war; practice animal magnetism; sway elections; legislate in state-houses — perchance even in the capital. But ye — unfortunate, lazy, listless, do-nothing wights! who in the winter stretch your legs on sofas, and in the summer lie on the green-sward, beneath branching trees; listening to the language of the many-voiced leaves that dance so airily to their own singing, are respectfully invited to share my thoughts and visions. Ye have been fancy-led to the threshold, but *I* have been admitted to the inner temple; you have had glimpses in dreams, but *I* have seen with waking eyes. Perhaps these extraordinary favors have been vouchsafed to me on account of the merits of my ancestors; for I claim descent from a family so old and honorable, that although for a thousand years it has not produced one member who has said or done any thing worth relating, yet for centuries to come we might have reposed, rich, noble and illustrious, on former deeds of glory, had not my father fallen in love with live virtue and beauty, instead of buried greatness and reflected grandeur.

While my father's ancestors wore nobly cutting throats, my mother's time-inverted relations (for it is only personages of quality who can claim ancestors,) were ignobly cutting flowers. They had for centuries rented garden-grounds from the castled owners of the wide domain which descended to my good father. After this invasion of social law, my mother, whose spirit was evident in her conduct, instead of sleeping ensconced in her blood, persuaded him to leave the vine-clad hills of the 'arrowy Rhine,' and choose a home in this plain but happy country. Some may think it strange that he acceded to the request; but his soul was hers; and what will not the pleading of love effect? Why, reasons, piled as high as Himalaya, have disappeared at the voice of Love. Jove the Thunderer was conquered; and can it be expected that man, the earth-made, should resist? I loved and venerated my father for his many excellent qualities, but I adored and worshipped my mother for her numerous perfections: they lived many years, enjoying that most enviable of all felicity, the inexpressible pleasure of loving and being beloved.

My father was an ardent student, devotedly attached to history, philosophical researches and the abstract sciences. To these he devoted ten hours of each day; the remainder of his time was dedicated to his wife and child. He was a man of a gentle, equable deportment, with a sweetly-caressing voice and manner; and in his large calm eyes there

was a soft luminous tenderness, that seemed to love every object upon which they rested. My mother was of a vivacious, enthusiastic disposition, a child of genius and song. She would soar into the highest region of imagination, when poetical gems would fall from her rosy lips as unconsciously as dew-drops from the flower. There was something in my mother's character and person like the realization of a poetical fiction. Under the influence of different feelings, her whole appearance underwent a most remarkable change. If sorrowful, her bright complexion would turn wan and pale; even her lip would lose its color; her dancing joyful eyes would grow large, dark and beseeching; and her tall slender figure assumed a shrinking pliability, like a wind-swept lily bending from the blast. If indignation stirred her blood, her color would heighten; her fixed eye would become radiant with scorn; the small mouth would set firm and chiselled, with an expression of iron resolve. Her tall, erect figure and stately-borne head had an air of queenly and magnificent grandeur, as unlike the former as Ariadne to Joan of Arc. From the dawn of memory until fifteen, my mother and I were inseparable companions. In fine weather we were wont to spend whole days in ranging over hill, glade and glen, searching for flowers, and listening to the wild, wandering wind, as it breathed in love or raved in anger through the branches of the trees; and well we knew the varied tones with which it greeted each green favorite; its flirting flutter around the sweet maple; its piteous soothing to the agitated, sorrowing aspen; its courteous tone to the genteel hickory; its tremulous enamored sighing to the graceful, sentimental birch, and its measured, sonorous, oratorical style, as it spoke to the grave old pines.

One of our chief delights was tracing the brooks and streams to their sources, and admiring the ever-changing beauty through which they meandered. Happy little brooks! ever smiling, ever singing, what treasures of earth, sky and odor wait upon you! And if, like an over-petted child, you sometimes rush with brawling anger on your munificent mother, she but rewards you in the spring with a still richer profusion of flowers. My mother had brought with her from Germany a deep love for music, an abiding faith, and an extensive knowledge of legendary lore. She knew the nature and habits of fairies, *Ærolines*, *Undines*, *Eolines*, and *Salamandrines*: she was also, through her reading, well acquainted with nymphs, fauns, satyrs, dryads, and hamadryads. From a child I felt as familiar and as well acquainted with all these different forms of existence, and in truth my thoughts more often dwelt on them than with those of my own species: in fact, after my dear father and mother had passed from the earth, and gone home to heaven, they were my mind's companions for some years; and though since I have mixed with the world, and have seen what is called good society, I do not know that I have ever met with more delightful, entertaining, or less obtrusive friends.

During our long acquaintance, which commenced with early memory and has existed up to the present time, they have never asked a favor from me of any sort; they have never uttered a reproachful nor unkind word; they have not wearied me with complaints against fortune; nor dinned in my ears invectives against friends, relations, and the

world at large, for not better appreciating their transcendent but ill-understood merits. They never made me ashamed by indiscreet praise; neither when away, have they ever uttered, as far as I know, a disparaging word against me; and I can conscientiously say, 'God bless you, good people!' for they are good people. I often hear persons who arrogate to themselves, by the united help of repetition and a loud tongue, the pompous name of 'reasonable,' deny the possibility that any form or appearance of existence can make itself visible to human eyes, save that of the like ponderosity with themselves; yet these very scientific 'proving-by-reason' philosophers tell you that matter probably is composed of but two primitive elements, or simple undecomposable substances, and that time and chemistry will make this evident. If Reason be capable of proving this variety of form in matter, how can she withhold assent to it in spirit, which is certainly the most rational and comprehensive of the two? Beside, we have the direct testimony of all ages and all nations in its favor, and the evidence of innate feeling, which, even by the wisest, is usually quite as much listened to as reason. Now it certainly is not superstition; nay, I affirm it would be barbarous incredulity to doubt what reason has proved, feeling assented to, and which all nations, unbridled either by fame or advantage, have declared to be a fact.

How enchanting to stand on a hill-side, and look over a vast extent of beautiful country, and feel that stream, glen, grove and upland are inhabited by numberless little bright frolicsome beings, who are imbibing deep delight, and a life of extatic enjoyment, from all its varied beauties; that perhaps on that very living-green, velvety sward on which you stand, and on which the golden sun-light falls so soft-clasping and lovingly; perhaps on that very spot last night, light as a flitting moon-beam, Titania led the fairy dance; or baying deep with noisy throats, following King Oberon, flew the royal hounds; and the flower cups that hang their heads, seeming to shun the sun, are but heavy with wearied fays, sleeping off their over-night revels! The whole world testifies to the influence of first impressions; and it might be that the good service which these little people kindly rendered me on our first acquaintance laid the foundation of my attachment.

When a small boy, not more than six years of age, one fine June afternoon, seized with a love of wandering, I strayed into the woods, chasing bees and gathering flowers, until shade and night overtook me. On endeavoring to retrace my way, I found that I had lost all recollection of it. Wearied, I sank on a mossy bank, and sleep lulled every sense. After some hours, I was awakened by the wind, which had freshened into a strong breeze, sufficiently to fan me into consciousness. The moon was brightly shining through the waving tree-tops, and its flakes of white-fitting light fell cold and solemn on my young heart, as though the form of the dead had passed. I made an effort to rally, and instinctively uttered 'Boys should be brave,' when I heard a voice, like the tinkling of a small deer-bell, exclaim, 'Noble boy! guide him, fays!' Immediately I saw before me two little light trim figures, dressed in green; but surprise and agitation prevented me from remarking either the shape, quality, or material of their garments. They had light curling hair,

which glittered like amber in the moonlight ; and as they looked round to observe whether I was following them, I saw on their foreheads a green gem in the shape of a crescent, that glistened with all colors. I followed them about three miles to an eminence, from which I discovered our house illuminated in all parts ; and heard voices calling upon me in different directions. Rushing forward, I lost sight of my fairy guides ; but in after hours, my childish mind frequently dwelt with sorrow on the apparent ingratitude of my conduct in not thanking my little friends for their kind attention ; but if the truth must be told, for some hours I entirely forgot them ; joy at being reunited to my parents absorbed every faculty. Never can I forget how strongly I felt my mother's heart leap against my side, as she tightly clasped me in her arms, nor how white she fell back in a swoon, from which my loud screeches awakened her to a rapturous thanksgiving for my providential restoration.

The next day, when I related the story of my little guides, my mother said, with a fond smile, ' I was sure something good would guide him.' My father caught me up, and kissing me rapturously, turned laughingly toward her, saying, ' Meta, the urchin already has your own imagination !' For some years I never looked in bush thicket or stream, without expecting to see either a mocking, roguish, or sweet-loving, wee face peering into mine ; for these elves sport different characters, according as fancy moves them. But sage experience has declared, in numerous proverbs, that a watched sprite never appears ; and so it proved with me. When one glorious summer eve, thinking of nothing at all, for the delicious influences around had steeped soul and sense in a trance of delight, I was suddenly roused by a strain of low joyful music, such as we sometimes hear in a dream. It thrilled through my frame like electricity charged with gladness ; every nerve vibrated to the extatic joy expressed by the brilliant yet tender measure ; I eagerly looked round in all directions, but nothing met my eye save inanimate objects. There lay the smooth meadow, green to the river's edge ; below grew the old elms, branch leaf and bark as perfect and entire on the placid water as they stood on the bank above. Not a breath of air stirred leaf or spray of the forest that spread beyond. I looked across the stream ; there lay the undulating hills wrapped in quietness and repose, alternately radiant beneath the golden light of the setting sun, or grave in the shadow of some tall hickory or noble walnut. I threw myself again on the grass, thinking that some dream had misled my wandering fancy.

In a few moments I heard the same strain repeated, seemingly accompanied by voices of blissful melody. The sound seemed to come round a point above, where a ledge of rugged over-hanging rocks, clothed with cedars, which had thrust their gnarled roots through the crevices into a variety of wild and sinuous contortions, projected half way across the stream. Fuller and fuller danced the notes of joy ; fuller and fuller grew the deep delight with which my whole being revelled in the sound ; when beneath my fixed eye glanced the glowing pageant of a fairy bridal. They came in boats, two and two, round the rocky point, and the eddy carried them close along the very bank on which I lay. The boats they used were the parted pods of the

trumpet-vine, but they were far greener and brighter than any that I had ever seen. On the inside was spread mats made from the thistle-flower; every angry prickle had been carefully picked off, the white centre placed down as smooth and even as satin, and the gay pink-fringed edges laid over against the sides of the little green shallows; the masts were the straight stems of the snow-drop, and from each tapering top depended a little striped green bud, with the white leaves just peeping through, that served for a pennant: the sails were of the most gorgeous tulip-leaves, and the ropes and halliards of vine-tendrils.

In each boat sat a fay and fairy: the fairys' dresses were made from the petals of the purple fleur-de-lis, their girdles from the silky stamens of the rose-colored cactus, and their heads were garlanded with wreaths of the tiny *Mitchella-repens*. The fays wore their dress somewhat in the fashion of the Roman senators: they were made from pansy-leaves, which were overlaid at the edges like a plaited coat of mail, and each wore for a cap a calyptic of the fairy flax, with a humming-bird's feather stuck jauntily on one side; and never did I see earthly beings play the gallant more assiduously than these little courtly elves. They were all perfectly beautiful in shape and feature, with fair transparent complexions, bloomy cheeks, and light glossy hair, which fell upon their shoulders in long curls like floss silk.

But I have said nothing of the bride, whose boat came singly in the middle of the procession; and then I knew it was a bridal, for her garments were of the pure white water-lily, her lips and complexion pale, and her tiny form tremulous with suppressed agitation, while he leaned over her with a soothing, protecting and somewhat consequential manner, just as I had seen grooms of larger stature behave on like occasions. They were followed by six boats, crowded with roguish-looking musicians, that were perched on sides, masts, and rigging: the little melodious thieves had robbed honeysuckle, chelonas, kalmias, campanulas, blue-bells, and numerous other bright blossoms, for trumpets, fiddles, drums, cymbals, castanetts, and divers other indescribable, and to human eyes unknown, instruments. But it is not always as a pageant that the little folk appear: sometimes they print a wholesome truth on the mind, ay, and on the flesh too, in a way not easily to be forgotten.

One dusky evening I was sitting in the parlor, half asleep, when I discovered in the farthest corner of the room something like a small sparkling jewel, of a dark green color. By degrees it enlarged and became lighter and brighter, until it assumed the appearance of a yellow flame. Presently there came a dark spot in the centre, which grew into the shape of a black, mischievous, grinning imp, of about three feet in height. He flourished his thin elvish-looking arms and legs, and curvetted up to me with the agility of a grass-hopper. 'A fine evening for musing, but a better for travelling,' says he. In spite of the trickery and knavery that glanced and gleamed from eye and feature, there was something very good-tempered, fun-loving and whimsical in his aspect: in short, the little being's whole appearance promised such a fund of amusement, that I thought he could not but prove a most entertaining

travelling companion. Seeing me stand irresolute, he trolled out, in a piping musical voice :

‘TRAVEL all night
Till broad daylight !
You ’ll breakfast well in the morning.’

‘In what direction do you intend to go ?’ said I. ‘Shake hands,’ said he, ‘and you ’ll see.’ I measured him with my eye, and noted his slim, weak-looking arms, and thought that I could twist them like whips; but when I held out my hand, he sprang his own, which ended in pointed crooked claws, into mine with the velocity of lightning and the firmness of a vice ; he flung me across his back, and to my terror and surprise, I found that his puny-looking arms were a bunch of sinews as strong and as hard as a cable : he threw up the window with his other hand, and soared up with me as easily as an eagle with a mouse.

We sailed on, over champaign, mountain and river ; and it must be confessed that we had a much more pleasant excursion than could have been anticipated. After the first dart, my hand was comparatively easy ; and the wit, whim, variety and pungent satire which sparkled in the conversation of my impish conductor, suggested many important and useful lessons, and would have made amends for ten times the pain that he had inflicted. He brought me back just before dawn, and placed me on the same spot and in the same position as he first found me, and turned laughingly away, giving me this piece of advice : ‘Never choose a travelling companion till you know what kind of fingers he has got.’ I must confess, as the light grew stronger, I almost believed that I had had a dream ; but some years after, travelling from New-York to New-Orleans, I recognized day by day the same country that I had travelled over in a single night. In candor, I am bound to acknowledge my obligations to them for an insight into many subjects that I could not otherwise have obtained.

One October afternoon, when the green of summer had changed to the rainbow hues of autumn, and the glad sun gilded the earth with a richer glory, as he joyfully returned to his southern home, I sought a sequestered ravine, through which ran a wide but shallow brook, each side of which was clothed with wood. It was a mountain torrent, and though comparatively narrow and quiet, the rushing fury with which at times it swept over a much greater extent, was sufficiently visible, from the bed of large pebbles and washed earth that spread to some distance on each side. Here and there, along the outer margin, lay several large detached boulders, covered with the richest and most delicately-tinted mosses ; the indented scalloped edges were of the most regular forms, and of the brightest cream color, mixed with the slightest possible tinge of sea-green ; while above, the corrugated surface shaded off into a variety of the richest olives, of every hue, from the lightest yellow up to a warm orange and bright umber : the tops were clothed with a green so dark as to look almost black, out of which grew a thick forest of wee pine trees, that formed a most luxurious couch for the weary wanderer. I felt grateful for the cooling shade, and bubbling music of the stream, and gladly availed myself of the delightful resting-place which kind nature had offered.

Choosing a mossy throne, I drew Lalla Rookh, which always accompanied my rambles, from my pocket, and soon my heart was in its words : unconsciously I spoke aloud, and felt the being that the poet painted. In the full enthusiasm of my sympathy with Hinda, I was earnestly exclaiming, ' East, west, or north, I care not whither, so thou art there, and I with thee ! ' when a sound, like that of breaking dry branches, restored my self-possession. Looking round, I discovered on the other side of the brook a little wrinkled old woman. She was trying the depth of the water with a stick, apparently with the idea of crossing on the stepping-stones. Seeing her extreme age, I started with apprehension, and cried, ' Do not risk it ! do not risk it ! I will assist you. ' ' Thank you, my son, thank you ; your help would indeed be an assistance, ' smilingly replied the old woman. Hastening toward her, I observed there was something singular in her appearance : her complexion denoted extreme age, withered, shrunken and time-printed ; her small features were pinched and pointed, as if death had sharpened them for the grave ; yet her eye was as bright, restless and active as that of a girl of sixteen.

I helped her carefully over, when she said, ' My son, you are very kind ; what is there on earth that you most wish to know ? ' ' Good mother, ' said I, ' let me discern true love from false. ' ' It is impossible, as it regards yourself ; it has never yet been granted to mortal, ' replied she ; ' but with respect to others, have your wish. ' She turned and eyed the grass around her, and plucked a small white star-shaped flower ; she then desired me to place her on one of the rocks, that she could reach my eyes ; breaking off two of the petals, she breathed upon them, told me to shut my eyes, that she might lay one on each lid : ' Stir not until they fall, ' said she. Almost immediately they dropped ; but what was my surprise to see neither track nor trace of the little woman, save the broken flower that lay at my feet. I picked it up, and was forcibly impressed by its strange and peculiar beauty. The white petals were covered with a delicate tracery of purple, the minute lines of which were as fine as camels' hair, yet the resplendent color had a royal richness that I have never seen equalled. On closer inspection they seemed to be letters of some unknown and singular language. Since this, whenever I have witnessed the separation of true lovers, I have seen a small impalpable rose-colored heart detach itself from the left side, and float like a gauzy exhalation after the beloved, with the same undeviating fidelity that a lap-dog follows his mistress. I was also indebted to them on another occasion for a piece of information that I probably could not have gained in any other way.

One sweet May morning, when the breath of flowers was on the breeze, and the smile of heaven upon the earth, I lay on a hill-top near a dark cedar bush, gazing upon a scene of unequalled beauty and magnificence. Toward the west lay a level champaign, interspersed with villages, fertile farms, and country seats ; divided by a broad tranquil river, upon which gaily floated a number of small craft, that in the distance looked like large white butterflies. The plain was bounded by the ocean, the crested breakers of which were visible, as they foamed up and broke in the sunlight. That part of the coast where old Ocean re-

ceived his tributary, curved inward so as to form a beautiful and spacious bay, upon the sides of which rose a proud city, glittering with spires, pinnacles and lofty domes, edged by a noble line of shipping. The entrance to the bay was decorated with several small green islets, that seemed to undulate with the floating wave. To the east rose a chain of high, abrupt mountains, so immediately from the river's brink that scarcely a carriage-road was left at their base: they were pierced by narrow lateral valleys, one of which displayed a picturesque waterfall, and all adorned with hamlets and cottages. The mountains swept round toward the north, and terminated in two long high table hills, that looked almost as if they might serve as gates to eternity. Between them the river found a passage, and bent suddenly round the western base until it reached the centre of the fruitful and luxuriant plain. On the south spread a beautiful, undulating, well-cultivated country, that gradually rose from gently-swelling hills to those of larger formation, until they met the mountains on the east.

Turning from one direction to the other, I was enchanted on all sides; when I observed floating against the blue sky some shroud-like, strange-shaped fleecy clouds: their movement was as singular as their appearance, for although they travelled north, yet some of them were continually turning south. Puzzled and somewhat troubled, I thought of the white squalls in the Pacific, of the Magellanic clouds, and of every thing cloudy of which I had ever heard, until my curiosity became so exasperated, that I ejaculated, 'What in the name of wonder can they be?' Immediately a slight whirlwind revolved round the pine, and from the midst issued a voice, sweet as the softest touch on a musical glass, blended with the gentlest breathing of the west wind. 'Know, oh! earth-made!' it said, 'they are a troop of Grahamites, that the south wind is carrying over toward the clear cold north, there to fall on the already whitened ground, in the shape of immense snow-flakes; and seeing such was the fate of the Grahamites, I have felt chilly toward them ever since.' But it would be useless for me to enumerate the particular favors that I have received from the little folk; and I have only done so at all, by way of an introduction to the relation of a visit that I made in their own territories, which you shall have in my next.

Brooklyn, August, 1845.

M. S. P.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

'T is said of old a fountain lay
 Hid in the forest, far away;
 A magic fount it was, in sooth,
 Where he who stooped above the brink,
 And laved his brow, and bent to drink,
 Though he were bowed with years before,
 The semblance of unchanging youth
 Thenceforth would wear forevermore.
 But he alone hath reached the goal,
 Who, turning from the world aside,
 'Mid the green places of the soul,
 Hath sought the pure, life-giving tide
 That wells with faith, and love, and truth,
 The fountain of perpetual youth.

MARY E. HEWITT.

Thos. New. Saratoga

A Saratoga Eclogue.

MELIBCEUS.

WHILE you, my TITYRUS, beneath the shade
Of Congress Hall's pine-pillar'd colonnade,
Suck in the sweet oblivion of your smoke,
Ejecting now a puff and now a joke,
Say, will not Fancy, spite of your cigar,
And all the strong nepenthes of the bar,
At times fly back from woods and country air
To busy Broad-street, and the warehouse there ?

TITYRUS.

OH MELIBCEUS, think not for myself
I laid my leger on the guarded shelf,
Locked my big safe, and bade my clerks disperse
To fish for trout, shoot bears, or scribble verse :
Not for myself I changed good brick and mortar
For pines and shrubs and 'pothecary water :
Groves and green fields are dismal sights to me ;
I love a lamp-post better than a tree,
Save those that bloom by gas-light, in the park,
With play-bill aprons pasted on their bark ;
Nor know I any verdure like the greens
In Fulton market ; curse your sylvan scenes !
Small wish had I to taste this rustic life ;
No, MELIBCEUS, 't was to please my wife.

MELIBCEUS.

THEN disappointment is your just reward :
I have a wife, and yet am sov'reign lord ;
Right well she knows, the woman being wise,
In me alone the choice of journey lies ;
Lamb-like she follows, to the Springs or Falls,
Where'er my whim or my dyspepsia calls.
Aas that I was ! about the end of June,
I found my bowels getting out of tune ;
Nought but the waters, my physician said,
Would quell the bile, or calm the throbbing head ;
Quick to anticipate the coming swarm
That take the country ev'ry year by storm,
Rushing like haggard shadows to the Styx,
Or greedy bisons to the briny licks,
Hither I sped, and raptured with the spot,
Hired half an acre, with a cow and cot.
Mine was the blunderer, mine is the regret ;
And mine, beside, this damned dyspepsia yet ;
And more it vexes me that here I came,
Having no wife, like you, to share the blame.

TITYRUS.

I BLAME not mine ; I only told you why
I quit the town ; a gentler husband I.
I let my love in minor matters rule ;
She where she pleaseth sends the girls to school :
She orders dinner ; she decides what sect
Shall number us among its pure elect ;
Whate'er her taste, secure of suiting me,
Ven'son or duck, one deity or three.
When dog-day's came, she fancied these fam'd waters
Would benefit her spirits and my daughters ;
Thrice every day the sluggish pool they drink,
Six tingling tumblers, gulped without a wink :

But I confess that simple Croton's flood,
Though with magnesia not so rich, and mud,
More to my liking seems —

MELIBCEUS.

— With something in 't —
A scrap of lemon-peel, or leaf of mint.

TITYRUS.

AND as for air, what air can equal ours !
I hate the sickly sweetness of the flowers.
Your mountain breezes are but *pap* to me,
I love the ham-like relish of the sea.
Our nostrils here how little flavor greets,
Compared with all the spiciness of streets !
The thousand odors from ambrosial shops,
To catch whose balm the rustic stranger stops ;
Barrows of pine-apples, and trays of tarts,
The breath of new-born loaves from baker's carts ;
The streams oft gushing, as your head you droop,
Up from some subterranean realm of soup.

MELIBCEUS.

THE pleasant whiffs of coffee, too ; the smell
Of oyster-shops, I also know them well ;
Well you recall them to my mental nose ;
Ah ! could art graft such odors on a rose !
Or oh ! that any flower, tree, shrub or grass
Might imitate the perfume of the gas !

TITYRUS.

OH balmy gas ! that might almost persuade
A wood-born Dryad to forswear the shade,
How much of happiness its name recalls !
Club-rooms, and reading-rooms, and social halls ;
Concerts, and theatres, and midnight cells,
Where blushing lobsters doff their bashful shells,
And rare Oporto, drawn from deepest vaults,
To the tenth heav'n the soaring soul exalts.

MELIBCEUS.

IN my young days, ere steam with magic leap
Had, by abridging, almost bridged the deep,
I crossed the seas, and wand'ring Europe through,
With each great city so familiar grew
That, were I blindfold travelling, I could tell
My whereabouts correctly, by the smell.
From that long pilgrimage returning home,
Ere steeple hove in sight, or tow'r or dome,
Far o'er the bitter desert of the brine
I knew my birth-place by the smell of swine ;
For dear Manhattan was a village then,
And its pig population matched its men.

TITYRUS.

ONCE to New-Bedford in a smack I sailed,
When one dense fog both land and ocean veiled,
Yet little seemed the master to perplex —
A tough, dry man, whom vapors could not vex.
'Captain, your course is guess-work now,' said I ;
'I *nose* my reck'ning,' was his queer reply ;
No beacon guided him, nor buoy, nor star,
But the train-oil he scented from afar.

MELIBCEUS.

In oriental climes, but not far down,
 Lies Marblehead — ancient and fish-like town ;
 Rich less in pastures than in sun-burnt rocks,
 Her salted cod are all her herds and flocks ;
 Beside her cod, a hardy race she breeds,
 Whom the storms cradle and the ocean feeds :
 When one of these bold mariners, her boast,
 Returns from Ind, or California's coast,
 Soon as the gulf-stream he hath left behind,
 If haply blows a puff of western wind,
 Long ere the cow can scent the distant sod,
 He snuffs afar his country and his cod ;
 Hangs o'er the rail, and half a woman grown,
 Adds to the brine some droppings of his own :
 Home swells his heart — the throne of ev'ry wish —
 Oh home ! oh friends ! oh fireside ! and oh fish !

TITYRUS.

STRONG in some natures is the nasal sense —
 To them each odor hath its eloquence ;
 With some Remembrance holds her secret reign
 In the proboscis rather than the brain ;
 While in more stolid ones, of ruder make,
 No pungent snuffs a sentiment can wake.
 But tell me now, so gifted as thou art
 With nicer nerves, that speak a warmer heart,
 Tell, if thy mem'ry match thy smelling pow'rs,
 What scents distinguish other lands from ours !

MELIBCEUS.

In English towns these four the stranger choke :
 Damp malt, machinery, gin, and sea-coal smoke.
 Too much doth Paris in perfumery deal
 Its native odor plainly to reveal ;
 Yet, as in Stamboul or Damascus, there
 Perpetual coffee-pots infect the air ;
 Rome of burnt wax and incense rankly steams,
 Something 'twixt coffins and vanilla creams.
 Malta breathes oranges across the deep
 To ships that hover nigh her castled steep ;
 Naples in garlic doth all towns surpass,
 New-York is rich with gutters and with gas.

TITYRUS.

AH ! could I change for that aroma now
 These hateful smells — the crudely belching cow,
 The rank potato-fields, the pitchy pines,
 And cucumbers turned seedy on the vines ;
 Fain would I change for any stench of Art
 This mawkish Nature —

MELIBCEUS.

Wherefore do you start !

TITYRUS.

WHAT grateful steam along the corridor
 Steals to my sense ? and what persuasive roar ?
 Hark ! 'tis the dulcet thunder of the gong —

MELIBCEUS.

It speaks of seed-cakes, hyson and souchong :
 Go, wretched TITYRUS ! and get your tea ;
 Mine own is waiting in my cot for me.

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It is not often that I write out any of the little incidents often witnessed by me in my intercourse with my parishioners, as well as with the world at large. But one that occurred not long since has dwelt so much on my mind, that I feel constrained to give it to the public.

Among my congregation is a widow lady, of a most pious and exemplary character, who, with an only son, has been a constant attendant upon my ministry for upward of ten years. She has scarcely reached the midsummer of existence, though she has been a widow for many years, her husband having died soon after their marriage. Her son, at the time of which I write, had just entered his eighteenth year. He was an active, manly boy, of a thoughtful spirit, who looked more at the future than boys of his age are apt to do. From his boyhood he had had a great predilection for the water, although his father, who was a sea-captain, had lost his life upon that treacherous element. Before he left school, his talk was continually of the ocean, and of the ships that go down to do business on its mighty deeps; and nearly all his play-hours were spent in loitering along the harbor, and on board the vessels that crowded its busy wharves. He often spoke to his mother of this ruling passion, and expressed a determination of going to sea as soon as his school days were over. She, however, could not bear the thought of this; and urged her objections upon him with such affectionate and tearful earnestness, that he finally gave up the project, and submitted himself entirely to her will. Accordingly, when he had reached his fifteenth year, he was put out apprentice to a mechanic, with whom he stayed, apparently contented, until he had entered his eighteenth year; pursuing his avocation so quietly and so industriously, that his mother thought he had entirely forgotten his boyish predilection. In the mean time, too, he had become attached to a young lady, the daughter of a near neighbor and close friend of his mother's, both of whom were also attendants upon my ministrations. Intelligent and thoughtful, with a sweet face and a pure and loving heart, Mary — was in every respect worthy of the regard of the widow's son.

About this time, the business to which William was apprenticed became exceedingly depressed, and that too from causes that threatened to be permanent. Many failures had taken place among the employers, and his own master had discharged all his journeymen, who were thus thrown penniless upon the world. These things created a gloomy despondency in William's mind. He became restless, and was continually looking forward, and anticipating a life of struggle and poverty. Then his old predilection for the sea returned with greater force than ever, and he felt that it was upon that element, and that alone, that his destiny was to be achieved. These thoughts, however, he kept from his mother, as well as from his betrothed. But he often

imparted them to me, and I gave him such consolation and advice as occurred to me at the moment. Above all things, I endeavored to lead his thoughts from the sea.

As he frequently called to spend an evening with me, for I was much attached to him, I perceived that he was every day growing more discontented and unhappy in his situation. His employer, too, had become neglectful of his affairs, and dissipated, and, I suspect, abusive toward his apprentices, though of this William had never uttered a word to me. I was disturbed at these indications, as well on his account as on that of his mother; for, aware of the decided and manly tone of his character, I felt sure that he would not long remain in his present situation; and what would follow in that case, I knew too well. But I was not prepared, I must confess, for what afterward happened. Going by the widow's dwelling one morning, I stepped in to make a short call, when I found her in tears. On the table lay an open letter, which she handed to me without uttering a word. It was from William. On the day previous, he had shipped for a whaling voyage, 'and before you will receive this letter,' he wrote, 'I shall be on my way to New-Bedford, where the ship lies. I have done wrong, I know, dear mother,' he continued; 'and am fully aware how much sorrow my course will bring upon Mary and you. But, as I could not resist the impulse that led me on, I thought it best not to impart my design to either of you, because your entreaties and tears would only have added inexpressibly to my own anguish, while they could not shake me from my purpose. You shall hear from me often, and never, I trust, in a way that shall make you blush that I am your son. Farewell! God will keep you, I know, as I hope he will me.' I handed the letter back to the mother; but knowing that words of consolation at such a moment, would sound but cold and cheerless, I took my departure, without saying a word.

A few days afterward, the Elizabeth, the vessel in which William had embarked, sailed from New-Bedford, on a three years' cruise in the Pacific. William wrote home by every conveyance, both to his mother and Mary; and, as I was a constant visiter at the house of the former, her letters were always handed to me for my perusal. I was much pleased with the manliness of his thoughts, as well as with the affection he always evinced toward his mother, and all other friends he had left behind; and I never laid down one of his epistles without saying, 'That boy will make a noble man, yet!' In one of his last letters he informed us that, in consequence of the desertion at one of the islands of the second mate, he had been put in his place, and was now in a fair road to promotion. He was on board of a temperance ship, too, with a pious, fatherly captain, and a steady crew, and to this fact he often adverted in his letters. This gave great consolation to his mother; but she often told me that, when looking back to the manner of his departure, she could never help grieving that it should have been so secret, without one pressure of the hand, or a single vocal farewell. Time, however, wore away the keenness of her grief; and, after the lapse of two years and upward, she, with a hopeful eye, began to look forward to his return. Mary, too, had become comparatively happy again,

and quietly remembered each day that brought her nearer her lover. One morning about this time I took up my newspaper, and on glancing hastily at the ship-news, the following paragraph caught my eye: 'Spoken, ship 'Elizabeth,' of New Bedford. On the 30th January, while in pursuit of a whale, the second mate, William —, of —, was knocked overboard and drowned.' I was inexpressibly shocked at this sad intelligence. I had spent an hour with his mother on the evening before, and knew that she was then ignorant of her calamity; and therefore, hastily seizing my hat, I went over to her dwelling, in order to break the matter to her gently, with such words of consolation as my office suggested, before the ruder voice of the world had uttered it in her ear. I found her seated in the little parlor. Mary, too, was there, and, with her fair face resting on the widow's arm, was reading a letter just received from William, and which, on my entrance, was handed to me. It was dated but a few days before the calamity alluded to, and written in the same strain as the former ones. The vessel, he said, had been very successful in her voyage; he was confided in by the captain, and beloved by the crew; and every thing around conspired to make him contented and happy. 'But sometimes,' he continued, 'when I am thinking of my own affairs, two pensive shadows will steal between me and my thoughts, clouding my spirit, until I find relief only in tears. But no matter. In six months, at farthest, if God so wills it, I shall be with you and Mary again!' I laid the letter down, and looked at the two beings upon whom so crushing a weight of sorrow was about to fall. The mother was gently rocking to and fro in the chair, with her head resting on her hand, while the maiden, with her fingers locked and laying in her lap, sat perfectly still, with a pensive expression of countenance that seemed born of joy. Alas! could I suddenly destroy that quiet happiness, by imparting what I knew? No! I felt as if the first word would choke me in the utterance; and, hastily seizing my hat, I made a slight excuse, and bade them adieu, saying I would call again in the afternoon.

After dinner, I stood knocking tremblingly at the widow's door. No one came, and, opening it myself, I once more entered the little parlor. The mother sat there alone, leaning her head on the table, and I saw at a glance that my errand had been anticipated. She lifted her head on hearing me, rose hastily, and taking my hand, wrung it for a moment in speechless agony. 'Ah, Sir!' she at last exclaimed, in choking accents, 'we know it all!' I sat down, and endeavored to say a few words of consolation, but I made sad work of it, for my own heart was full. Stifled sobs, too, occasionally reached me from an inner room, and I knew that the childless mother had also a widowed companion, whose grief, if possible, overtopped her own. I felt that words now were useless; and beside, tears were fast welling to my own eyes, and so I was preparing to make a hasty departure, when Mary came from the inner room, and, seizing me by the hand, laid her head on my shoulder. 'Ah, Sir!' she exclaimed, in piteous tones, '*do say one word of comfort to me!*' 'God will comfort you, Mary,' said I, gently leading her to the chair; 'both you and our dear friend here, and me too, I trust. 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' will not forsake us in our affliction!'

CONFESSIONS OF A BLOCKHEAD.

KING SOLOMON, the wisest man,
Most wisely doth complain
That learning is, to mortal flesh,
But weariness and pain.

A truth which I have keenly felt
From my youth up till now,
Far more than *modera* kings, who are
No Solomons, I trow.

Blest princes! — your backs never feel
The fact, so strangely true,
That school-boys' seat of honor is
Their seat of learning too!

Five weary years they tried to slap
My letters into me,
But, even then, I never could
Distinguish A from z:

Till ginger letters, nicely baked,
And tipped with frost so white,
One fatal day, for the alphabet
Gave me an appetite.

And through my whole career of school,
This is (exception striking!)
The sole tid-bit of learning I've
Devoured with any liking.

My letters learned, through A-B-AB's
Of course I must be driven;
Although 't was only done by dint
Of drubbings daily given,

And dinners often lost; while 't was
To hunger no relief,
To be basted round the loins, as if
I were a loin of beef.

Old NOAH WEBSTER I shall hate
While I draw mortal breath!
What made him write that 'spelling-book,'
To torture me to death?

At arithmetic I blundered sore,
Which set my master wondering;
And so, to make the matter square,
He made me sore for blundering.

My 'fractions' all 'improper' were,
Mixt in all sorts of fixes;
While, in the 'double rule of three,'
Blows came by double sizes.

And oh! that vile 'extracting roots,'
Of which I've had my share,
In numbers, as in drawing teeth,
Is enough to make one swear.

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But next to nothing care I now
For this distracting theme;
All cyphering a cypher is,
At least in my esteem.

In ancient history, all my scant
Remembrances are vague ones;
What made them give such awful names
To those barbarian Pagans!

And first they started me at Rome,
By robbers built, 't is said;
And from that day to this, God knows,
They've stuck well to their trade.

A beastly line of kings they had,
And well it's two ends suit;
Begun at some old she-wolf's dugs,
And ended by a 'Brute.'

The story of their wars and fights
I viewed with hatred hearty;
No matter which side won the day,
I was the beaten party!

Nor was it strange, when cooped in school
On some warm summer's day,
That from my memory tales of Greece
Were apt to melt away.

I did not care one half so much,
As you may well suppose,
For PHILIP of Macedon as for
A fillip on the nose.

Like Spartan boys, I every day
Was flogged, yet never cried;
But lucky lads! they were not forced
To study hard beside!

Now when I ruminate on all
My literary woes,
And try to count my floggings up —
My bruises, bangs and blows;

Amid the dreary catalogue,
How often have I cursed
Those fatal, frosted cakes, that made
Me learn my letters first!

For from the very day that I,
By love of sugar smitten,
Bit that nice frost, my happiness
Was fatally frost-bitten.

But, for a child, the bait was sweet;
This my excuse must be:
I was not bred to lore, till lore
Was ginger-bread to me!

J. H. R. *Keyser*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. Edited by the Officers of the New-York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica. Volume Two: Number One. Utica: BENNETT, BACKUS AND HAWLEY.

It is said of ESQUIROL, that what HOWARD did for the lazarettos, hospitals and prisons in Europe, *he* accomplished in favor of establishments destined for the insane. We cannot help adding, that there are in this country many noble-minded men, who, in proportion to their power and individual ability, deserve kindred credit with the distinguished French philanthropist, who gave the first course of lectures that was ever delivered on insanity. WOODWARD, and BRIGHAM, and EARLE, and their fellow-laborers, devoting themselves with patient, watchful assiduity to the alleviation and cure of mental disease, deserve such honors as are usually awarded to public benefactors; if indeed they did not derive a greater happiness than could be conferred upon them, in the consciousness of being continually engaged in works of love and kindness. 'The Journal of Insanity,' the aim and tendency of which have already been set forth in these pages, is a work which cannot fail to prove of wide-extended usefulness. The various modes of treating the insane, in the multiform phases which their malady assumes, at the different institutions established for their cure, will here be freely discussed, and accepted or condemned, as experience may decide; while the various cases cited, involving varieties of temperament, differences in the origin or progress of the disease, will serve as criteria, more or less to be depended upon, in the management of the inmates of insane asylums generally. Among the papers in the present number of the 'Journal' there is an interesting historical and descriptive account of our own Bloomingdale Asylum, by the Superintendent, PLINY EARLE, M. D., accompanied with a fine engraving of the edifice; one by LUTHER V. BELL, M. D., setting forth the modern improvements in the construction, ventilation and warming of buildings for the insane; another, describing briefly the Lunatic Asylums of the United States; another is devoted to Selected Cases of Insanity; and last, and by no means least in interest, is an article on the 'Progress of the Periodical Literature of Lunatic Asylums.' We take some pleasure in remembering that this Magazine was among the first to call public attention, by extracts and otherwise, to the best of this species of periodicals, the 'Vermont Asylum Journal.' Speaking of the work before us, and of the beneficial tendency of such publications; the 'London Medico-Chirurgical Review' observes: 'BROTHER JONATHAN' is assuredly 'going a-head' in physic as well as in commerce, and all the various branches of art, science and literature. Free, or at least democratic institutions, have a general tendency to liberate the mind from the shackles and forms imposed on it by despotic governments, as may be seen in a comparison of China with Great Britain. But as America is still more democratic than England, so in the former there is greater propensity to spurn the boundaries within which the current of thought, invention and speculation runs in the 'old world.' The 'JOURNAL OF INSANITY' conveys a new idea; and the wonder is, that it never struck the encephalon of JOHN BULL, who is not a little prone to this terrible malady, and who expends many millions

annually on institutions for its reception and treatment.' Dr. BRIGHAM may well congratulate himself upon the reputation which his valuable 'Journal' is acquiring. The bibliographical notices and selected miscellany which it contains are worthy of especial mention; but we have only room to indicate the existence of these departments, and to commend the work which contains them to a cordial acceptance and wide diffusion.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA. By CHARLES LYELL, Esq., F. R. S., author of 'Principles of Geology.' In two volumes. pp. 472. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

Mr. LYELL is an accomplished geologist; a most respectable, well-meaning man; a candid, and in many respects a profound observer; but as a recorder of his 'travel's history,' he is altogether too professional to be generally interesting or entertaining. If the title of his book had been '*Geological Travels in North-America*,' we should not have alluded to this defect; but as we know it to be the fact that many, like ourselves, had considered the volumes to be an unprofessional record of what an intelligent traveller had seen of our country, its manners, customs and institutions, we have thought it not amiss to mention, that the work begins, continues and ends with geological or botanical characteristics. Arrived at Boston in the steam-packet, the 'gneiss or mica schist,' in the vicinity of Bunker's Hill, arrests our author's attention; on his way from Springfield to Hartford he is delighted with the *Solidago*, of LINNÆUS, a 'showy bright yellow flower;' at New-Haven he is struck with the *Pyrolampus scintillans*, otherwise known as fire-flies; the Palisades on the Hudson are 'columnar basalt;' and the Highlands, (including blessed St. ANTHONY's Nose,) are only 'steep hills of gneiss;' Normanskill creek and water-fall, near Albany, immortalized by the poet STREET, are simply remarkable for '*gryptolites*, *trilobites*, and other lower Silurian fossils.' The Genesee Falls at Rochester and the deep cut at Lockport 'afforded a fine opportunity of seeing the older fossiliferous rocks laid open to view.' Near the former place he found some shells 'of the genera *Limnea*, *Planorbis*, *Valvata*, *Cyclas*,' etc.; and roaming along Lake Ontario, he encountered one of the '*Testudo Picta*, or mud-turtle, (quite a different thing from the '*Terrapena Europea*,' by the way,) and also several '*Colaspilodice C. Europoma*,' of some authors,' but generally known hereabout as yellow butterflies. At Niagara Falls he sinks the geologist at first, and describes his impressions of the Great Cataract with little professional display:

'We first came in sight of the Falls of Niagara when they were about three miles distant. The sun was shining full upon them — no building in view — nothing but the green wood, the falling water, and the white foam. At that moment they appeared to me more beautiful than I had expected, and less grand; but after several days, when I had enjoyed a nearer view of the two cataracts, had listened to their thundering sound, and gazed on them for hours from above and below, and had watched the river foaming over the rapids, then plunging headlong into the dark pool; and when I had explored the delightful island which divides the falls, where the solitude of the ancient forest is still unbroken, I at last learned by degrees to comprehend the wonders of the scene, and to feel its full magnificence.

'Early in the morning after our arrival, I saw from the window of our hotel, on the American side, a long train of white vapory clouds hanging over the deep chasm below the falls. They were slightly tinted by the rays of the rising sun, and blown slowly northward by a gentle breeze from the pool below the cataract, which was itself invisible from this point of view. No fog was rising from the ground; the sky was clear above; and as the day advanced, and the air grew warm, the vapors all disappeared. This scene reminded me of my first view of Mount Etna from Catania, at sunrise in the autumn of 1823, when I saw dense volumes of steam issuing from the summit of the highest crater in a clear blue sky, which, at the height of more than two miles above the sea, assumed at once the usual shapes and hues of clouds in the upper atmosphere. These, too, vanished before noon, as soon as the sun's heat increased.'

Mr. LYELL quotes the following description of the Falls by 'Father HENNEPIN,' written in 1678, which was pointed out to him by Mr. INGRAHAM, not the great 'Professor,' but the well-known lecturer upon the great Falls: 'Betwixt the lakes Ontario and Erie,' he says, 'there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls after an astonishing manner, inasmuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. As to the waters of Italy

and Swedeland, they are but sorry patterns of it, and this wonderful downfall is compounded of two great falls, with an isle in the middle, and there is another cascade less than the other two, which falls from west to east. I wished a hundred times that somebody had been with us, who could have described the wonders of this frightful fall.' Having heard of 'fluvial shells' on Goat-Island, our author goes after them, and captures a goodly supply of *Unio*, *Cyclas*, *Valvata*, *Limnea*, *Planorbis* and *Helix*, and other highly interesting genera. Mr. LYELL establishes one very important fact touching the cataract; namely, that since the ALMIGHTY first

'BADE the floods to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks,'

a far longer period has elapsed than the generally-admitted time since the creation. It is our author's opinion, that if Niagara Falls, as is quite evident, was once at Queenston, it must have taken, at the very least, *thirty-five thousand years* to effect a retreat to its present locality. We might follow our author from the 'quartziferous districts' to the coal regions, and examine with him the 'hypogene formations;' the '*plumbaginous anthracite*,' the '*Pecopteris plumosa*,' '*Neuropteris flexuosa*,' '*Sphenophyllum Calamites*,' etc.; but we have a suspicion that it might not prove attractive to all our readers. We cannot take our leave of the volume before us, however, without awarding to Mr. LYELL great credit for the frankness of his manner and the kindness of his feelings toward our country and countrymen. He was cordially received among us, and acknowledges it gratefully. 'We often reflected with surprise,' he says, 'in how many parts of England we should have felt far less at home.' Mr. LYELL did not find us altogether such bears as certain former travellers among us have represented us to be; and he very naturally marvels why his predecessors should have come so far to see disagreeable people, when there are so many of them at home. The American edition of the work under notice is well printed, upon good paper, and illustrated with numerous 'cuts,' engraved on wood.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Volume VI., Second Series: containing the Lives of EZRA STILES, JOHN FITCH, and ANNE HUTCHINSON. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN. New-York: E. BALDWIN, Broadway.

A COPY of this admirably-executed work should be in the library of every American. The lessons, the *practical* lessons, conveyed by the comprehensive but succinct biographies which are embraced in the series, cannot fail to prove of the highest advantage to the rising generation. To say nothing of the example of such a man as STILES, one of the purest and best-gifted spirits of his age, how full of instruction, of hope, of promise, are the details of the long-suffering life of the persevering JOHN FITCH, the eminent inventor, whose rude steam-boat on the Delaware river was the first exhibition of *paddles* moved by the agency of 'hot water in a state of perspiration.' We know of nothing more interesting than the record of the early struggles and the indomitable perseverance of the subject of this sketch. It is known to but few, we may presume, that he endured captivity and prolonged suffering among the north-western Indians; nor, we conceive, has there been hitherto any adequate conception of the number and variety of his experiments upon steam-engines and steam-boats. All these, however, are set forth at large in the work before us. Most of the particulars of his domestic life—a sad and sadly-eventful history—are drawn from manuscripts in his own hand-writing; while the facts regarding the contending claims of those persons who first engaged in the application of steam to the propelling of boats have been sifted with great care from conflicting evidence. The volume closes with a biography of the celebrated ANNE HUTCHINSON, including a sketch of the Antinomian controversy in Massachusetts, which we have not as yet found leisure to peruse. The externals of the 'Library' continue to reflect the highest credit upon the liberality and care of the publishers.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES. BY A COSMOPOLITAN. To which is added CHATTERTON, a Romance of Literary Life. In one volume. pp. 198. Boston: WILLIAM HAYDEN AND THOMAS M. BREWER.

WE shall not exhibit the 'verdancy' of quoting from these very popular sketches; for the excellent reason, that before these pages will have passed to the public, nine in ten of our readers will have perused them from beginning to end. In addition to the circulation which they obtained in the '*Boston Atlas*,' from which they have been extensively copied in all quarters of the Union, we are informed that the present well-printed and tasteful edition is at this early stage of its publication nearly exhausted. Now let us glance for a moment at the true cause of this somewhat unusual popularity. There was a mystery, to be sure, concerning the authorship of the papers. 'Who is it,' was the general query, 'whose good fortune it has been to forgather at literary reunions with SYDNEY SMITH, THOMAS CAMPBELL, ROBERT SOUTHY, LAMB, COLERIDGE, the MONTGOMERYS, & *id genus omnes*? — to say nothing of distinguished painters, and lady-authors of the greatest celebrity?' This unsatisfied query gave, and gives, no doubt, an added interest to these 'pen-and-ink'-lings; although, after reading the very first sketch, we could have laid our hand upon the writer's shoulder, if we had chanced to be in Boston. Howbeit, we kept and keep his secret: *Stat nominis umbra*. It was not however the curiosity concerning the authorship of these papers that was the chief cause of their popularity; it was their easy, familiar, off-hand, *gossipy* style, which made them so acceptable to the public. It was easy to see that it was no trouble for the author to write down his recollections, for they actually seemed to crowd upon his pen; inasmuch that it has more than once been intimated that not a few of his incidents were ready-made to his hand; yet it so happens that we had heard from the writer's own lips, in the easy play of conversation, and before a thought of writing or printing them had entered his brain, every *apparent* example in this kind that has been cited. No; the author of these 'pen-and-ink sketches' is a close observer, an accurate describer, and a felicitous writer; and of this fact our readers (if they did but know it) are well aware; for they have encountered him often in our pages; they will do so in the present number, in the fine lines to a leaf from a tree growing over the grave of the poet GRAY; and they will have frequent occasion to recognize his style, both in the prose and poetry which will diversify the contents of future numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. We have left ourselves little space to speak of 'CHATTERTON, a Romance of Literary Life,' with which the volume closes. Few readers but are aware of the wonderful boy-poet, who seventy-five years ago threw the literary and learned circles of England into a flutter of excitement respecting the authorship of the celebrated ROWLEY poems, which he himself wrote. In the present sketch, our author tells us that romance has been less studied than reality; and so closely have facts been adhered to, that the story might almost serve as a biography of one whom WORDSWORTH has styled

— 'CHATTERTON, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.'

There are, beside, a few contemporary portraits introduced, which impart all that is needed in regard of a strict vraisemblance. But the reader, if he has not already done so, will purchase the volume and read it. We annex a single passage from the author's 'Introduction': 'The unexpected favor with which these Sketches have been received, and a very general call for them in a collected form, have led to their re-publication in this volume. Written as they were, in haste, and without any effort having been made to render them, exclusive of their subject matter, attractive, the critical eye must have discovered many faults, some of which the writer has now endeavored to amend. Beside a revision of these articles, a few new anecdotes have been given, and some passages, partially obscure, rendered more intelligible.' The second series of these Sketches are now in course of publication in the '*Atlas*,' and it is intended, when they shall have been concluded, to publish them in a volume uniform with the present.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A TRIP TO NIAGARA IN 1765. — One of the most entertaining and instructive *MS.* that has lately been submitted to us, is the narrative of a '*Journey to Niagara, Montreal and Quebec, in 1775; or, 'T is Eighty Years Since.*' We quite agree with the writer, that at a time when thousands are gliding smoothly and swiftly along, to view the most magnificent of Nature's works, it will not be uninteresting to mark the difference between the undertaking at that period and the present. 'While some no doubt will rejoice in being able to obtain so grand a sight at so small a cost of time and trouble, others (and perhaps many) will regret that the facilities afforded to travellers in these days should have deprived the enterprise of its romance, and wish that *they* too had lived when it was indeed *something* to have seen the Falls of Niagara.' Let us take a running glance at a portion of the narrative in question. In July, 1765, the journalist and party left New-York in a sloop for Albany, 'a dirty, ill-built Dutch town, of about three hundred houses,' which they reached, after many perils and contrary winds, in the short space of five days, and which they left, 'after having dined at SCHUYLER's.' They slept next night at Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON's, at Schenectady; breakfasted next morning at Fort Johnson with Sir WILLIAM's son, the Indian superintendent; and dined with Sir WILLIAM at Johnson-Hall, eight miles farther on. Their host was 'continually plagued with the Indians, who spoil his garden, and kept his house always dirty.' From Fort Harkimer, 'built on land belonging to old HARKIMER,' they rowed up the Mohawk, ('very hard work for the poor soldiers,') until they came to Fort Schuyler, 'a little block-house, built during the last war, not capable of containing above six or eight people;' thence, through a thick wood and bad path, to Fort Stanwix, built in 1759; thence on horseback along Wood-creek to the 'Royal Block-House,' on the east end of Oneida lake, 'a kind of wooden castle, proof against Indian attacks;' thence to Fort Brewington, at the west end of the same lake, 'a small stockade, built last war.' Thence they rowed down the Oswego river to Fort Ontario, on the lake of that name; a 'structure of wood, with five bastions, built in 1759,' where they 'met PONDIACH, the celebrated Ottawa chief, with fifty head-men of the neighboring Indians, come to meet Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON.' They encamped the next night on the banks of the lake, thirty miles from the fort; and by similar stages, along the then unbroken forest, they arrived at length at Fort Niagara, and proceeded thence to the Falls. Contrast the following with the present means of access to all points of the cataract: 'We had got a rope, and resolved by its assistance to go to the bottom of the Falls; but some accident happening to the horse of the man who had charge of the rope, he was obliged to stop on the road; and endeavoring to overtake us, he lost his way; so we should have been a second time disappointed of the pleasure of seeing the Falls from the bottom, had we not resolved to go down at all events, *without* a rope. Before this resolution could be executed, it was necessary to find out a proper place from which we might make an attempt, with some probability of success. This was no easy matter; and we examined the banks of the river for at least an hour and a half, before any such place could be found. Nothing but the bare face of rock was to be

seen. At last an opening appeared between some trees and bushes, which though dangerous to go down, seemed the most likely place for our purpose of any we had seen. A council was now held, whether an attempt should be made there. We all seemed pretty well agreed, that if any one of us would jump down a smooth perpendicular rock, about twenty feet in height, when he got to the bottom, it was likely he might find a place, where we might descend lower with ease! Nothing was now wanting but a mouse hardy enough to tie the bell about the cat's neck. At last one of the company, after having made one or two fruitless attempts, fixed a forked pole to the branch of a tree that hung over the rock, and by that means let himself down to the bottom. The fork of the pole broke, as he was going down, and I think it is a wonder he did not break his neck.

'After looking about him some time, he found some notched logs, not twenty yards from the place where he had risked breaking his bones, that served as a ladder, by which the whole company went down easily to the place where he was. We then scrambled down, holding by stumps and roots, and tufts of grass, to the bottom, and a terrible piece of work we had before we got there! Our labor however was in a great measure recompensed by a sight of the Falls, which appear much higher, and much more beautiful, than from above, on either side. We went so near as to be wet through with the spray. After getting to the bottom of the precipice, our anxiety to be near the Falls was so great, that we forgot to mark the place where we came down; and so, after our curiosity was satisfied with looking, we were obliged to wander up and down for three hours, and scramble over many dangerous places before we could find our way. The night approaching, gave us a comfortable prospect of staying there till morning; and the appearance of wolves' tracks in many places added much to our pleasant situation. We were informed that those animals frequently travelled about that place in companies of about twenty or thirty at a time, and were so fierce as to attack men, even in the middle of the day. As we had nothing with us to defend ourselves, nor flint and steel to make a fire, I think the odds were above five to four, that no part of us except our bones would have ever got to the top of the hill, undigested, if we had not luckily found our way. Upon the whole, our jaunt was difficult and dangerous; yet a sight of the Falls from below affords great pleasure.'

Arrived at Fort Niagara, on their way to Canada, the journalist of the party thus speaks of that fortification: 'Niagara seems to be the key of all our northern possessions in America; yet so fond are the ministry of the appearance of economy, that this fort, for want of a trifling annual expense, is suffered to go to ruin. The works are all built of turf; they are very extensive, and very much out of repair. The commanding officer assured me that if the fort was attacked, it must fall, as he did not think it tenable. There is indeed in the fort a large stone house, ninety by forty-five feet, which is proof against any attacks, even though the Indians were in possession of the fort: yet, if there were three or four Frenchmen with these Indians, who could show them the use of the cannon in the fort, the house would soon be levelled to the ground. This large house was built by the French, under the pretence of its being a trading-house, the Indians refusing then to permit them to build a fort. Soon after the house was built, they raised a stockade about it, and by degrees constructed the regular fortification which is now seen here.' It would be pleasant to follow our journalist on his Canadian tour, but we must content ourselves with this little incidental account of the cold weather 'enjoyed' at Quebec: 'The cold is so intense at Quebec, that all the meat and poultry which is used during the winter is killed in the beginning of December, and kept frozen till the beginning of April. If the meat is frozen immediately after it is killed, it will be as tough when thawed at the end of three or four months as the day it was killed. If it is kept four or five days, till it is grown tender, before it is frozen, it will be in the same state when thawed, and suffers not the least degree of putrefaction by being kept any length of time frozen. Frozen meat, if cut with an axe, will fly into chips, like a block of ice. The neatest and most frugal method of cutting frozen meat is with a saw; the saw-dust makes excellent soup. Milk is brought to market, frozen in bags.' We hope to see this entertaining journal published.

A SOLITARY CELEBRATION, OR PATRIOTISM ON 'PILOT-KNOB.'—We are certain that our readers will share the pleasure with which we perused the accompanying epistle. Let us premise, that in Ripley county, Missouri, near the head spring of the river St. Francis, and not far from the celebrated 'Iron Mountain,' there rises, to the height of three hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding country, a dark cone of 'micaceous oxide of iron,' the base of which is less than a mile in circumference, which is known by the name of '*The Pilot-Knob.*' While our readers, here and in other sections of the country, were celebrating the recent '*Sabbath-Day of Freedom,*' our friend and correspondent stood silent and alone on the top of this lofty natural tower, and far removed from any human habitation, communed with the grandeur of nature and the sublimity of '*Nature's God.*' From this spot, on the afternoon of the last Fourth-of-July, he writes us as follows: '*Fancy, that wild penciller, places 'OLD KNICK' before me, with brow unwrinkled, seated in his old arm-chair, smiling complacently, the while his ear drinks in the sound of the rolling drum, the ear-piercing fife, the bugle's blast, the cannon's roar, and the shouts of freemen, thankful for God's high gift of freedom. Yes, there I see you sit, my friend; and through Fancy's telescope I think I see two glasses, two friends, and a bottle of choice wine, 'in honor of the occasion.'* But can you, who are sufficiently imaginative, see me, sitting here on a dark crest of iron-rock, beside a little bubbling gush of water, whose clear drops come pattering out upon the stones as if they were counting the quick steps of time! Can you see me, '*KNICK?*' By my side stands my dearest friend, my own fast-bounding steed; before me, with its sheets outspread, lies my sketching-folio; but no bottle, no crystal glass. I have eschewed them both forever! And why? *She* bade me do it! . . . Ah! what a picture lies outstretched before and around me! "It is a scene which would awaken enthusiasm in the most Platonic soul, and soften down and render purer a vice-bound heart. Along the base of my iron throne rolls the gentle Saint Francis, like a silver thread drawn athwart a mottled sky, and farther on lies the sluggish Sabine, looking like a streak of sunshine in the bosom of a meadow; the banks of both fringed with grass and trees, which in the distance remind me of soft lashes half drooping over a maiden's liquid eye. How glorious is it, in the presence of such a scene, and at such a time, to feel *alone!* This feeling it was which prompted the stanzas, '*I am monarch of all I survey;*' it is the feeling which DIOGENES would have summed up as '*bliss;*' and it is a *joy* to one who has seen *that* in this cold world which has made him old before his time. Yes, dear '*KNICK!*' strange though it be, I joy to be alone; with no '*friends*' around me, for *friends* have been my worst enemies.

'It is '*THE FOURTH;*' the sixty-ninth anniversary of that glorious day, when fifty-six granitic, imperishable names laid the foundation of the noblest history that mortal hand hath penned or mortal eye re-read. This day the very eagles scream their notes of joy, and forbear to rend their prey; this day FREEDOM dons her star-spangled robe, and flying through the air, shouts '*Peace! joy! to the freed millions of America!*' Ay, abroad and at home, on every shore, in every port, on each sea that rolls its watery earth-link, that glorious robe, with its stripes and stars, floats on the breeze, the very zephyrs, which proudly bear it in their twining arms, singing exultingly the while! How nobly doth its simple starry emblems contrast with the '*crown and lion,*' the '*crucifix and scimeter,*' the '*castle and keys;*' *they*, the emblem of the monarchical slavery they shadow forth; *ours* the emblem that tells us star-light is free to *all*—to rich and poor, high and low, great and small. Even here, on this lonely height, things seem different from yesterday. The birds I think sing louder, clearer notes, and the waters bubble forth swifter and more coolingly. With you this is a toast-day. I too will drink a toast; and with my knee bent down upon this rock, my fevered brow shall droop to the crystal sparkling stream, while I pray that our liberty may be as eternal as this iron mount; our fame as bright as this silver stream; our sacred union eternal as God's will, and our Republic a '*Pilot Knob*' to all the nations of the earth! May she ride the crest of

every wave, and ever keeping Liberty as her guide, steer forever on in the course of glory! . . . AGAIN cast I forth an enthusiastic gaze upon the fair scenes, which, boundless as my vision, stretch around me. In yon smooth prairie of velvet green, where winds in many a curious turn the spring which rises by my side, I see troops of horned bucks, timid does, and spotted fawns, disporting wildly through the grassy mead. Apparently careless of danger, and fearless of the hunter's aim, *they* seem to know that this is 'Freedom's Birth-day,' and that there are none so base as to desecrate the time with carnage and murder. Play on, bright creatures! gambol as ye may; this day the hunter rests from his cruel toil; this day, even to him who knows no Sabbath, is holy. You know much of my life, 'OLD KNICK'; it has been one of active, changing and most various adventure; in the course of which, this anniversary has found me in all climes, on all soils, traversing all seas; and yet until now it has never been marked with the full enjoyment which I find in this glorious solitude, this seat of thought-begetting Nature. No being near me; elevated where my eye commands an illimitable space; my mind freely wanders over the whole of our happy Union, painting scenes as various as diversity itself when multiplied by infinity. I envy not those who spend this day haranguing vast crowds; I envy not those who seek in wine to heighten joy. *Alone*, I enjoy this 'FOURTH' in the woods as well as they, with all the 'pomp and circumstance' which surround their rejoicings.' The reader will be glad to learn that our friend will frequently favor us with kindred sketches of scenes and events in the *very* 'far west,' whither he is now leisurely journeying, *en route* to 'Mexique.'

RELIES OF THE OLDEN TIME. — A correspondent, who only requires condensation and revision to constitute him all he may reasonably hope to become, in a literary point of view, has sent us an agreeable picture of a 'Relic of the Olden Time,' from which we take one or two agreeable passages. 'It is pleasant,' he writes, 'in these days of enterprise and velocity, to fall in occasionally with a genuine descendant of our good Dutch ancestors; one who may be supposed to represent, as far as such a thing can be, the feelings and opinions of old DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, were he to rise from his grave, and behold the wonders of the world around him. How that worthy gentleman would stare, and rub his spectacles, and stare again, were he to get up very early on some bright summer morning, and standing on the banks of his dearly-beloved Hudson, perceive a superb steamer floating along at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, bearing a picture of his own goodly person, and decorated with his name! That honest Dutchman and renowned historian would be totally unable to discover, in the splendor of the modern metropolis, any traces of the city of New-Amsterdam, which was aforetime the scene of his labors and daily peregrinations. Should he indulge in a walk before breakfast along the wharves and piers of our two rivers, he would hardly believe his eyes, while gazing at the throngs of newly-arrived passengers, just landed from the North and the South, the East and the West. He would be jostled about with as little ceremony as though he had no business in his own birth-place; he would be run over by an omnibus bearing his own name; perhaps the old man would be 'put in a state of high dudgeon,' by having the 'drop-game' played upon him by some of the practitioners of that popular art. He would return to his lodgings, out of humor with every body, saying to himself, 'The world is too fast and too old for me now!' He would swallow his meal in silence; and after paying his reckoning, would pack up his little portmanteau, and start, as he did once before, for a region beyond the reach of the Gothamites.' Our correspondent goes on to remark, that it was his good fortune not long since to meet, in an excursion to the North, with an old gentleman who might be regarded as a true specimen of the ancient Dutch school. In the earliest childhood of the writer, his form and features were familiar to him; and the hand of Time had passed so lightly over him, that little change was observable. Although some sixty winters had left

a little of their frost upon his locks, and there was an additional wrinkle or two upon his face, yet his altogether characteristic appearance and manner betrayed the old KNICKERBOCKER at once. He lived in Albany, which he seemed to admire less now than when it had not long emerged from the settlement which grew up around Fort Orange. Indeed, he seemed not a little querulous touching our fair Northern sister: 'It is all a humbug, Sir. The city is going to ruin, Sir, as fast it can, Sir. Half the stores in State-street and Broadway, as they call it, are 'to let;' and some of our heaviest merchants, let me tell you in confidence, are shaking in their shoes. Times are not as they used to be before they had your 'Empires' and your 'Niagaras,' your 'KNICKERBOCKERS,' and your 'RIP VAN WINKLES' on the river, to spirit away a trader from the West, who happens to have a little change in his pocket, as fast as they can, to your big city of New-York. A man now-a-days can go down the river for little or nothing, Sir; and what's the use of his staying here, when he can have his sail of three hundred miles, and see the small villages in the bargain? Sir, I remember the good old times, before we had your canals and your steam-boats and your rail-roads; when eight, ten, and sometimes twenty Pennsylvania wagons — you remember the Pennsylvania wagons! — would leave the city in one day, loaded with goods, for what we then called the Far West. *Those* were the times for me! *Then* we did business. When a man from a distance got here, he was at his journey's end; we had him fast; there was no where else for him to go to. New-York was out of the question; it took ten or twelve days, on an average, to go there; and then the time and the expense mounted up so, the thing would n't pay. No, Sir; what they call the 'improvements' of the times have just settled the affair with old Albany. If it had not been for *them*, she might have been something.' 'But, Doctor,' said I, 'it seems to me your ancient city is getting on very well, in spite of all these draw-backs, as you call them. The population appears to have doubled within the last twenty years; that is, since the 'big ditch' was completed. Your wharves and basin seem to be full of activity; and even the very last 'relics of the olden time' are being torn down, to make way for elegant buildings and substantial ware-houses. Here you are, yourself, in the midst of a very bee-hive. I have no doubt you do twice as much business now as you did five years ago.' 'No, Sir,' said the old gentleman, 'I tell you it's all moonshine. You can't get the cash for what you do; and if you trust 'em, why they pay you as the cat paid the monkey, over the face and eyes. A pretty 'bee-hive,' to be sure, I'm in! What does it all amount to? These Boston Yankees have built their rail-road up to our river, and as fast as they cart in the passengers, just so fast does your other rail-road cart them out. It's come and go; not 'here to-day and gone to-morrow.' No, Sir, they don't stay long enough to change their shirts. Perhaps you remember the great 'how-d'ye-do' they had when this Eastern road was finished. For my part, I wish it had been in Guinea, before the city ever subscribed one red cent to the plaguy thing! Yes, a great 'row-de-dow' they had to celebrate the completion of the 'Boston and Albany Rail-road.' Our polite mayor made a very low bow to the Boston mayor, and the Boston mayor made a very low bow to the Albany mayor; and then there were speeches, and toasts, and all that rigmarole, setting forth in very grand language the affection that existed between the two cities. This was to be 'the connecting link between the East and the West;' a great business was to centre here. Every body's fortune was to be made in a minute. What is the upshot of it all? Why, these confounded Yankees take away our pork, and beef, and flour, and what do they give us in return? Codfish, Sir, nothing but codfish! I told the people when they voted to build a part of this road, they had better keep their six hundred thousand dollars in their pockets. It will be a dead loss to the city, every farthing of it. And how have these Boston folks treated us since? Hav'nt they built another road to connect themselves with Troy, and so after all give Albany the slip? I see through the whole of it. It's a combination between the Boston Yankees and the Troy Yankees to cheat Albany out of its eye-teeth.' Our correspondent made no farther attempt to reason the old gentleman out of his notions. 'It would have done no good,' he adds: 'There he sits day after day, surrounded by the incontestable evidences of the

advance and growth of his native city, and yet shuts his eyes against them all, and cries out 'Humbug!' 'moonshine!' 'ruin!' to every one that asks a question upon the subject. He has often predicted to us that it would not be very long before the grass would grow in Pearl-street, as it did in days of yore, when our good Dutch mothers could make a morning visit in their night-gowns, without fear of being stared at by improper eyes. There was, some few years ago, on the banks of the Mohawk, an old Dutchman, who complained bitterly of the progress of modern improvement, because it cut off small strips from his farm. 'First,' said he, 'came de road; well, dat was bad enough: den came de canal; well, dat was worse: and den, last,' said he, 'came de rail-road, and dat was de Duyvel!' My friend the Doctor agrees with his contemporary in most of his sentiments.'

A FEW RANDOM THOUGHTS ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. — The horse is a noble animal; so is the dog; and kind and affectionate creatures they are, and very useful too, as all the world knows. And yet, how much do they suffer from the cruelty of man; what curses, what blows, what impossible tasks are not heaped upon them; and how patiently do they bear them all, striving their best, and straining their very heart-strings to do the will of a hard master, and seldom uttering so much as a single curse in requital of all his brutality! So much has been said and written on this question, and so many laws against cruelty to beasts remain a dead-letter on the statute-books, that it seems but a sorry task to utter another word on the subject; and indeed, many humane people, who once took an interest in it, have at last given it up in despair. Now and then, it is true, we hear of some case, where the brutal treatment of animals has been followed by the punishment at law of the offender; but such cases are rare, for the complainant is so generally stigmatized as a 'meddlesome fellow,' and sometimes so narrowly escapes mal-treatment himself, that few people care to put themselves in such a position. Perhaps, after all, the most 'satisfactory' punishment of such inhumanity is that which, by a sort of Lynch-law, sometimes occurs on the spot. Three such cases have come under our own observation within the last year. The first occurred in one of the most populous streets of the metropolis, where a noble-looking horse, having been goaded to madness by the blows of his driver, suddenly broke from the traces, and lifting both heels, planted them directly in the breast of the offender. The man was dashed across the street, and lay there, the mere wreck of what he was a moment before. Three ribs were stove in, his right leg broken, and the skull so badly fractured, by striking against a kerb-stone, that it was thought he could not live. He was carried home, and after five months of suffering, came out again, a cripple for life. The second took place on one of our wharves, where a carman had stood beating his horse for upward of twenty minutes, because the poor animal could not drag a heavy load out of a deep rut. A crowd had gathered around, and many individuals tried to put a stop to the man's brutality. Some offered to assist him out with his load, and others threatened him with the law. But he would accept of no assistance; he scorned the statute-book; and finally threatened to horse-whip the first man who interfered again. The mate of a vessel, who had been most active in the matter, took this as a personal challenge, especially as the carman had directed his eyes toward him when he uttered it. Throwing off his jacket, thereupon, he immediately 'went at him,' as he termed it, and a sounder drubbing man never received than that same pugnacious carman.

The third case happened on the margin of a dock that was being filled up for a wharf, one cold morning last spring; but its termination had more of the comic than of the tragic element in it. A great lubberly boy had got a small 'puplet,' apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a 'water-dog,' although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat. The boy first threw a chip in, and then ordered the dog to 'go and fetch it.' The little fellow looked up in the boy's face and

wagged his tail. The order was repeated; when, the dog still hesitating, the lubber seized him by the tail and threw him into the middle of the pond. The little animal scrambled to the shore again, as well as he was able, where, moaning and shivering with the cold, he crawled up to his master, and endeavored to lick his feet. Kicks and buffets, despite our remonstrance, repaid him for this demonstration of love; and then followed another order to 'go and fetch it.' The dog now tried to crawl away, when the boy seized him by the neck, and stood ready to give him another plunge. As he held him for an instant, the poor creature turned his head, as well as he was able, and gazing in his master's face, said so piteously, by his looks, 'Oh, don't do it again!' that nothing but an extra share of inhumanity could have prompted the boy to repeat the outrage. The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably severely injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered; and afterward sank several times before reaching the shore. When he got to land again, he staggered a few paces, and then fell exhausted on the pavement. The boy ran toward him, his face flushed with passion, and was about to inflict farther chastisement on his victim, when a burly, good-natured, sailor-looking man, who had been quietly watching the affair, checked him: 'My lad, look here!' said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly toward him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit. His eye glistened as he put out his hand to clutch the proffered gift, when the sailor withdrew it, and tossed it into the middle of the dock. 'Now, you young rascal!' said he, turning to the boy, 'Now, Sir, *go and fetch it!*' The fellow shook his head, and began to step back. 'Go and fetch it! I say,' repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice, and advancing a step or two. The young rogue now turned on his heel, and was attempting to run, when JACK seized him by the seat of his trousers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange. Our first impulse was to interfere in the matter; but, on a second thought, we came to the conclusion that as justice had been already done in the premises, things might as well remain as they were.

JOURNAL OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CONVENTION, OR CONGRESS OF COLONIES.—We have received a note from LEWIS CRUGER, Esquire, accompanying 'an antique and rare 'Journal of the First American Convention, or Congress of Colonies, in 1765,' which formed the very first movement of the American Revolution. This journal, with praiseworthy patriotism and family pride, Mr. CRUGER is about to cause to be published. It establishes the fact conclusively, that the first Congress of States, or Colonies, ever held in America, was held long before the Confederation, in the city of New-York, in March 1765, and that the first action against the tyranny of Great Britain was there originated, and the first remonstrance from thence issued. 'The noble merit,' writes Mr. CRUGER, 'of this first great movement is constantly claimed by Boston, in her destruction of the tea-chests, *ten years later*, and as warmly disputed by North-Carolina, in her Mecklenburg Resolutions, of no earlier date than the Boston achievement. In reply to these claims, I have never yet seen the true honor asserted by the city of New-York, by whom this Congress was originated, in the master spirits of ROBERT LIVINGSTON and JOHN CRUGER, from the pen of the latter of whom proceeded the admirable '*Declaration of Rights*,' which, together with the 'Memorial to the King and Parliament,' from the pen of Mr. LIVINGSTON, formed the first remonstrance ever sent to that body from the Colonies; and it had the effect of rousing the attention of Great Britain to this country more effectually than any other act of our countrymen, and called forth some of the noblest efforts of CHATHAM and of BURKE.' We shall look with interest for the publication of this valuable 'Journal,' and may take another occasion more particularly to advert to it. We have a warm interest, we hope in common with our readers, in every thing connected with the early history and progress of our beloved country.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Have the goodness to be pleased with this our present number, Sir Reader; or else fancy your taste at fault, and leave us in 'blessed ignorance' that you are not delighted; for sooth to say, we ourselves have pondered over its several 'Original Papers' many times, and never without an inward chuckle at thought of the pleasure that was in store for you. In the sketch of '*Belgrade*,' by our eastern correspondent, you will find a graphic description of that famous city, once boldly besieged by 'an Austrian army, awfully arrayed;' '*Bill Baxter the Coxswain's Story*' needs no word of ours; we are only too happy in being able to promise that the writer will not unfrequently add to the interest of our pages. The '*Midsummer's Day-Dream*' heralds a 'Discourse' which possesses a kindred fervor and felicity of style, and which will appear in our October issue. A new and most welcome contributor, whom we intend to make an old one, 'fleshes his maiden' quill in the paper entitled '*Fleeing a Lawyer*,' which whose enjoys not, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils — and 'he a'n't nothing else!' '*The New Philosophy*,' as the reader will see anon, opens a rich vein of wholesome satire. Presently you shall hear of 'The Sack Proper,' the 'Sack Degenerate,' the 'Sack Mongrel,' (being a cross between the sack and surtout) the 'Sack Befrogged,' and the 'Sack Disreputable;' and also, 'for the especial gratification of the ladies,' of 'Tournures, with a Dissertation on Walking;' of 'Bonnets in General, but principally of the Bonnet Homœopathic;' all these subjects the 'ΑΡΧΗ-ΗΜΕΡΑ' calls to lectur' upon hereafter; in fact, we've 'got the papers,' and capital they are. The '*Glimpse into Fairy Land*' has the delicacy and fancy of 'The Culpit Fay,' and will surely entertain the class indicated by the writer in the exordium to the article. The '*Thoughts on Religious Liberty*,' especially the closing portion of the paper, will remind the metropolitan reader, that laws for the observance of the Sabbath, which shut out innocent enjoyments from the toilful many among us, to whom Sunday is the only day of repose, may be so expounded or enforced as to enhance the very evil they were designed to avert. It has been well observed, that 'Religion, like its votaries, while it exists on the earth, must have a body as well as a soul. A religion purely spiritual might suit a being as pure, but men are compound animals; and the body must needs exercise a power over the mind.' By the by, the 'Stranger in Lowell' has some well-considered and pregnant remarks in relation to what constitutes 'keeping the Sabbath,' a part of which we shall take the liberty of quoting in this connexion. 'I am no Puritan,' says the 'Stranger,' (he is a son of New-England, however, and an exemplary member of the Orthodox division of the Society of Friends,) 'I am no Puritan, but I nevertheless welcome with joy unfeigned this First Day of the Week; sweetest pause in our hard life-march, greenest resting-place in the hot desert we are treading! The errors of those who mistake its benignant rest for the iron rule of the Jewish Sabbath, and who consequently hedge it about with penalties, and bow down before it in slavish terror, should not render us less grateful for the real blessings it brings us. As a day wrested in some degree from the god of this world, as an opportunity afforded for thoughtful self-communing, let us receive it as a good gift of our Heavenly PARENT, in love rather than fear.' He then adverts to his having seen on Sunday, in a prominent street of Lowell, laborers 'with coats off and sleeves rolled up, heaving at levers and smiting with sledge-hammers,' in full view of the 'solemn go-to-meeting people, smileless and awful,' who crowded the street; and this too in a city where some twenty pulpits deal out anathemas upon all who 'desecrate the LORD's day;' but, he adds, 'What would be sin past repentance in an individual, becomes quite proper in a corporation. True, the Sabbath is holy — but the factory-canals must be repaired. Every body ought to go to church — but the dividends must not be diminished.' Follow him a little, farther:

'To a close observer of human nature, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a class of persons who wink at the sacrifice of Sabbath sanctities to the demon of Gain, look at the same time with stern disapprobation upon every thing partaking of the character of amusement, however innocent and healthful, on this day. But, for myself, looking down through the light of a golden evening upon

these quietly passing groups, I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them for seeking, on this, their sole day of leisure, the needful influences of social enjoyment, unrestrained exercise, and fresh air. I cannot think any essential service to religion or humanity would result from the conversion of their day of rest into a Jewish Sabbath, and their consequent confinement, like so many pining prisoners, in close and crowded boarding-houses. Is not cheerfulness a duty?—a better expression of our gratitude for God's blessings than mere words? And even under the old law of rituals, what answer had the Pharisees to the question, 'Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day?' I am naturally of a sober temperament, and am, beside, a member of that sect which Dr. MOXZ has called, mistakenly indeed, 'the most melancholy of all'; but I confess a special dislike of disfigured faces; ostentatious displays of piety; pride spicing humility. Asceticism, moroseness, self-torture; ingratitude in view of down-showing blessings, and painful restraint of the better feelings of our nature, may befit a Hindoo fakir, or a Mandan medicine-man with buffalo skulls strung to his lacerated muscles, but they look to me sadly out of place in a believer of the Glad Gospel of the New Testament. The life of the DIVINE TEACHER affords no countenance to this sullen and gloomy saintliness, shutting up the heart against the sweet influences of human sympathy and the blessed ministrations of Nature. To the horror and clothes-reading astonishment of blind Pharisees, HX uttered the significant truth, that 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' From the close air of crowded cities, from thronged temples and synagogues; where priest and Levite kept up a show of worship, drumming upon hollow ceremonials the more loudly for their emptiness of life, as the husk rustles the more when the grain is gone; HX led His disciples out into the country stillness, under clear Eastern heavens, on the breezy tops of mountains, in the shade of fruit-trees, by the side of fountains and through yellow harvest fields, enforcing the lessons of His divine morality by comparisons and parables suggested by the objects around Him, or the cheerful incidents of social humanity, the vineyard, the field lily, the sparrow in the air, the sower in the seed-field, the feast and the marriage. Thus gently, thus sweetly kind and cheerful, fell from His lips the GOSPEL or HUMANITY: Love the fulfilling of every law; our love for one another measuring and manifesting our love of HIM. The baptism wherewith HX was baptized was that of Divine Fulness in the waste of our humanity; the deep waters of our sorrows went over him; Ineffable Purity sounding for our sakes the dark abyss of sin; yet bow like a river of light runs that serene and beautiful life through the narratives of the Evangelists! HX broke bread with the poor despised publican; he sat down with the fishermen by the sea of Galilee; HX spoke compassionate words to sin-sick Magdalen; HX sanctified by his presence the social enjoyments of home and friendship in the family of Bethany; HX laid his hand of blessing on the sunny brows of children. HX had regard even to the merely animal wants of the multitude in the wilderness. HX frowned upon none of life's simple and natural pleasures. The burden of His Gospel was Love: and in life and word HX taught evermore the divided and scattered children of one great family, that only as they drew near each other could they approach HIM who was their common centre; and that while no ostentation of prayer, nor rigid observance of ceremonies, could elevate man to Heaven, the simple exercise of Love, in thought and action, could bring Heaven down to man. To weary and restless spirits HX taught the great truth, that happiness consists in making others happy.

We can add nothing to the force and felicitousness of these remarks; and we leave the theme and its accessories to the heedful consideration of the reader. But we must not 'forget to remember' that we were running a line of commentary through our 'Original Papers'; and that we have omitted all mention of our poetical contributors. But what of that? If the author of the sparkling 'Saratoga Eclogue'; if ALBERT PIKE, and JOHN H. RHEYN; if HENRY W. ROCKWELL and fair FANNY FORRESTER, and the poetical spirits who keep them company, do not commend themselves to our readers, all we can say is, that they, the aforesaid readers, are 'not the persons we take them to be.' 'A prepared report. Respect this.' . . . WE could not help smiling at an incidental colloquial anecdote in our Providence correspondent's 'Characteristics of Yankee Doodledom,' although we have a faint recollection of having encountered it before, somewhere: 'You hav'n't seen a small calf go 'long by here, have you, about three, three and a half, or four months old, within an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours, have you?' 'Wal, yes,' replied the other, 'there ~~was~~ a calf went by here this mornin', runnin', I should say, about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles an hour, with a white spot on his rump, about the size of a dollar, dollar and a half, or two dollars, as nigh as I could calculate!' One does n't often find any thing more vague than the arithmetical size of the distinctive spot on the rump of that remarkable estray. . . . It always affords us especial pleasure to record instances of American improvement in the elegant or useful arts; and one of the most striking examples in this kind which we have lately seen, is an *Improved Umbrella*, which we predict will soon supersede at least all the ill-shaped and clumsy articles which have hitherto been so common among us; big, pot-bellied things, that one is half ashamed to carry, even in the roughest weather. The improved umbrella to which we allude is remarkable in this: with the exception of the fine stout silk with which it is covered, and a tasteful ornamented handle, the whole is composed of steel, tempered, with uniform nicety, to the proper state to afford security against breaking, while it retains all the strength and elasticity which are required.

Nothing could be more tasteful and convenient than this article. By an improvement in the various joints, the whole machine closes and folds in the smallest possible compass; so that when placed in its case, it is very little heavier than a common-sized walking-stick, and scarcely so large as those which are sported by the 'young men about town.' The 'Improved Umbrella' is on sale we believe at Number Two Barclay-street, where we advise our friends who 'disaffect a pluvius atmosphere' to call and examine them. They are *sanspareil*. . . . DOES our far-western friend, who addresses us 'in *heaviness* from the *lead* region,' remember LEYDEN's noble lines to a gold coin, that 'slave of the dark and dirty mine,' which came so late 'in distant Ind' to mock his wasted frame and banished heart? Let him remember, then, that there is this difference between health and money: 'Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied. The poorest man would not part with health for money, while the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.' Let us hope that 'these be *seasonable* words.' . . . WE derive the annexed amusing communication from a correspondent who can never write too often to be welcome to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER or to its readers: 'There are probably many people now living, who remember the celebrated Jew quack-doctor, REUBEN NATHANS, who flourished some forty years since, and whose medicines, the 'Chinese Balsam of Life' and the 'Celebrated Hair-Invigorating Lotion,' made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard of the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the 'doctor's' medicines were first announced to the world, a simple-minded laboring man purchased one bottle of the Lotion and another of the Balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was beside threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and as is usual with ignorant people, in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she 'breathed freer,' while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and when the first lot of Balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated? 'Oh, grandly!' replied the husband; 'my wife's cough's e'en-a'most gone, and her hair's all coming back again as fiery as ever.' 'Ah,' said the doctor, 'that's the way *my* medicines always work. There's no mistake about *them*. They're just what I call them, the 'greatest wonders of the age.' I 'spose you've no objection to giving me your affidavit?' 'Oh, no,' replied the man; 'that's just what my wife wants me to do.' The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelt of it. 'Why, what can this mean?' he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelt of it again. 'Why, Sir, this is n't balsam, though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion!' 'Hair lotion or not,' replied the man, pointing to the bottle, 'that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again!' 'Strange! strange!' repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; 'I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, Sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle—the hair lotion, I mean?' The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion-bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth. 'And this,' said he, 'is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Do n't you think there was some mistake on your part, Sir? Are you *sure* that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again?' 'Just as sartain as I'm alive,' replied the man; 'for I always turned it out myself, while BETSEY held the spoon.' The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought. 'Ah! I see!' he at length exclaimed, and jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. 'There, Sir,' said he, giving it to the man, and hurrying him to the door; 'all's right, Sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing.' As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his 'confidential' man from the

'laboratory.' 'MOSKES,' said he, 'we've made a great mistake in our guess-work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard, lately, and have just discovered that our *lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the bosh to make the hair grow! We mought change the labels.' 'That's unlucky,' replied the man, 'for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow.' 'Vel, vel,' said the doctor, 'you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tis n't mosh matter!' . . . 'Is the DERRY able to prevent evil, but not willing? Then where is His benevolence? Is He willing, but not able? Where then is his power? Is He both able and willing? Whence then is evil?' How many repining mortals, like 'PENSIEROSO' in preceding pages, 'angry, impious ingrates! angry with their MAKER,' have at times been tempted to question Divine Providence in terms like these! A thoughtful mind has replied to such, with equal force and felicity:

'I ADMIT the existence of evil to its full extent, and I also admit my own ignorance, which is not the least part of the evil I deplore. I also find in the midst of all this evil, a tolerably fair proportion of good. I can discover that I did not make myself, and also that the BEING who did make me, has shown a degree of power and of wisdom far beyond my powers of comprehension. I can also see so much good proceeding from his system even here, that I am inclined to love him; but I can see so much evil, that I am inclined also to fear him. I find myself a compound being, made up of body and mind, and the union is so intimate, that the one appears to perish, at the dissolution of the other. In attempting to reconcile this last evil, death, and the many more that lead to it, with the wisdom, power, and goodness, that I see displayed on many other occasions, I find that I have strong aspirations after a state that may survive this apparent dissolution, and I find that I have this feeling in common with all the rest of my species; I find also, on looking within, that I have a mind capable of much higher delights than matter or earth can afford. On looking still more closely into myself, I find every reason to believe that this is the first state of existence I ever enjoyed; I can recollect no other, I am conscious of no other. Here then I stand as upon a point acknowledged, that this world is the first stage of existence to that compound animal man, and that it is to him at least the first link in that order of things in which mind is united to matter. May not then this present state, be, as relates to mind, a state of infancy and childhood, where the elements and the rudiments of a progressive state are to be received and acquired; and may not such be necessarily a state of discipline; and may not an all-wise and all-perfect BEING, take less delight in creating stones and blocks, and in making them capable of eternal happiness, than in ultimately granting this glorious boon to creatures whom he had formed intellectual and responsible? And is not this supposition far less absurd and monstrous, than to conclude the DERRY unjust, and the voluntary author of evil, necessary from his prescience that foresaw it, yet permitted it; and gratuitous from his power, that could, yet would not prevent it? Having arrived at these conclusions by looking into myself, I then look to things around me, and without me, and I find an external state of things, corresponding precisely with these internal conclusions. I find a mixed state and condition to be the lot of man; he has much of good to enjoy, and much of evil to encounter, and the more or the less of either, I observe, depends in very many instances on himself. I farther find that this is no particular discovery of mine; that it has struck the profoundest thinkers, and the justest reasoners of all ages, quite as forcibly, and been much better expressed. I farther see that a state of discipline naturally presupposes for its proper theatre a mixed state of good and of evil, since a mixed state alone it is, that calls many virtues into action, that could not be exercised in a state of perfection, such for instance, as benevolence in alleviating the miseries of others, or resignation in bearing our own. In short, I find it to be precisely what I conceive mind in its compound state might most naturally require, namely, a state of discipline, with quite enough of good to keep intellectual agents from despair, and quite enough of evil to keep them from presumption.'

WE have heard, 'in the course of a not uneventful life,' of a good many laughable transpositions, but we scarcely remember to have met one more supremely ludicrous than the following, which is given to us by a friend. He was lately examining one of his little people in their Sunday-morning lesson, and had occasion to ask his eldest daughter, a vivacious child of ten years, what the Bible said in relation to rich men, in the chapter which she had been studying. 'It says,' answered the volatile little girl, with eager haste, 'it says that it's easier for a needle to go through the eye of a rich man, than for a camel to enter the kingdom of heaven!' Now the Irish Sunday-school scholar, who in his 'exercises' described a whale as going up to MOSKES in the bull-rushes, and saying, 'Almost thou persuaded me to be a christian!' and to which MOSKES replied, 'Thou art the man!' did not come wider of the 'true reading' than the little girl of our story. Mentioning the foregoing to a most entertaining friend of ours the other day, he remarked that it reminded him of a 'medicine-man' who many years ago had a shop in Beekman-street, not a thousand miles from William, where he sold various medicaments, which were duly *sign-ed* at the door, as well as 'sealed and delivered' within. Conspicuous among these 'signs,' was one which bore the following inscription: '*The Celebrated Cure for the Spanish Piles.*' It was an infallible

specific for a painful malady, the vendor said one day to our friend, 'but, by gar! nobody come to buy him! Yet his *afiche* is biggest one at de door!' Our friend looked at the sign: 'I see how it is,' said he. 'Nobody here has the '*Spanish piles*;' your *sign* is wrong. Have it changed to 'The celebrated *Spanish cure* for the piles.' This advice was taken; and a few days after, the foreign pot'ecary met his adviser in the street, when, holding out his hand, with a cordial smile and a fervent grasp, he said: 'Aha! it is ver' good; now I sell de '*Spanish cure*' ver' mosh! Every body say he ver' mosh good t'ing!' . . . THE last '*Southern Quarterly Review*,' in an article upon the '*Writings of Washington Irving*,' speaks of the attempt, some three years since, by an anonymous writer in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' to convict Mr. IRVING of appropriating without acknowledgment matériel collated by Señor NAVARRETE. 'The attack,' says the reviewer, 'was made with some virulence of language; but the proofs produced by the assailant to sustain his charge were by no means weighty or satisfactory; the strongest being an extract from a newspaper published at Madrid, whence the charge was evidently taken, and the rest of so flimsy a character as to convince no one whose mind was not already made up on the subject.' The charge to which reference is here had, as our readers will remember, was at the time triumphantly disproved in these pages. . . . 'The *Night-mare*' of our friend 'L. H. B.' shall caracole in the pages of our October number. Notwithstanding the slight amount of food devoured by our correspondent before he retired to rest, we cannot help fancying that it had something to do with his very remarkable dream. Other causes, however, sometimes bring about like results, as we ourselves can testify; one of which we take to be the perusal of various startling 'items' in a daily journal, just before going to bed at a late hour. The other night, after reading one of our evening contemporaries, we retired late to rest. Scarcely had we laid our head upon the pillow, before we were in Dream-Land. By a strange speed in travelling, known only to 'visions of the night,' we soon found ourselves at Niagara, and presently after, drifting swiftly round the awful 'whirlpool' below the cataract, followed by the swollen carcass of a cow and two green-white human corpses, with their arms extended imploringly toward us, as we gradually neared the roaring vortex, around which we were sweeping with the speed of light. At length, to our infinite horror, one of the bodies spoke, and in audible tones exclaimed, 'I am that 'yongg Virginian, ardent as a southern sun could make him,' who went to Washington to get an office of Mr. POLK; where I carried myself with so much modesty and decorum, that I came back with a much better one than I expected!' Scarcely had these solemn words proceeded from the livid, motionless lips of that floating corse, when there appeared on the opposite bank a cannonier, with a 'big gun,' the 'adamantine lips' of which opened directly upon us. He applied his match, when, horrid to relate! an illuminated shot, lighting up the whirlpool with an awful glare, struck us 'amid-ships,' and with 'a lurch to port' we went down in three thousand fathom water! When we struck the bottom, we awoke, 'and behold it was a dream!' — a vision, too, for which the sparkling '*Evening Gazette*' is entirely responsible, that journal having furnished in a single issue the 'stuff' that the 'dream was made of,' just before our hard day's-work was 'rounded with a sleep,' if sleep it may be called. . . . 'A young girl, of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called *clairvoyance*, or animal electricity, was willed by the magnetiser to the future world. In the language of the narrator, 'The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death; and when one of her young friends wept, she said, 'Do not weep for me; death is desirable, beautiful! I have seen the Future, and myself there. Oh! it is beautiful, happy and glorious — and myself so beautiful, happy and glorious! And it is *not dying* — only changing places, states, conditions, and feelings. Oh! how beautiful! how blessed!' She seemed to see her mother, who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied, 'She will not speak. I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.' We had just been reading the

foregoing, out of our friend WHITTIER's recent volume, when we took up a beautiful little booklet from the press of Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS, Broadway, entitled '*The Parting Spirit's Address to his Mother*,' by Rev. WILLIAM WYATT, D. D., of Baltimore, from which we collated the annexed touching and beautiful passages:

'DEAR Mother, had the Sovereign Disposer of nature decreed for me a lengthened probation, oh! it would sully my new-born bliss now to dwell upon the possible results. Through the mists which cover the various mazes of human condition. I can dimly descry what might have been my allotment. What austerities of climate, what storms upon the ocean, what fields of carnage, what harassing cares, how mournful disappointments, what years of thankless toil, do I not discern, giving to the earth the aspect of a wilderness, dreary and perplexed! I can see the diseases of childhood, or disasters proceeding from negligence and violence, torturing some; and early, too early bondage and labor afflicting others. I can see youthful passions triumphing over the restraints of friendship and education; and the snares of vice successfully spread for the innocent and the unwary. Here, I can see orphans, weeping under the buffetings of a heartless world; and, still more sad, there I discover parents, who mourn that their offspring had not died in infancy. When I was yet in the body, I dreamt that the earth was full of gladness; and that the seasons rolled only to bring us new festivals, or to vary our enjoyments. But now there rise to my ear confused sounds of sorrow and terror, of violence and pain. Mother, 'I would not live away.' I could not be guarded always by your watchful eye. I must have strayed, before long, from the paternal home.' . . . In a holy trust, consign to the LORD's treasure-house, the tomb, this defaced casket. He will bring it again, restored, and with renewed lustre, 'in that day when he maketh up his jewels.' His eye is upon every atom that was ever called into existence. 'To his children he has said, 'Not a hair of your head shall perish.' And mother, 'I know that my REDEEMER liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' 'Sorrow not then as those that have no hope.' In that hour, when the murmuring sea, responding through all her caverns to the voice of the Archangel, shall give up the dead that were in them; and when the graves, echoing through their secret chambers with the trumpet of God, shall send forth their myriads, starting into life; in that hour, at least, if not long before, mother, I shall again rush to your embrace. And where God is, and where you are, and where we may love each other without fear, in an ecstasy of rejoicing—mother, that will be heaven. Give me then, for a little moment to HIM, who yet 'giveth you all things richly to enjoy.' And as you wrap me in the decent vestments of the tomb, reverently and affectionately adore the mysterious purposes of HIM 'who doeth all things well.' . . . But this scene fades about me. My new companions at a distance, fluttering their snowy wings, chide my delay. What voices of melody fill the air! What an unearthly radiance beams upon my upward path! Let me rest, once more, my spirit upon your kind bosom. Hark! a voice. 'Here am I.' Mother, dearest mother!—FOLLOW ME!

Surely that departing spirit saw heaven opened, and a 'great company of angels'

'FAR to the highest height,
In burning rows ascending:
Some with their wings outspread,
And bowed the stately head,
As on some errand of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagration starting!
The heralds of OMNIPOTENCE were they,
And nearer earth they came to bear that soul away.'

AN esteemed contributor, under date of 'Seventh-month 13th,' sends us the following, with a request that it may be inserted 'timeously' in our pages. The 'wars and rumors of wars' which prevail around us seem to point out the present as a suitable occasion to give the lines publicity:

AN ADDRESS

TO THE THOUGHTLESS PROMOTERS OF WAR AND BLOOD-SHED

Oh! ye who fill the throne of power,
Who speak, and millions must obey,
Who reign, the monarchs of the hour,
Who rise, dictators of the day:

Think, while the trumpet's clamorous breath
Reechoes through the regions round,
What scenes of agony and death
Await the inharmonious sound!

Oh! join not then, with hasty rage,
The tumults that are heard from far;
But shun the desolating stage,
Oh! shun the guilty walks of war!

Think, while the thundering cannons roar,
And while the glittering sword-blade plays,
How Carnage wades through streams of gore,
And grins amid the steely blaze.

Ah! vain are words to paint the woes
Which haunt the crowded field of blood;
Not all that rhetoric bestows
Can trace the sanguinary flood.

The thousands of the mighty slain
Who sleep upon the martial shore,
Though they have felt unuttered pain,
They heave the languid sigh no more!

But if your thoughtless minds would know,
Or can endure of more to hear,
To widows and to orphans go,
And count the never-ceasing tear!

Oh! think of these, and sheathe the blade
That darts its sickly beams afar;
And shun the dark impending shade
That hovers o'er the scenes of war.

It has often been remarked that there is a great deal of sly wit in an Irish bull, and no doubt there is, oftentimes. When a school-boy, we had in our class a little fellow of the true Milesian blood, who was more noted for his delinquencies, and the droll excuses which he offered for them, than for his attention to the legitimate business of the school. One afternoon, when 'school did n't keep,' some one got into the house, and perpetrated a little bit of mischief. In the morning it was laid to PATRICK, and there was pretty good evidence of his guilt; but he denied it plumply. 'Where was you, all the afternoon, PATRICK?' inquired the master. 'No where,' answered the boy, doggedly. 'No where?' echoed the master, assuming a very wise look, and casting his eyes round the room, to see if the boys noted him, his custom always when about to utter any impressive remarks; 'That Nowhere must be a great place, for a good many boys go there, I find. But how came you to go there, PATRICK?' 'Because,' replied the little delinquent, 'I had *no where* to go, and so I — *went there!*' The scholars thought this a capital bull, and a loud laugh from the whole school followed it, in which the master joined heartily. The culprit was told to go to his seat, and that the punishment intended for him might be reserved — until the next time. As he returned to his place, there was a sly twinkle in his wicked eye, and a swelling of the left cheek, as if his tongue were thrust against the inner side. His triumph was complete. Here, by the by, is an *American* bull, which strikes us as being very stupid. It is taken from a religious journal, published within a day's ride of the 'Literary Emporium,' and is the first thing under the editorial head: '*Not having room for some remarks of our own, appropriate to the season, we give the place they would have filled to the subjoined communication;*' and then followed a column or two of very commonplace remarks touching the close of the year, occupying the space which the editor *had n't got!* . . . THE remarks of 'L —' upon '*Our Periodical Criticism*' shall appear — perhaps in our next number. It must have been lying *perdu* many months in our 'second port-folio;' for the letter which accompanies it is dated nearly a year and a half ago. We agree entirely with the remarks quoted in our correspondent's note: 'There is a kind of criticism which will never be rare, because it requires only labor and attention; a criticism which is confined to niceties of grammar and quantities of prosody; which is conversant with words rather than things, and with the letter rather than the spirit; a style of criticism, in short, like that of him who, when all the world were enraptured by a Ceres of RAPHAEL, discovered that the knot in the wheat-sheaf was not tied as a reaper would have tied it. To be a mere verbal critic, is what no man of genius would be, if he could; but to be a critic of true taste and feeling, is what no man without genius could be, if he would;' We do not remember to have seen truth more undeniable, better expressed, or in fewer words. . . . WE have encountered a deal of bad spelling in our day, but it never fell to our lot to receive any thing *quite* so formidable in that kind as the following, which 'climbs the cap-max,' since it actually out-Yellowplushes YELLOWPLUSH. The letter was addressed from Mississippi to a distinguished dentist in Boston, from whom it has been obtained by a friend for our 'use and behoof.' It lay in the Boston post-office five or six weeks, where the direction elicited the occasional study of the post-master and his clerks; until at length, in a moment of inspiration, an official CHAMFOLLION discovered the real name; yet half-doubtingly, as an inscription in pencil sufficiently evinces: '*Supposed to mean Dr. B —, the dentist.*' The hand writing of the whole utterly defies description. It has no punctuation, and the capitals are exceedingly sparse. The letter, which was sealed with a 'blob' of something that looks like tamerack or hemlock gum, is unmistakably genuine, and is now 'on view' at our sanctum:

'tu doktor B — tuth-doktur in boston masychoosits

'J — u, mississippi march 11

'dere Sur wen i wos in boston last spring u sodderd up a holler tuth wich aked orimity bad miss L — has got tu teth wich is oriso holler — sum konsideribil holes in um jest as u remembur wos in mine afore u sodderd um now as mister V — our kounti takegathur is a kalkerlatin tu put for ure digins tomorror, i arst him tu kor! an git sum of the soddir so i ken plug um up, kos sheze a-yellin like a bar kort in a trap — getin no slepe nites no moer than a skaird paintur mister V — wil pa u for

the soddir wen he gits it ure servunt a — L — miss L — wood like a tuth-shrubir as she
 karnt git none nerer than Nachese hante no wa tu send thar oriso she wood like tu no if ale omd
 sumthin fur her gooms wich is soar mistur V — wil pa u fur ure trabbel wen he korts for the soddir,
 koe i gin him the munny tu.'

WE scarcely know whether to take 'C.' at his word, or no. He is sufficiently lugubrious, to have been actually jilted; but then his significant hint, toward the end of his 'story,' that his innamorata was 'all talk and no cider,' gives us pause, as Mr. SHAKESPEARE observes, in one of his clever pieces, and reminds us of the remark of the man who said, with more point than politeness, that *some ladies* (he 'named no parties,') were the very reverse of their own mirrors, for the one reflected without talking, but the other talked without reflecting. Our friend has but one resource; and that is indicated by a brief but pertinent bit of advice, tendered by 'a man who hath had losses' in the same kind with with our friend. 'It is to this purport: 'If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of *herself*: all that runs over will be yours.' . . . THE 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' even where it has the 'nine points' in its favor, is well illustrated by a case laid down in one of 'the books,' if we mistake not. A certain sheriff, looking one day from his window, which commanded the interior of the bar-room of an inn on the opposite side of the way, observed a 'defendant,' whom he had been compelled to designate in one of his 'returnable' papers as a man having 'no goods,' holding in his hand a superb gold watch, which he was showing, with no little ostentation, to the by-standers. The sheriff walked over, mingled with the company, and as he was personally unknown to the owner, was permitted to examine it. No sooner had he got it in his hand, however, than he slipped it into his pocket, remarking that he took it on an execution, and that it would be sold at public vendue at such a time and place. At the appointed time, the watch was put up at auction; and while it was passing from hand to hand among the crowd who expected to bid for it, the owner entered slyly, and when it came near him, requested permission to examine it: it was passed into his hand, and thence into his pocket; whereupon he retired, without exciting observation. The sheriff was completely 'done;' for in the trial which ensued, judgment, so it is recorded, was rendered against him! By the way, speaking of law-officers and of law, we are every day reminded of the justice of our comments, not long since in these pages, upon the useless forms and needless tautology which are permitted to lumber our legal learning. The revised proof-sheets of a standard law-book, the 'Supreme Court Practice of the State of New-York,' are daily read in our hearing; and such remarks as the following, which we quote from one of them, are very frequent: 'This is not necessary to elucidate any other part of the declaration, nor indeed is it at all necessary, but is inserted merely in conformity with ancient precedents.' Common sense might naturally ask, if these foolish things are not necessary, why continue to perpetuate them in our legal documents? . . . THE following colloquy reaches us from a correspondent at Portsmouth, New-Hampshire. It involves rather a trenchant thrust at intolerant religionists, who believe that all other sects or denominations of Christians are wrong, and that they alone are right:

THE BIGOT AND THE SHAKER.

'SALVATION is of us,' the bigot cried,
 Accept, and live! or perish in your pride!
 Salvation is of Us—*We* are the Church;
 Seek Heaven here, or else give up the search.'

'How many, Reverend Sir, are on your roll,
 Of all earth's millions, spread from pole to pole?'

'Why, one in twenty thousand, less or more,
 Is seeking Heaven through ours, the *only* door.'

'If none are saved but you, and all else damned,
 Then Heaven runs no risk of being crammed;
 But of those few who form your congregation,
 How many souls are certain of salvation?'

'Not one in five, succeeding in his search,
Finds a new heart, repents, and—joins the church :
Which proves th'innate depravity of Man
Beyond a doubt—gainsay the fact who can !'

'Art married?'

'Yes, thank God! I have a wife,
And ten dear children, blessings of my life!'

'Oh, worse than brute! slave of unhallowed lust!
Against such odds to raise up souls from dust.
Does not thy conscience smite thee, thus t' have given
Eight souls to Hell, and only two to Heaven?
If human nature be indeed so base,
Why do you thus perpetuate the race?
Either the doctrines taught by thee are evil,
Or thou art but a pander to the devil.
Oh, how can peace within thy bosom dwell,
Recruiting sergeant to the ranks of Hell!
Go then, enlarge your scheme for man's salvation,
Or else, in God's name! cease your propagation.'

Perthmouth, N. H.

J. K. Jn.

THERE is much good reading in the '*Tale of Fashionable Life in New-York*,' but several of the incidents may be found in '*The Marriage of Convenience*,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER by our esteemed contributor, 'F. E. F.' The heartless villain introduced in the second chapter, reminds us of the shrewd remarks of an acute observer of the world, touching the like bland personages who infest it: 'Always suspect a man,' he says, 'who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description; as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.' . . . THE following advertisement is clipped from a Boston daily journal:

THE SLEEPWAKER.—The Sleepwaker, a tale from the German of HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

'There are more things in heaven and earth.'—HORATIO.

'Than are dreamed of in your Philosophy.'—HAMLET.

'Just published and for sale by J. MUNroe AND COMPANY, 134 Washington-st.

d24'

HAMLET's remark, standing alone by itself in the foregoing quotation, has something very definite about it! Altogether, we suspect the 'rendering' would have surprised STEVENS or MALONE. It is a better 'reading' however than some of Mr. HUDSON's. . . . 'L. V.'s '*Conversational Quandary*' involves a good lesson, but the whole thing is *over-written*; a fault with many persons who send us their communications, which for this very reason fail to find a place in our pages. Our correspondent has our thanks, however. His experience, we may suppose, has taught him to regard this rule hereafter: 'Always look at those you are talking to, never at those you are talking of.' The advice of Bishop WARBURTON, too, should not be lost upon him: 'If you want to recommend yourself to a man of true greatness, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of *you*; if your object is to please a mediocrist, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of *himself*.' . . . A FRIEND mentioned to us the other day an anecdote of WASHINGTON, which is so characteristic that we cannot resist the inclination to record it here. When the GENERAL and Mrs. WASHINGTON were living in Franklin-square, not far from what is now the music-store of Messrs. FIRTH AND HALL, they were accustomed frequently to ride out together in a small open carriage. As they were about setting forth one day, WASHINGTON discovered a group of mischievous boys gathered about a poor washer-woman, who was seated upon the steps of a dwelling, and annoying her with petty tricks and taunting expressions. WASHINGTON stepped from his carriage, approached them, and with impressive

dignity reproved them for their wanton conduct. He inquired the residence of the poor woman, assisted her into his own carriage, giving her a seat by his side, and himself drove her to her humble habitation, which chanced to be in the direction whither he and Mrs. WASHINGTON were going. In endeavoring recently to comply with the request of a friend in the Orient, to furnish for a distinguished Russian prince an autograph (among other eminent Americans) 'of the great and good WASHINGTON,' we were enabled, through the kindness of an obliging friend, Hon. Recorder TALLMADGE, to transmit the following letter, addressed by Gen. WASHINGTON to his father, Major TALLMADGE, a distinguished officer in the American army:

'DEAR SIR:

'Head-Quarters, Bergen County, 11th July, 1780.

'As we may every moment expect the arrival of the French fleet, a revival of the correspondence with the CULPERS will be of very great importance. If the younger cannot be engaged again, you will endeavor to prevail upon the older to give you information of the movements and position of the enemy upon Long-Island; as, whether they are all confined to the post at Brooklyn, or whether they have any detached posts, and where, and what is their strength at these posts; in short, desire him to inform you of whatever comes under his notice, and which seems worthy of communication. You will transmit your letters to General HOWE, who will forward them to me.

'I am Dear Sir

'Your most obedient serv^t.,

'MAJOR TALLMADGE.'

'G^d WASHINGTON.

'P. S. Desire him to attend particularly to the provision which they are making of wood and forage, and whether they drive any stock within their lines.'

The object of the pregnant inquiries in the postscript will be readily appreciated. In another letter to Major TALLMADGE, the GENERAL desires him to ascertain from the CULPERS whether the enemy were making up thin or thick clothing for the soldiers; a sufficient indication of their destined movements, to the north or the south. A wise *forecaste*, in the minutest matters, was one of the most striking characteristics of WASHINGTON's mind. . . . It was our purpose to have been at Schenectady, at the 'commencement' of 'Old Union,' and to have mingled once more with the members of the Society whose badge we are proud to wear: but the fates forbade. We have been compelled to content ourselves with the perusal of a glowing record of the proceedings. Among these, the address of the Hon. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL, member of congress elect, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, has most favorably impressed us. It commences with a historical picture, which in its *word-painting* reveals the spirit of a true artist; and indeed, throughout, aside from the valuable lessons inculcated, this characteristic of the orator's mind is apparent. It is an admirable address. . . . Is there not a good deal of philosophy, as well as common sense, in the following stanzas? It 'strikes us so:'

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

WHEN at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine.
That Heaven in kindness gave the grape
To cheer both great and small;
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone.
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own;
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man,
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse
Remember, lest you fall,
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward foe, Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand,
And know, whate'er befall,
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

RIGHTLY gladly, did opportunity serve, would we accept of the invitation so cordially tendered by a correspondent who writes us from Prairie Ronda, Kalamazoo county, Michi-

gan : 'Quit the brick-and-mortar of the great city, and come out into the fields on this side the Great Lakes, where you may look upon the sea of level plain which greets the eye on this, the largest prairie of Michigan ! Rouse yourself from the antique arm-chair, the semblance of which, on the lilac cover of your precious monthly numbers, shadows forth a degree of ancient Dutch comfort, not often to be met with in this modern innovating Yankee world : take your gun, fishing-tackle, and a well-trained setter ; and when you have packed yourself and appurtenances on board the car, and have fairly lost sight of antiquated Albany, then you have passed the *troubles* of a tour to see the Prairie Country, and its wide scene of waving crops. You are well known, 'Old KNICK,' even here among the cabins ; and my vrow, who wears the full round face which points back to her parentage in the valley of the Mohawk, will extend you a welcome ; not with the well-measured words of the lips alone, but gushing free and frankly from the heart ; and our own 'little KATE,' 'short her 'teens' some six summers, will place the live coal on your pipe, when you wish to recreate your fancy by inhaling the fragrant weed of Virginia. We will point you to the thick woods, where you may, if your nerve is steady and your eye true, bring down the 'branching antlers' of the fleet-footed deer ; and when you are wearied, and your 'destructiveness' is satisfied with this game of 'size,' we will then turn you and your setter loose upon countless numbers of the 'prairie hen,' and it will joy us to hear you say that this bird of the west is appreciated by your taste as superior to the grouse of Long Island. When your fancy thus inclines, we will *skiff* you out on the surface of a lake a mile in length, and there bait you a hook, which if rightly tended, will enable you to transfer a spotted pickerel or wide-mouthed bass from the element in which he has so long preyed upon his species. And when you have practiced the cruelty of the hook upon the finny tribe to satiety, we will get you to note the purity of the water of the lake, by running out a line with a peeled potato and stone to sink it, to the depth of thirty feet, and hear you swear that the *potato* is not beyond your own length from the skiff. Pledge yourself to visit us, and we will promise that you shall receive the most considerate attention.' Not a doubt of it, friend 'J. C.' We wish there was as little, that we should ever be able to gain time to accept your most grateful invitation. However, *nous verrons*, as was remarked 'on one occasion,' by that excellent father of our fraternity, the venerable RICHIE. . . . 'Will Putty Explode ?' is a very good satire upon the vast amount of twattle that has recently been expended upon what is now generally termed 'The Saltpetre Question,' which has grown out of speculations concerning the cause of the violent ravages of the late fire. The most sensible exposition that we have seen upon the subject, is a brief letter from Mr. JAMES J. MAPES, one of our most distinguished chemists, taking the affirmative side of the question of explosion, under certain circumstances. His views have been sustained, we have remarked, in several instances, by examples cited, and arguments adduced (as we infer, from internal evidence, by Mr. CHARLES KING) in the 'Courier and Enquirer.' . . . FRENCH translators of English or American works encounter a little difficulty now and then in rendering the foreign titles into their vernacular. Mr. PAULDING's 'Dutchman's Fireside' is entitled in the translation, '*Le Coin du Feu d'un Hollandais, ou Les Colons de New-York, avant L'Independance.*' The same writer's 'Westward Ho !' has gone to his French readers under the title of '*A L'Ouest !*' Let us hope the text is more literal. . . . THE obliging correspondent from whom we derive the following brilliant lines, which excel even DRYDEN's 'dedications' in exquisite hyperbole, says in his note accompanying them : 'I enclose for your valuable Magazine an instance of self-taught poetic talent rarely to be met with, even in the nineteenth century. Nature, in her various developments of human genius, sometimes astonishes us in the liberal distribution of her richest gems ; where, from humble circumstances, rude habits, and untutored examples, we should have looked for little more than the effusions of mediocre intellect. The ensuing beautiful lines, however, will be considered as a choice specimen of her bounty conferred on a peasant named ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM, whose inimitable poetic powers inspired him to select, in the fertile fields of poesy, a garland for his rustic brow which would have adorned the head of a MOORE or a BYRON. There are three more of his love-elegies

which I shall forward to you should you insert the enclosed.' We shall be exceedingly happy to hear farther from Mr. SHUFFLEBOTTOM, ('Phœbus! what a name?') and accept with grateful thanks the offer of our correspondent:

AN ELEGY ADDRESSED TO DELIA.

BY ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

YE sylphs, who banquet on my DELIA's blush,
Who in her floating locks of gold repose,
Dip in her cheek your gossamery brush,
And with its bloom of beauty tinge the rose.

Hover around her lips on rainbow wing,
Load from her honied breath your viewless feet;
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the Spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

Ye gnomes, whose toil through many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To ripen in the sun of DELIA's eyes.

And ye who bathe in Ætna's lava spring,
Spirits of Fire! to see my love advance;
Fly, salamanders, on asbestos wing,
To wanton in my DELIA's fiery glance.

She weeps! she weeps! her eye with anguish swells;
Some tale of sorrow melts my feeling girl;
Nymphs! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, embryos of the orient pearl.

She sings! the nightingale with envy hears,
The cherubim bend from their starry throne;
And motionless are stopped the attentive spheres,
To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, DELIA, cease! for all the angel throng
Listening to thee, let sleep their golden wires;
Cease, DELIA, cease that too surpassing song,
Lest, stung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy! — cease, DELIA! lest my soul
Enwrap, already thinks itself in heaven,
And bursts my feeble body's frail control!

WE spoke recently of Messrs ACKERMAN AND MILLER, and of the great skill and good taste exhibited by them in the art of ornamental sign and banner-painting. We have lately examined other specimens of their talent, which seems to us to deserve at least a reference. The banners which impressed us most favorably were, 'The Mariner's Division of the 'Sons of Temperance' Society,' the 'Brooklyn Operative Masons' Benevolent Society,' and the 'Past Grand-Master's Society of New-York.' If any of our readers desire to 'see signs,' or to emblazon upon banners the emblems of the societies to which they belong, they will evince their taste and good sense by dropping in upon Messrs. ACKERMAN AND MILLER, Nassau near Ann-street, who have no superiors in their line. . . . THE 'Report of the Primary School Committee to the Board of Trustees of the Public School Society of New-York,' on '*The Use of Seats without Backs*,' is a very able paper, and meets, we are glad to perceive, with warm acceptance. Thanks to the benevolent spirit that has at last sought to relieve the sense of weariness of boys who 'turn and turn yet find no rest' on their backless seats, by proposing a substitute, which should find a place in every school in the country. . . . WE do not often meddle with politics; but as we shall not violate the neutrality of our Magazine by the relation of a political anecdote, have the politeness to

hearken to the following. There is a county in one of our far-western states which numbers just four whigs. In this county the people are extravagantly fond of military display, and several companies meet at stated intervals, for the purpose of drilling and for field-exercise. One of the aforesaid whigs is commander of one of the most popular of these companies; and the manner in which he directs the movements of his political opponents in the ranks is really quite 'a caution.' For example, in the evolution which requires a pivot-man, around which a platoon turns, he selects for the 'turning-point' a fellow whig, whom he places where it is pleasant standing, while at the other extremity of the pivot he stations the fattest of his loco-foco friends, where they have to do all the walking in the hot sun, and finally are obliged to halt just on the ridges of the stumps of the sugar-cane! Odd 'persecution for opinion's sake' this! . . . We would call the attention of our metropolitan readers to *Madame Hix's Boarding and Day-School for Young Ladies*, at Number Four, Carroll-Place, Bleecker-street. Madame Hix and assistants are accomplished French ladies, who are most favorably known to families of the first distinction among us. Her establishment is of the highest order, and her courses of instruction embrace every department of education necessary to an accomplished female. A knowledge of the language of the 'grand nation,' it may be well to remark, may here be acquired to perfection; for French, being the language of the family, is the language of the establishment. We can commend, with entire confidence, this excellent school to the attention and patronage of our citizens. . . . THERE was a very severe night-storm lately on the Hudson, in which two or three steam-boats were placed in temporary peril. A rather exaggerated account of the terrors of the scene, in a metropolitan daily journal, has given rise to a burlesque description, by a Brooklyn paper, of a similar scene on board one of the East-river ferry-boats. The sea-terms of the writer we believe are strikingly correct: 'The force of the wind may be imagined, when it required two of the strongest men to prevent the hair from being blown from the captain's head. Gradually the vessel neared the shore, and still the wind increased. The consternation in the ladies' cabin may be imagined but not described. In the gentleman's cabin affairs were little better. Huge spit-boxes rolled from side to side with fearful velocity, and the cries of agony from those they struck, convinced the rest that the vessel could not stand the gale much longer. Orders, we understand, were given to close-reef the poop, but this could not be accomplished, for no sooner would a man show his head above the wood-work, to man the poop down-haul, than it left his shoulders bereft of every thing!' . . . WHAT a glorious thing English justice is, is n't it? We see, by late arrivals, that three or four female children, of tender age, were recently confined night after night in chains, and finally sentenced to prison, for stealing coals of the value of one half-penny! We observe, too, that a 'tall, able man, of decent appearance,' was 'collared by two constables on duty' and conveyed to prison, for attempting to hand a letter to the Duke of WELLINGTON, as he was going into the House of Lords. The presence of mind of the brave hero (who was about to 'give it up as a bad job' at Waterloo when the Prussians came up and decided the fate of the field) on the present occasion is very remarkable: 'His Grace appeared for a moment slightly flushed, but paid no attention to the circumstance; and seemingly unconscious of any thing unusual having occurred, gave his orders to his groom, and walked into the house.' Could anything be more sublimely merciful! . . . SOME eastern editor remarks, that he came near bursting with laughter, to see a drunken man trying to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign, which he mistook for a pocket-handkerchief. We were greatly 'exercised' in the same kind, with our contemporary, by seeing the other day a drunken fellow twisting himself round an awning-post, looking with maudlin lack-lustre eyes at a city rail-road car, which he beckoned with many irregular gestures to come up to the side-walk. The car kept on, however; and as the disappointed inebriate shook his fist at the conductor, he said, D—n the 'busses!—how cursed in-de-pen-pen-dent! I'll fix 'em, d—n 'em! if I live till to-morrow!' . . . A LADY-contributor at the west, whose long communication we had no time to read and notice in our last number, says that the Editor's Table of that

issue was not as good as usual — in fact, rather poor. 'Who deniges of it, BERRY PAIG!' The truth is, we never look over the *Salmagundi* of our own department, without wishing, not only for our own but especially for our readers' sakes, that it were vastly better. But yet, after all, we 'do the best we can, and the best can do no more.' Dear Madam! it is dreadfully hot, and oppressively sultry! 'Sensible' drops of water exude from the hand that writes this, and chase each other down upon the paper. Think on these things, and 'pity and forgive' mistakes, dulness, and 'things of that sort!' . . . We have received a catalogue of the pictures 'by the old masters,' to be sold at the late residence of JOSEPH BONAPARTE at Bordentown. We cordially endorse the sentiments of the '*Commercial Advertiser*' in relation to this matter: 'It was given out that they were going to Europe, to be sold; and various scribes were afflicted at the thought of their leaving America. 'They should be purchased and retained, at almost any price,' was the cry, 'for the support and encouragement of the divine art in our country.' For ourselves, we cannot very well see how the art is to be encouraged by paying thousands of dollars for a set of pictures painted by men who have been dead for ages. The true way to encourage art is to put money in the lank purses of the artists; of the living, working men who have house-rent to pay, and wives and children to feed and clothe, and provision to make for sickness and old age. A thousand dollars expended in this way will do more for art than ten thousand lavished on 'old masters,' many of which have little beside their age and their names, genuine or fictitious, to recommend them.' True, every word of it! By the by, a very pleasant paragraphist in the '*Evening Post*' gives a graphic sketch of the manner in which pictures 'by the old masters' are sold at evening-venue in this city. Hear the auctioneer: 'SHENTLEMENS, you sees the two old masters. Wat do I hear for the old masters!' 'Three shilluns.' 'Three shilluns!' and the poor varlet would fain have escaped the indignant glance of the veteran, but

'He holds him with his glittering eye,'

while he expatiates upon the enormity of bidding 'three shilluns' for a RUBENS and a DA VINCI. But said the victim, 'They aint genuine, I don't think.' 'But three shilluns wouldn't pay for the lamp-black they've got on 'em,' interposed another. 'Well,' added a third, 'if Der Winci and Rubbins painted sich looking things as them, Der Winci couldn't a-been no great shakes, nor Rubbins nuther;' and the decision of this last critic was not far from a correct one. . . . ONCE more the PARK THEATRE is to be 'itself again.' The 'players be come;' CHARLES KEAN, and that matchless actress, ELLEN TREK, his wife, among the rest. We are to have opera, too; and beside an eminent *prima-donna*, and a celebrated tenor, we are, better than all, once more to hear the deep mellow tones of our friend BROUH's voice resounding on the stage; which he re-visits temporarily, by the by; adding the vocal to his busy commercial pursuits, for a time, in order to help the worthy manager out of a little dilemma, brought about by a disappointment in his late foreign recruits. Now will OLD DRURY 'look up, and seldom be seen at night,' 'like NIOBE, all tiers.' . . . HERE is the reply of a female witness at a recent trial in Paris of a wife for the murder of her husband. In answer to a question upon the usual deportment of the accused toward the deceased, she said, with perfect gravity, 'He loved her so well, that you would not have believed she was his wife.' This is as characteristic as the commendation of a father's morality, recently quoted by our correspondent Mr. STORROW. . . . Who is he who writes the '*Letters from the Midland Counties of England*' in the '*Commercial Advertiser*' daily journal? He is a rare limner, be he who he may. Observe well this picture of a cockney 'commercial traveller' upon the road. We scarcely remember any thing from the pen of DICKENS more closely *vraisemblable*:

'Is he not the very sublime — the consummation of modern aristocracy? As perched high on the box of his gig; his legs thrust down stiff and straight; his fashionable hat stuck on his head, and a bunch of curled hair projecting from the other side; an eye-glass peeping from the pocket of his vest; his shirt, his cravat, and his fingers radiant with 'Brummagem.' Is not this aristocracy? Mark him now! There are two ladies heaving in sight, strangers to him; what matter! They are

alone, and he will bow to them; gently he disengages the glove from his right hand, for those fingers are blazing with rings; one slight twist of the projecting hair aforesaid; a *testle* adjustment of the hat; a shake of the head to bring the shirt-collar quite right. They come nearer: he takes the whip from its place, and with the finished air of a perfect dragoon he cuts in twain an unfortunate fly that had rashly alighted on his horse's ear; the whip is replaced, his glass is fixed in his eye, his chin is elevated in air after the most approved fashion, and with the eye which is not glazed he examines the advancing strangers, commencing at the same time to hum loudly an opera tune; his unabashed eye quails not, although he sees how disagreeable is his scrutiny. They approach; his fingers are elevated to his lips; how gracefully he flings that kiss! His rigid body bows to the foot-board; 'Mawring, ladies!' he ejaculates, and the females walk on, indignant at what they call, in their unsophisticated ignorance, his impertinence. 'Be-you-tifful creochurs!' sighs our bagman, and drives on in the conviction that he has impressed them with the belief that he is a gentleman!

'*Running a Land Blockade*' is under consideration. Some of its incidents remind us of a trick played by a wag who, before the working of the saline springs of our own State, made it a business to smuggle salt from Canada into 'the States.' One day, having got wind that he was suspected, he loaded his bags full of saw-dust, and drove past the tavern where the excisemen were waiting for him. He was ordered to stop, but he only increased his speed. At length he was overtaken, and his load inspected with many imprecations, after which he was permitted to pass on. A day or two after, he drove up again with a full load of salt, and asked, bantering, if they did n't want to search him again. 'Go on! go on!' said the excisemen; 'we've had enough of you!' . . . THEY have singular denominational distinctions in the west, among which the '*Hard and Soft Shell Baptists*' are most remarkable. We believe there is about the same difference between them that there is between hard and soft shell crabs. We learn from the '*Home Missionary*' that a '*Hard-Shell*' recently turned a '*Soft-Shell*' out of the church, because he had joined the temperance society, and would not admit that it was wrong. From the same journal we gather the following: 'As the Catholic priest of this place was returning home in the stage, a short time since, he stopped at Deacon C——'s, in a neighboring county, to dine. As soon as they sat down to the table, the priest commenced helping himself; when Rev. Mr. —, a Protestant clergyman present, remarked, that it was the custom of the family to ask a blessing upon their meals. 'Oh,' said the priest, 'let every man ask his own blessing!' and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to wait, until the divine blessing could be implored.' . . . THE fame of CHAPMAN'S razor-strop has penetrated to Spain. Observe: '*El Cuero Magico con piedra de Amolar del Senor CHAPMAN (de cuatro lados)* es un articulo cuya superioridad es reconocida por to do el mundo, y con el cual cada persona puede asentar sus navajas; y donde quiera que se halle, sea bien por mar, o por tierra, siempre tiene en su poder los medios de mantenerlas en perfecto orden.' Which being interpreted, meaneth, that '*CHAPMAN'S Magic Strop with Hone of four sides* is an article of acknowledged superiority, with which every person can set his own razors; and wherever he may be, either at sea or on land, is always in possession of the means of keeping them in perfect order.' Not vainly, it should seem, did we many years ago 'tell CHAPMAN to crow' . . . It is the custom, as we learn from an esteemed friend, in all parts of Scotland to send invitations, when a death occurs in a family, to all the neighbors to attend the funeral. On one occasion, a neighbor was omitted by the bereaved family, in the usual invitations, a feud having arisen between them. On the day of the funeral, while the people were assembling, the slighted 'auld wife' stood in her door, and watched the gathering. At length, unable to bear up under her resentment any longer, she exclaimed, 'Aweel! aweel! we'll ha'e a corpse o' our ain in our ain house some day! — see then who'll be invited!' What an exhibition of human nature! . . . '*Scenes at Church, External and Internal*,' remind us of an occurrence which a friend of ours mentions having witnessed at Washington, at the recent inauguration of our new President. While Mr. POLK was reading his address, there came in the pauses a voice crying in the wilderness of people around, 'Here's the inaw-geo-eral speech of JEEKS K. POKE, with a true and faithful picter of the same, a-takin' of his solemn oath! Here they aw-aw!' . . . THE '*Anglo-American*' weekly journal has presented its subscribers with a large and very fine engraving of '*Sir Walter Scott in his Study at Abbotsford*,' surrounded by numerous acces-

series of historical interest. We regret that the late hour at which we receive the plate permits of our interpolating into this page only these few words of well-deserved commendation. . . . How characteristic is the last letter ever written by the late THOMAS HOOD! It was addressed to Mr. MOIR, of Edinburgh:

'DEAR MOIR: GOD bless you and your's, and good-by. I drop these few last lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, on the brink of foundering — being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my unice-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear MOIR, Your's most truly,

'13th March.

THOMAS HOOD.'

We rejoice to perceive that a noble and substantial tribute is being paid to HOOD's genius in England. A subscription for the benefit of his family had reached the sum of six thousand dollars at the last advices. This is most creditable to the sympathies of the poor and hard-working classes, whose welfare the deceased had always at heart. . . . Let us introduce, with the present number, a sort of sub-gossip, under the head of '*A Few Brief Hints to those who will Understand Them*;' something like the surreptitious line on a newspaper-margin instead of a letter, to a distant correspondent. Thus: The beautiful poems of 'M. G.' at S. I., are filed for early insertion. — 'BYRONA' must address us in *propria persona*. She has awakened our curiosity. '*Part Cotton*' has a *title* to point a moral, but (as with some score and a half of other manuscripts, received from stranger-contributors during the oppressive weather of the last six weeks,) we have had no time nor inclination to explore beyond the first line of it. — OUR friend 'TOM' has it in him, but it has not yet come out of him. He has wit, an observing eye, and some facility of versification. But why don't he *revise carefully*? His first effort had better *material* than the second; but both are marred by inattention to correct measure. Some of his lines are too short, while others 'stick out a foot' or more. This will never do. — THERE are some important truths, well set forth, in close juxtaposition with not a few unimportant truisms, in the article of 'M. O. W.' on the '*Transcendent Excellence of a Genuine Republican Government*.' We shall consider his paper with more minute attention, when leisure shall serve. — IN looking over our contributor-letters, we are apprised that we have neglected to reply to 'H. A. C.' at Albany. His proposition is clearly impossible. 'Alone we do it,' and scarcely more from necessity than choice. The poetical favors of our correspondent 'bide their time,' with other waiting spirits. — OUR friend 'A. P.' of Arkansas shall hear from us at our earliest leisure, and not long after these lines shall have greeted him. The '*Conversation*' is filed for insertion. — OUR esteemed friend H. W. ELLSWORTH, Esq., United States' Charge des Affaires at the court of Sweden, will be in regular communication with this Magazine; and our readers may look for a series of admirable papers from this source. — It was quite impossible for us to avail ourselves of the polite invitation of the Principal of the Chester Academy. He will please accept our thanks for his courtesy. — The paper on 'American Poetry,' by 'J. K. Jr.,' has not been declined. It may and most probably will appear hereafter. — 'W. W.,' at Knatskill, will let us hear from him again, perhaps. — 'F. W. G.,' Philadelphia, shall hear from us anon. 'See ante,' for the causes of our delay. — The following articles, among others, await insertion: 'Benvenue;' 'Dream of the Wife of PONTIUS PILATE;' 'Eastern Sketches;' Marriage of MOHAMED ALI PACHA; 'Inscription on the Tomb of SHELLEY;' 'Lines written on a blank Leaf of the great Northern Iliad, the Niebelungen Lied;' 'Invocation to Death;' 'From Bacchylides;' 'Howe's Cataract Cave, Schoharie County;' 'Lines found in a Lady's Reticule;' 'Cloadee, or the Maid of Florida;' 'Indian War-Song,' by I. M'L., Jr.; 'The Prairie Cottage,' by Mrs. C. M. SAWYER, etc., etc. ☞ It has chanced that notices of several new publications (among them GOETHE's '*Essays on Art*,' 'The Housekeeper's Assistant,' EVEREST's '*Vision of Death*,' 'The Bridal Wreath,' two new Italian translations by Mr. LESTER, and a new work by Captain MARRIAT,) have, by a *mechanical* pressure known to printers, been crowded out of our '*Literary Record*.' They will appear in our next number.

LITERARY RECORD.—MR. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, has published the first complete edition of Mrs. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH's poetical writings, and in a style of great neatness and beauty. It is not necessary that we should enlarge upon the characteristics of our fair author's mind; for most of her productions, both in prose and verse, have attained an extensive circulation in the magazines and newspapers of the day, and are very generally appreciated as they deserve to be. Mr. GRISWOLD tells us in his preface (and Mr. GRISWOLD's taste in poetry is widely acknowledged) that the simplicity of diction and pervading beauty and elevation of thought which characterize 'The Sinless Child,' stamp it as a work of genius, which appeals to the general heart. 'The Acorn,' although inferior in high inspiration, is by many preferred for its happy play of fancy and proper finish. Mrs. SMITH's sonnets, 'of which she has written many, have not yet been as much admired as 'The April Rain,' 'The Brook,' and other fugitive pieces, which are found in many popular collections.' Here are all her flowers and gems, however, presented to the public in a most attractive guise; and we can but commend them to the cordial acceptance of our readers. . . . THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE BROTHERS HARPER, since our last, are all note-worthy. One of their pleasantest issues is GRATTAN's '*Chance Medley*,' a concoction highly spiced and very savory; as is every thing, indeed, that GRATTAN touches. Who that has ever read his admirable '*Highways and Byways*' will ever forget the affecting story, 'La Vilaine Tête!' Of the new collection to which we have referred, it is enough to say, that the book is worthy of its author's reputation. The HARPERS have just published it, in the 'cheap form,' although on excellent paper. The same firm have also nearly ready a work of stirring interest, '*The Journal of the Texas Expedition to Mier*,' etc., by Gen. GREEN. It will comprise the narrative of the heroic exploits, perils and sufferings of that young but daring company. The perddy of SANTA ANNA and his minions; the invincible courage of the small band of Texans; and especially the story of their captivity in, and final escape from, the castle of Pérote, afford rich materials for interest, and invest the work with all the charms of a spirited fiction. The volume will be illustrated by some dozen engravings. The following have recently been issued from Cliff-street: '*Cosmos*,' being a Survey of the General History of the Universe, by HUMBOLDT, part one, printed in octavo, on fine paper, price only one shilling—cheap as it is excellent. *The Travels of Marco Polo*, edited by HUGH MURRAY; a very choice and curious production—a rare relic of the olden time; quaint, amusing and instructive. Dr. ABERCROMBIE's new '*Essays on Miscellaneous Topics*' have also lately appeared from the same press. '*The Duty of American Women to their Country*,' ascribed to the pen of Miss BEECHER, of Cincinnati, is a work deserving grave consideration from the female portion of American society. It addresses itself to the cure of many important abuses in our social system, as well as in the department of popular education. '*The Missionary Memorial*,' a work sustained by prominent literary and theological pens, is announced. In addition to its other attractions, it will comprise an original poem by JAMES MONTGOMERY. The embellishments are to be of a novel and striking character, being executed in oil colors, by BAXTER, the patentee, of London. The binding, we are given to understand, will be no less unique and splendid. . . . '*Bush on the Soul*,' a work to which we have already alluded, has recently been published. The learned author enters into a minute analysis of the various Scriptural terms, '*Soul*,' '*Spirit*,' '*Life*,' etc., and deduces from the whole the inference, that the soul is the man, existing in the full integrity of his being, and consequently with a spiritual body, which is necessarily implied in the very term '*soul*.' This is certainly a very decided advance upon all previous notions on this sublime theme; and so far as it is established, makes the grand position of the author in regard to the nature of the resurrection impregnable; namely, that it is the development of a spiritual body at death. The essay embraces, moreover, some novel and interesting discussions relative to the connexion between the soul and the processes of animal life, which commend themselves to the attention of the naturalist as well as of the theologian. On the whole, the volume develops a system of psychology which better answers the demands of the human intellect than any that has yet fallen under our notice. . . . GREELEY AND McELRATH's '*Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal*' promises to be even more valuable to the farmer than we predicted it would be. It is replete with a wide and useful variety, and is edited with untiring industry and consummate ability by that practical veteran agriculturist, JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq. In its numerous illustrations, paper and typographical execution, it is all that could be desired. The volume of '*Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties*,' by E. P. HURLBUT, Esq., should not be omitted in a notice of the '*Tribune*' publications. It is a volume for which there was a great and growing want, and that want it entirely supplies. . . . Mr. SUMNER's ORATION on '*The True Grandeur of Nations*' will receive proper attention in our next. We had written an incidental notice of it, in connection with the lines on '*War*,' on a preceding page, but we have been compelled to

compress our matériel so much, that it is of necessity crowded out. . . . AMONG the recent volumes of Messrs. WILEY and PUTNAM's 'Library of Choice Reading' are 'The Crock of Gold,' by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, HAZLITT's 'Characters of SHAKESPEARE,' and 'Prose and Verse,' by THOMAS HOOD, in two volumes. . . . Mr. COLMAN, Boston, has in preparation two volumes of almost matchless beauty, intended for the 'presentation season.' The first is '*The Floral Year*,' a 'Bouquet of Flowers,' painted by an artist, and illustrated by good poetry; the second, '*The Flower-Alphabet*,' edited by Mrs. F. S. OSGOOD. Each letter of the alphabet will be illustrated with a verse, and embellished by a flower, the whole printed in gold and colors. The specimens we have seen of the execution are very beautiful. . . . MESSRS. PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, have published in a handsome volume '*The Challenge of Barletta*,' an historical romance of the times of the MEDICI, by D'ASCOLIO; translated by our consul at Genoa, C. EDWARDS LESTER, Esq. The work is spoken of in the preface as 'the best in the Italian tongue,' and the translator seems to have had the greatest delight in rendering the 'beautiful creation' into the rude speech of the North. . . . A VERY charming thing is '*Fanny Fairfield, or the Ruined Village Peetom*,' a tale by Prof. WILSON, recently published by REDDING AND COMPANY, Boston. Read the story *through*—and if you 'have any tears to shed,' prepare to let them flow while perusing the last four pages, for flow they will, despite all your precaution.

*, We have received, under date of 'London, August 3,' a note from Mr. CHAS. A. BRISTED, author of the paper on the 'Modern Poets and Poetry of England,' in our June number, to which, as an act of simple justice, we give the earliest possible insertion. The writer says:

'Some extraordinary mistakes have been made in publishing a communication of mine which appeared in your June number. I do not allude to the errors in proper names and classical quotations, which I am willing to attribute to my bad hand-writing* rather than your proof-reader's carelessness; but to a statement which seriously endangers my character for truth and honor. I find a poem of TENNYSON's prefaced by the assertion that 'it was communicated by Mr. C. A. BRISTED, who had been permitted to read it in the author's manuscript.' I did not read the poem in the author's manuscript; I have not the honor of his acquaintance; and I am unable to recall to mind a syllable of my communication, from which such an inference could have been legitimately drawn. I expressly stated that the lines in question had been printed, but subjoined as a reason for your reprinting them, that they were not generally known to the American public. By what I must call the culpable negligence of some one connected with your periodical, I find myself exposed to the odious imputation of having been guilty of a most dishonorable action—that of sending surreptitiously to a publisher lines which I had been permitted to read in manuscript by an author.'

We give our correspondent the full benefit of this statement, and doubt not that his impressions are only just to himself. At the same time, we beg leave to state, that we distinctly recollect that the introduction of the poem into the article in question (for it seemed an after-thought of our contributor, since it came in at the end of an elaborate consideration of Mr. TENNYSON's writings,) was accompanied with the remark, that our correspondent had read a manuscript copy of the poem, and that as it had never appeared in America, it would prove of interest to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. In this recollection we are confirmed by our publisher; as on a hasty perusal of the article at the publication-office, we remarked, in his hearing, that we were gratified at this circumstance, and added, that the paper in which it appeared being very long, we should transfer the poem to our 'Original Papers.' We immediately separated the piece, with its introductory remarks, from the main article, therefore, and when it was afterward inserted among our 'Original Papers' prefixed what we had *inferred* to be a brief statement of the facts at the head of the poem. We were *wrong* however in inferring that our correspondent had derived the lines from the *ms.* of Mr. TENNYSON, although such was our supposition at the time. We were wrong, too, in supposing that they had never been published in England; although it was our impression that this fact was not stated by our correspondent. We had perused the latest English edition of Mr. TENNYSON's poems, and had been an habitual reader of all the English periodicals, yet we had never seen, nor have we yet found any one among us who *had* at that time seen, the poem to which we allude. The article was confessedly written and despatched in great haste; and this circumstance, taken in connection with a rapid perusal, and a hasty segregation of the poem in question from the remarks which introduced it in the review, reveals the cause, and must constitute our apology, for so vexatious a mistake.

* Nothing could be worse, where it should have been the best. — PROOF-READER.

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THE SERMON

HEARD IN A DREAM, AND NOW PREACHED TO THE SOMNAMBULISTS OF THE WORLD.

FEAR God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.—SOLOMON. God is LOVE.—St. JOHN. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—JESUS.

THESE three passages from Holy Writ, the first uttered by the wisest man under the old dispensation, the second by the beloved disciple and most pious apostle of the new, and the third by that Great BEING, who created and redeemed them both, I have chosen, dear friends, as the starting-point for a few earnest words to you this morning. Viewed in their true connection, and followed out in their plain deductions, they form a full code of law; a perfect chart of life. From these beautifully brief statements and injunctions it appears, that to *fear* God truly is to *love* him; and to love God truly is to love *all* his creatures. Reversing the order, it is clear that we do not love the creature truly, unless we love the Creator; and we do not truly love the Creator, unless we *fear*, that is, *revere* him, and keep, or strive to keep, *all* his commandments, whether written in the Bible with the pen of inspiration, or inscribed by his own finger on the tablets of the heart. Hence follows the 'Golden Rule;' that sublime and wonderful abstract of all the voluminous enactments of human law: for he who loves God with true, filial love, will love God's image with genuine brotherly affection; and, loving that image, he will never harm it, but treat it as kindly and justly as if it were another self. And never was any statute, written or unwritten, put forth by human sanction, that had equity for its basis and the welfare of man for its object, which did not in spirit run parallel with this 'new commandment.'

And while I wish this morning to shed on you, dear friends, the overflowings of my heart, I shall avoid all those dark, mazy points of doctrine, which have occasioned so much wrangling and bitterness among men. I never loved the thorns of theology, and have rarely seen any advantage derived from handling their prickly points. The mysteries

connected with the triune existence of Deity, with the foreknowledge of God, with the entrance of sin and permission of evil in the world, with the power and operation of the sacraments, and with the resurrection from the dead, are equally above the sphere of your understandings, and without the circle of your duties. It is not *your* business to decide on the coeternity and coequality of the persons in the Godhead: but it is *your* part to adore the Father, to believe on his Son, and to receive his Spirit into your hearts. It is not *your* business to pry into the decrees of your Maker, or strive to reconcile His prescience with your own free-agency: but, as you *feel* that you are free to act, and as you *know* what is your duty, and that your duty is His will, it is *your* concern to discharge that duty, and thus perform that will. It is not *your* business to ascertain how evil could first find entrance into a happy world, or sin infect its sinless inhabitants; but as you know, and know in bitterness, that sins and sorrows of all hues *have* settled, like plague spots, on this earth, it is *your* part to join in banishing those sins from your own lives and the lives of your fellow men, and in relieving the sorrows that follow in their train. It is not *your* business to discover how an outward sign can convey an inward grace, or how the reception of corporeal food can impart spiritual nourishment; but it is *your* duty to join in these rites with humble joy, in obedience to the commands of God, and in commemoration of your Saviour's dying love. Nor is it *your* business to know how Omnipotence can reassemble from the four winds the scattered elements of your clay dwellings: but it is *your* part so to live, and so to die, that when 'this mortal shall put on immortality,' the wings of angels shall expand from your renovated frames, and bear you to 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!'

Discarding, therefore, all these idle and perilous discussions, as suited mostly to those religious zealots, who are more anxious to be orthodox than pious, I have preferred throughout my ministry to dwell chiefly on those grand features in the christian system, which concern the daily life of him who would 'do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.' It is not that I appreciate less highly than others the importance of preserving in its purity 'the faith once delivered to the saints;' but I have observed that they who read the Bible in an humble spirit, and sincerely aim to carry out its precepts in their life, are sure to entertain an essentially orthodox belief. It is not that there should be no watchmen on the towers of Zion, to blow the trumpet when the enemy would assail her walls: but the experience of four-score years has taught me that the ceaseless 'blower of the trumpet' is less useful than he who walks through the streets, and penetrates the lanes and by-ways of the city, bringing balm to the spirits of the contrite, joy to the hearts of the desolate, and light to the eyes of the dying. But particularly now, when my race is almost run, would I raise my voice, so soon to be hushed in death, to counsel you once more on that great, practical, comprehensive doctrine, which, however disregarded in your lives, is perfectly obvious to you all. And here among these green leaves, still quivering with the breezes and wet with the dew-drops of the morning, and while the chiding birds are still raising their matinal anthems to their Maker, I would supplicate that great, good Spirit to impart such force and fervor to my words, that they may soothe and sober, may soften and subdue.

The texts which I have taken for my theme may very properly be remoulded as follows, and combined in one: 'I am love: and, little children, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love me and one another.' Now, dear friends, old men and middled aged, young men and maidens, do you doubt the truth of this assertion, the authenticity of this command? Oh, no! you cannot. For assuredly you believe there is a God. I know that there have been a few men, with great power of intellect and great depravity of heart, who, reasoning themselves into madness, have had the folly to doubt Him in secret, and bronzing their brows with audacity, have had the wickedness to deny Him openly; deny Him before men and angels; deny him in the face of day! But the key to their delirium is found in the words of King David: 'The fool hath said in his *heart*, 'There is no God.' ' In his *heart*, you see, not his *brain*; which means that those moral monsters, who would obtain oblivion of their past, and license for their future guilt, *wish* that there were *not*, but *know* that there *is*, a God. Some of them, perhaps worshippers of their own vain reason, have been given over to a just judicial blindness. And, indeed, I cannot think it possible, especially among the strange and thronging developments of modern science, that any mind, not entirely idiotic, can gaze on the wonders of the visible creation — a creation no less marvellous for its immensity than for the minute perfection of its details — a fabric so vast, so various, so complex, as to have been planned and executed only by an Almighty mind, without seeing it in every part impressed with the seal, and signed with the sign-manual of Jehovah! But, strong as is this proof, still more resistless is the evidence arising from the instinctive belief held by all nations, in good or evil dæmons, the spirits of the earth and air; their innate reverence for a something beyond and above them, which they believe all-powerful; and the perpetual and infinite yearnings of the heart for something greater, higher, holier than it can here attain. There is not, then, there cannot be one among you all, who has the incredible stupidity to doubt, or believing, has the audacious wickedness to deny, the being of a God. In truth, your belief is knowledge. You *know* that God lives.

Well, then, believing in God, do you believe that this holy volume contains his message and his laws? You *must*. Its truth is as strongly vindicated as the existence of God himself. Apart from the historic proofs, which cluster around it as thickly as around any record of the ancient world, it contains within itself the most overwhelming evidence of its divine origin. For, aside from the miraculous harmony, in letter and in spirit, that pervades all its pages, though composed at intervals of twenty centuries — aside from the rational connection, but super-rational magnitude of its scheme — a scheme no more to be conceived and completed by a man, than the plays of Shakspeare, or the principia of Newton, could have been written by a cradled child; aside from that union of simplest language with thoughts of overpowering greatness, such as throw all other writings entirely in the shade; aside from the pure spirit and comprehensive scope of its morality, with which no legal or social system of human invention can hold a moment's comparison; aside from all the miracles performed and prophecies fulfilled; aside

even from that marvellous 'Sermon on the Mount,' I will rest the inspiration of this volume on the Gospel of St. John alone. I ask no greater miracle. The love of genuine friends is strong, we know; still stronger is true conjugal affection; and strongest, and deepest, and tenderest of all is the love of the mother for her child. Yet anger or rivalry frequently separates dearest friends; the fondest spouses often become estranged; and even the mother, if unworthiness does not blunt her affection, yet finds it gradually lessened by the necessary course of nature and the silent lapse of years. But take these different classes of affection in their strongest and tenderest hour; grant them to be as permanent as life; yet where among all human writings shall we find aught recorded or imagined; where throughout all the walks of life shall we find any love, felt or feigned, so exquisitely tender, and expressed in language of such winning softness, such melting, subduing, overpowering sweetness, as in the Gospel of St. John? Look through the codes of all religions; read all the works of poetry and passion that have led captive the souls of men, and where do you find any thing at all comparable to this warm, deep, all-embracing, all-penetrating love? It seems to me that the most hardened worldling, the veriest scorner of the scorners, could scarcely peruse it in his better moments, without melting to tears. From first to last it is a union of sublimity with gentleness, so artless and so pure, at once so child-like and so God-like, that the finest spirits of all the world may be challenged to produce the faintest imitation. Such love exists, such love had existed, in no earthly bosom. Its unfathomable depth and infinite expansion could have place only in the heart of God.

It seems well, my friends, to dwell for a little on the *active* manifestations of God's love to you; for, with many of you, I fear, his *constant* care is only a matter of cold and general credence. While you believe as you have been taught, that it is only through God that you 'live, and move, and have your being,' yet, because you cannot see him with your eyes, and hear him with your ears, and feel him with your hands, and because you and all things around move on from no apparent agency but that of secondary causes, therefore you largely forget your constant and total dependance on his almighty hand. Yet it is true, dear friends, it is strictly true, that you are *entirely* and hourly indebted to him for your life with all its privileges and all its joys, both present and prospective. Some of you, it may be, think that this gift of existence forms no great claim on your gratitude. 'For,' say you, 'life is, at best, a boon of doubtful kindness; again, we asked not for the favor, and, if once bestowed, a wise and good Creator was bound by his own nature to make it a happy one.' But in the first place, life is *not* a boon of doubtful kindness, unless your own acts make it such; and even now, evil and bitter as you often make the days of your earthly sojourn, your joys are more numerous than your sorrows. Hope spans her rainbow over all your future; and for so possible inducement would you consent to the annihilation of your being, or even to the exchange of your identity. Life, therefore, in its worst aspect, is a blessing, and for life with all its blessings you are debtors to your Maker. But not only are you debtors for all that you *are*, but also for all that you *might have been*,

for all that you still *may be*. Because, all idle speculations about foreknowledge and fatality aside, you *know* that you are free to act, or to refuse your action. You also know that you were born with many seeds of excellence and germs of happiness, which your own exertions (assisted by the grace of God, always sure to coöperate with sincere and earnest effort) might cultivate and ripen into a harvest of virtue and pure delight, and which your own neglect might choke up and destroy with a growth of evil and afflictive weeds. *It was exactly as you chose.* You know, too, that the saints and patriarchs, the sages and genuine heroes of all time, the servants of God and friends of man, with whose names and deeds the echoes of the earth yet ring, attained those heights of holiness and that greatness of renown, only by their own unflinching courage. You were gifted with the same free-agency; you were endowed with a measure of the same capacities; and you, in your station, might have done the same with them. You are, therefore, indebted to your Maker for a favor as exalted as the highest eminence, to which your nature can climb, and as endless as the years of your eternal being.

But again. Gratitude to the giver implies a noble employment of the gift. It was, therefore, your duty to improve to their utmost all your capabilities of virtue, of knowledge, and of happiness, and in just the extent that you have neglected or abused them, in just that extent are you wickedly ungrateful. Whatever, then, might be said of the abstract necessity, imposed on the Almighty by his own attributes, of creating men for happiness, yet, after your first act of known and wilful sin, you were no longer entitled to one moment's kindness or protection. From that moment, every added hour and every permitted joy of life, was an added favor. How countless, then, are the mercies, how infinite the love, of your great Benefactor! You are debtors not only for innumerable benefits, undeserved, yet lavishly bestowed, but also for vengeance, long merited and long withheld. For what merit of yours, dear friends, or what attribute of his, save his own forbearing love, prevents the gentle breeze which now flows over this forest-sanctuary, playing with the ringlets on the cheek of childhood, and lifting the thin locks on the brow of age, from being converted by his breath into a wild tornado, 'winged with red lightning?' What merit of yours, or attribute of his, forbids the healthful beam of abused intelligence that now animates your eyes, from being changed into the awful light of madness? What merit of yours, or attribute of his, forbids him to withdraw from your seething passions the restraints of his grace, that the social system may be filled with fierce, convulsive life, and your freedom transformed to mad licentiousness, may rave over the land in the havoc of civil war and stormy revolutions?

You see, therefore, and know that every power and privilege you have, or *may have*, every joy conferred or misery escaped, is another unit added to your overwhelming debt. Shall I, then, insult your understandings by insisting that you are infinitely bound to requite this grace with gratitude, that is to say, with love? No. It is needless. You consider ingratitude from man to man as a great and shameful crime. And so it is; the basest, the blackest, the most unnatural in the

long catalogue of sins. It is below the level of the brute creation. How much more great, then, and more shameful the crime of ingratitude to God; more great and more shameful in the exact proportion that his kindnesses have been more numerous and vast! About your *obligation* you have no doubt. But the *practicability* of showing this gratitude, and feeling this love toward an invisible Being, is your difficulty. Yet nothing is easier, if you *will*. First, keep God's commandments. Begin at once. Strive to keep them *all*. This is gratitude. In the next place, dear friends, discharge all your social and civil duties, not because you are compelled by fear or by necessity, or by ambition, nor simply because your habit or your nature prompts it, but firstly and chiefly because God has so commanded. To many it seems a strange, hard saying, that for the performance even of their natural and daily duties the motive should be found mainly in a spirit of obedience to God. Yet this 'hard saying' is perfectly rational. For, my friends, consider. Good children discharge their various offices of kindness or of duty less from their own spontaneous impulse than from a spirit of love and obedience to their parents. Feeling themselves ignorant and feeble, they look up to these, their natural creators, with respect and confidence and love. Yet they are in the same scale of being, and only in a measurably lower grade of wisdom. Now, compared with Him whose children you are in a still higher sense, you stand not only immeasurably lower in the scale of intelligence, but also immeasurably lower in the ranks of being. How infinitely more rational then in this latter case that you look up with child-like awe to the laws of your Almighty Father, and that the *main-spring* of all your motions, the chief source of all your *particular* acts and sentiments, be this *general* principle of obedience to God, and the wish to secure His approbation and reward. If you thus keep God's laws, reducing your obedience to a habit, and meditate daily on His being, and thank Him daily for His goodness, you will soon have as full an assurance of His actual and hourly presence, as you now have of your own identity. And from this *habit* of obedience, and *practice* of active gratitude, and full *faith* in God's presence, a deep, warm, genuine feeling of gratitude and love will of necessity spring up. It is the natural produce of that soil.

Now, dear friends and copartners in the mystery of life, let me persuade you to practice toward one another, in your human measure, this Almighty Love. Although in your great model it is carried to a sublimity, which unaided reason could never have imagined, and sweeps round a circle, the immensity of which your fallen nature can never compass, yet this universal love is sanctioned by the conclusions of the one, and accords with the dictates of the other, in their better hours. For, apart from all the commands of God, your own native impulses, your instincts of right and wrong, teach you the duties of natural affection, of returning love for love, and of loving all those, *at least*, who have not injured you. Yet how often, how constantly, how largely do you fail even in these, your *natural duties*? Are there none who now hear me who care nothing for the great world, among whose wretched millions, ignorance, and sin, and sorrow walk up and down all day, all night; an infernal Trinity, with steps wide-wasting? Are there none, who, even in their

own narrow circle, turn a deaf ear to the misery, that stands crying at their doors? Are there no friends here who once broke the bread of kindness, and walked and talked in harmonious communion, but who now regard each other with jealous or malignant eyes? Are there no brothers, no sisters, who now live in cold estrangement, or fierce contention, forgetful of the pure, sweet days, when they moved hand in hand among the flowers of childhood, and the light hearts of the birds whose songs they loved, were no fonder, no happier than theirs? Is there no son, no daughter here, who shows no reverence and feels no affection even for a mother, who, of all things earthly, is entitled to both by the double right of her sufferings and her love? Is there no husband, who has learned to look coldly on the wife of his bosom, no wife, who has lost her devotion for the idol of her youth; unmindful both of the joy they had and hoped for; unmindful of the love they vowed at the altar? Have they then, so soon forgotten the hour, when they sat together in the twilight, embosomed in each other, thinking almost that they were angels imparadised in Eden; and, while the stars were glittering in the cold, bright sky, and the fire-fly shining on the warm, dark turf, felt their hearts dissolve in tenderness, and pledged that tenderness to continue as deep, and more permanent than life? Is it *all* forgotten?

Are there none here, who, affecting the heartless indifference of fashion, or the misanthropy of mad, misguided genius, glory in spurning the love of kindred, and bursting from the bonds of social kindness? And you think you are *philosophers*? You are not even *men*. Oh! ye, who think to throw off with impunity the laws of Nature, be assured that, however stoutly you may carry it for a time, she will at last assert her rights, and exact the long arrears! Ye who would burst from the bonds of social duty and natural affection, be sure that your gayety will soon exhaust its own blaze, and when sorrows come crowding upon you, you will be left with no stay without, no support within. Then, when you shall see the vanity of your wild delights, and the weakness of your boasted independence, your heart will turn upon itself and grow sick as death. You, who were so reckless of the feelings of others, and so lavish of your own good name, will feel in bitterness that after all your rash bravadoes, love is the very aliment of life, and the contempt or hatred of your fellows a burden too heavy to be borne. You, who thought it a manly thing to wound a mother's, a sister's, or a spouse's love, will find in after years, when they are sleeping in the grave, that the thought of your cruelty, your black ingratitude, will rise before you, like a spectre, in your noon-day walks, and lie down with you, a dread companion, on your midnight pillow. As your step grows heavier with age, that thought will press still heavier on your heart. You cannot shake it off. Your sin will be a portion of your history; its memory a portion of your being.

I have not been wont, my friends, to frighten you into religion. I love not to let my imagination revel in the horrors of that doom, which awaits the inveterate transgressor of God's law. I delight not to hold before your shrinking eyes the panorama of despair. I would not drive you with the whips of terror: I would draw you with the cords of love. Yet the motives to wise and timely action, to be drawn from the thought of our own destiny, are so powerful, that we may well regard that dea-

tain with sober fear. For, my friends, however awful that doom, it is natural, necessary, certain. In truth, it is so conformable with our innate sense of justice that crime should be punished *somewhere* more visibly and triumphantly than it is on earth, and it is so clear that they who have steeped their souls in wickedness while here, are unfitted for the pure society, and incapable of the love and joy of Heaven, that one would think we hardly needed Moses and the prophets, or Christ and his apostles, to assure us of the fact. But as they *have* made 'assurance doubly sure,' we may believe undoubtingly that 'as the tree falleth, so it lieth,' and so it will lie forever. I am not able, however, nor do I deem it useful to decide, whether among those 'many stripes' there be corporeal punishments. But as we know that all the pangs possible for the body are nothing to the agony that may rack the mind, so we may be certain, that 'the fire that is not quenched' is the ever-burning, yet unconsuming fire of passion, and 'the worm that never dies,' is remorse, pinned down forever, and forever writhing and turning on itself. And the chief fuel of that fire is the unquenchable flame of hatred and revenge, and the fiercest twinge of that undying worm is the pang of self-aborring shame for base ingratitude.

But the duty and the bliss of love have a wider range. You are commanded to love all men, even your enemies. This, my friends, is the hardest of all sayings both for your feelings and your practice. Some of your instinctive passions incite you to wrath and vengeance. Yet you have other instincts and principles opposed to these, and the teachings of experience and reflection tell you that love and forgiveness are better than hatred and revenge. Many of you in the heat of passion, and some with calm purpose, have retaliated for real or fancied wrongs; but you know that you never felt happier for your vengeance. In hours of cool reflection, and particularly after the object of your wrath had gone down to the silent grave, your conscience smote you for your childish resentment. And on the contrary, if ever, instead of returning wrong for wrong, you cordially forgave, and felt an unaffected sorrow for him whose injustice had wounded himself more deeply than it could possibly wound you, did you not feel an inexpressible peace of mind, a sweet and priceless self-approbation? I know you did. Why, even among savages, nurtured to the law of 'blood for blood,' forbearance and forgiveness, where there rests no suspicion of fear, are thought greatly noble. Why then do not you practice these god-like virtues? 'It is so hard,' say you. But it is *not* so hard. How often have individuals, classes, ay, whole nations subjected all their feelings to one master-passion? Some give up all to ambition; some to avarice; some to pleasure; some to knowledge; and some to their country. The Indian warrior trains his nature to such a pitch of pride and fortitude, that the most awful tortures shall not extort a single groan, nor disturb with one twinge of agony the composure of his high triumphant face. From the very dawn of history the devotee of the Ganges has subjected himself with unshaken calmness to sufferings from which we shrink with involuntary horror, and custom makes the Hindoo widow lie down as joyfully on her husband's blazing pyre as if it were the bridal bed. His habit and his will have disciplined the Russian serf to that iron passiveness

of valor, that like corn beneath the sickle of the reaper, he stands unmoved before the scythe of battle. And why should not love, which is 'stronger than death,' gain the same ascendancy over your other passions; particularly when it is made your duty by the law of God, and is productive of such delicious happiness; a happiness self-multiplying and eternal? Alas! my friends, you do not *wish*, you do not *try* to make love the master of your life. Even you, who profess to be Christians; you who commemorate by the most affecting symbols the love of Him who died blessing His revilers, do not *strive* to forgive, much less love your enemies, as He bade you do. You who have a thousand times more light, a thousand times more motive for self-conquest, do yet possess a thousand times less faith, a thousand times less energy of purpose, than the poor, blind, degraded heathen. Else why so much of private strife and public wrangling? Why else do you, and many even of your clergy, engage in contentions so fierce and wrathful for the sake of truth; as if, would you but cherish in yourselves and spread among your neighbors true charity of spirit and true holiness of life, God's pure doctrine would not follow in their train? Ah! pretended followers of Christ! When will the sceptic and the ribald cease to repeat in scorn the ancient exclamation of astonished Pagans: 'See how these Christians love one another?' When, oh! when will the children of earth sit peacefully together, as one great family, in the cool evening hour, and forgetting all bitterness, and jealousy, and wrath, gaze from their open doors on one another, and the mellow west, and the declining sun, with eyes as gentle, and hearts as warm and expansive as his beams?

My friends, there is not one thing so wonderful; not one of all the miracles and mysteries recorded in the Bible; not the creation of all things out of nothing; not the eternal existence of God himself; is so exceedingly marvellous as this very thing, which passes always before our eyes, which we ourselves daily practice; the omission of those things which we know are for our happiness, and the commission of those things which we know are for our misery. The former mysteries are beyond our sphere, and we can easily believe all things possible with Omnipotence. But that we who are gifted with reason to anticipate, and memory to recall the conclusions of experience; that we, who are subject entirely to the influence of motives, while all those motives tend of necessity to the ends of our own happiness; that we, whose deepest sense is the sense of individuality, and whose strongest instinct is the instinct of an unconquerable and innocent self-love; should constantly neglect those habits which are visibly *for*, and cling to those habits which are as visibly *against*, our happiness; and not alone our far-off everlasting happiness, which from its remoteness and obscurity might at times be forgotten, but our *immediate* happiness; our happiness of to-day, of to-morrow, and for all our earthly life; is indeed most strange, bewilderingly strange. Yet such the Bible teaches us is the nature of man, and such we know it is from the testimony of history and experience. Now, is there *nothing* to take from human action this suicidal impulse; nothing to lift from the human spirit this diabolic spell? Yes. One thing, one thing only. It is the power of early habit trained to walk in the path of religious duty, and trained by being nurtured in

the spirit of Christian love. And this love, brought from a *habit* to a *principle*, and aided by faith, its natural attendant, is the only motive-power in all the moral enginery of our world to lift men from their degradation ; the only possible disenchantment to counteract and scatter that awful, infatuating spell.

Therefore to you, ye fathers, and to you, ye mothers, I would speak. Train up your children in love. Teach them to love God, and you, and one another, and all men, and all things. Instruct them by the teachings of example. Display daily to each other that love, to which you are bound by natural duty and by your recorded oath. Encourage in them no spirit of rivalry, of jealousy, of revenge, and of false bravery, which is nothing but proud and stubborn anger. And you, little children, who are so happy when you are kind and friendly, cherish those feelings always. Be even tenderly respectful to your parents ; so shall your days be long and pleasant in the land. And you, young men and maidens, be sincere in your intercourse with each other. Trifle not with that affection which is the life of life. Let your attachment once formed be fond and faithful to the last. It is a holy thing. It is one link in that golden chain which encircles and binds together the universe of God.

And now, dear friends, dear countrymen and countrywomen, my fellow-travellers in this perilous and painful pilgrimage, could I induce you to embrace and practice this affectionate, this sublimely beautiful religion, I should leave you with exceeding joy. But alas ! if the preaching of Jesus had often but little effect on his hearers, and if his pure and perfect Gospel falls like a thrice-told tale upon your ears, my words must of course leave but a feeble impression, soon to be entirely effaced by the vanities and cares of life. For you have each your separate madness.

Yet, O beautiful girl, or elegant young man, giddy with the flattery of admirers, and dazzled by the glare of life, you may be as proud and heartless as you please, while the bloom is still fresh upon your cheek, and the light yet lustrous in your eye : but your intoxication is not happiness. And, furthermore, the bloom will soon fade from your cheek, and the lustre soon varnish from your eye ; and then after you have lived through dreary years with none to love you, you will at last lie down, shrouded in breathless darkness, and companioned by the crawling worm. For know you, oh ! beautiful lady and elegant young man, there is no vermifuge for the grave ; the worm reigns there lord-paramount ! But if your minds be imbued with this religion, *which is love*, your features will be always lovely with kindlings from within, and on your death-bed a glow, which is not of the earth, a glow reflected from the wings of angels, will light up the lineaments of your fading face.

Husbandman, imbrowned by thy toil of furrowing the earth and gathering in its harvests ; thou who movest amid the beauty and innocence of Nature ; thou who livest more visibly than others from the bounty of thy Maker, toil on, hope on, be happy, and be thankful ! Forget not that life is the seed-ground for eternity, and that thy decaying body will be laid one day like grain in the earth, to rise again hereafter in glory or in gloom.

Busy merchant, whose brain is filled with calculations of loss and gain ; who extendest thy gold-attracting web, till its meshes reach the limits of the globe ; barter not thy soul for lucre. Insure across life's perilous ocean *that* freight more precious than all thine argosies. Oppress not the widow ; plunder not the orphan ; be generously just : otherwise thy books when balanced at the final account, will show a fearful deficit. Thou wilt have *gained* ; nay, rather thou wilt in all senses, have *lost* the world, and lost also thine own soul.

Skilful physician, who hast studied so diligently the mechanism of the human frame, and traversed every kingdom of nature in search of herbs and minerals to heal its diseases ; forget not that thine own breast is a lazar-house of evils, the least of which is worse than the worst malady that can fasten on our outward life. Overlook not a panacea worth more than all thy boasted specifics ; the 'tree of life,' 'whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.'

Acute and scheming lawyer, whose brain is filled with obsolete or existing statutes, and whose wit is ever on the rack for some argument to promote, or sophism to defeat the ends of earthly justice ; knowest thou there is a code of earlier origin and more sacred claims ; the decalogue and its abstract in the 'Golden Rule ;' an eternal, overruling, universal law, by which thou wilt thyself be tried before the Court of Heaven at its last great audit, where thou canst enter no demurrer to delay the process, and where no legal quibble will enable thee to escape the final sentence ? If thou wouldst find favor before that court, live in accordance with its laws, and promote peace and good will among men, instead of fanning the embers of dissension into a blaze of strife.

Brave soldier, with thy glittering dress, thy waving plumes and lofty tread ; proud of thy laurels won by murder on the blood-stained field ; beat thy sword into a plough-share and join the army of the faithful. Engage in a nobler battle ; the battle of self with self. Combat the spirit of evil that stalks through the world, and dry up the tears that fall bitter and fruitless along his blighted track.

Great statesman, with the eagle eye and the commanding mind, who wouldst apply the experience of the past to the guidance of the present, and who wouldst bind communities together by the ties of human law and corporeal connections ; hast thou forgotten that those cords will part like scorching flax, before the fire of their infuriated passions ; that the only safeguard of lawful freedom is found in the spirit of love and obedience ; and that this spirit can be kept alive only by the religion of the Bible ? Infuse this religion, great statesman, into the spirits of thy people, and they will *all* rise, rise as one man, rise by their own inward impulse, to the summit-level of their nature, and walk to and fro on that lofty table-land, refreshed by the air of freedom and illumined by the light of knowledge !

Strike thy harp, proud Poet ! Evolve from the mystic organ of thy soul the harmonies that lift the mortal spirit, and thrill and shiver through the mortal frame ! Yet, without religion thou hast not caught one single note from 'the music of the spheres.' For that music, breathing love to God and love to man, is in unison with every pulse and every voice of universal nature, and all send up a ceaseless hymn of praise

and thanksgiving to the Lord of life. Ah, me ! thy bright and tuneful spirit will soon drop from its orbit, like a falling-star, and be quenched in the wide, dark ocean of eternity ! But wouldst thou now make thy heart and harp accord with the melodies of nature, thy voice would one day swell among the songs of angels, and thy harp be heard in the seraphic choir.

And thou, O man of science and worshipper of mind ! thinkest thou that knowledge is an equivalent for love, and reason for religion ? Build up, O mortal intellect, thy knowledge to the stars ! Raise thy Babel-tower of genius on thy pyramid of learning ! Pile, blind giant, pile thine Ossa upon Pelion ! Dive, mole-like, to the very centre of our earth-shell, and wing thy daring flight where the beams of sun or star have never illumined the black vacancy of space, or struggled through the embryon elements of chaos ! Thou hast ascertained the years of the earth's duration ; but hast forgotten the unending ages of thine own existence ! Thou hast discovered the magnitude of the sun and planets, but thinkest not of thine own spirit, with its just unfolding and immeasurable powers ! Thou hast computed the untravelled spaces that lie between those shining orbs, but hast never estimated the distance that separates thy soul from God ! Thou hast swept the face of Heaven with thy slow searching telescope, and descried new worlds embosomed in its depths ; but thy heart has never been warmed by beams from the central sun ; thine eyes will never be gladdened by the sight of the Eternal Throne ! Alas ! poor Polypheme ! thou hast reached thy hand to the sky, and bound thy forehead with a diadem of stars ; but thou hast thyself put out thine only eye ; thy doom is death and dissolution ; thine end is darkness and despair !

Ah ! friends, dear friends, our reason is our crowning glory ; but if unwarmed by love, and unillumed by faith, it is our deadliest curse. It then becomes a 'blind leader of the blind,' conducting us afar among the dark and frozen mountains ! Let us not then build up the intellect and destroy the soul. Let us rather then build up the soul, and the intellect will rise with it in pillared strength and fair proportions. Let us, the inheritors of light, remember and live by the purport of our texts : 'I am Love, and, little children, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love me and love one another.' We shall then be the heirs of Heaven, and enter on an existence in which soul and mind will move on together through endless ages, in infinite progression.

And oh ! how far above the grovelling desires and fettered apprehensions of this poor earth are the thoughts and feelings of that higher world ; where the brain shall be clouded by no fumes arising from the heart's volcano ; where the mind shall grasp like lightning, and the memory retain forever ! You who long for holiness, will there sin no more ; for you will meet with no more temptation. Your own bliss will surround you as with a muniment of rocks, and the love of God will be your everlasting safe-guard. You who yearn for love, will there gratify your largest wishes ; for love will flow all around you, like an ambient ocean. You who pant for knowledge, will there meet no impediment, and find no obscurity, and feel no weariness. God will impart to your intellects a portion of His own omniscience, and while

each present and each added faculty shall enlarge its powers to the capacity of angels, they will all each moment be replete to bursting fulness. What are now the heights of science will then be the mere alphabet of knowledge; and that which here is but a twilight-glimmer, will there be a noon-day revelation. Beneath your eye the history of the Universe shall lie outspread as on a map: the machinery that moves all worlds will be laid open like the mechanism of a clock to your delighted vision; and even the curious structure of the spirit shall be known unto itself. You will there, in short, be even as the angels, the first-born of creation, of whom the loftiest of bards has said:

'All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense.'

We do not know, but we may well believe, that senses and capacities entirely new will there be added to your being; fresh avenues of knowledge and of bliss be opened to your soul. Each wave of her wing will be the fluttering of a new-fledged faculty, and each throb of her heart the quickening of an embryo joy. There that poetry, the essence of all things lovely, which here is the occasional solace of your sorrows and refiner of your joys, will be the very air you breathe, and the very life you live. The sense of beauty and of grandeur will enter as an infusory element into every blissful enjoyment, and swell with unfettered expansion in each aspiring thought. The simple consciousness of being will be an ecstasy, that shall flow with animating impulse through each elastic limb, and saturate with immortal vitality each pore of your spirit. Every fibre of your ethereal essence will be a harp-string, quivering to unceasing music; each voice from the innumerable throng of your companions will awaken with melody the echoes of your ear; and each nascent emotion, as it rises in your heart, will be a new and sweet pulsation on the self-moved keys of a spiritual organ.

Ah! friends, dear friends and brethren, we know not what we are; we dream not what we may be. We are an imperishable portion in this universe of being, and the seeds of all divinity are in us. Dear friends, dear brethren, let us love God and love one another, that so our ever-growing destinies may glide in LIGHT and LOVE along the liquid lapse of HEAVEN'S eternal years!

PENSIEROSO.

Maryland, June 22, 1845.

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

O placid DEATH! O Lotus-circled King,
Father of Peace and endless slumbering!
With downy-sandalled pace approach me now,
And dash my lips and palpitating brow
With flagons full of cool Lethæan spray,
For I am weary of the light of day.
Or call to Sleep, thy mild dejected twin,
And when the saffron-tidèd Morn shall rise,
Wilt thou and he upon the healthy wind,
That blows from out her rosy balconies,
Waft me to those calm isles whose tribes obey
Sky-fallen Saturn's ever-peaceful sway!

ASTAROGA: OR THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

CANTO II.

I.

MORNING flung back her gray and purple veil,
 And with her glowing smiles lit up the sky,
 While far off in its azure depths did sail
 Rich fleecy clouds, of gold and crimson dye,
 Which from her wand transforming seemed to fly;
 And close upon the verge of heaven, there lay
 Cloud upon cloud, uprising broad and high,
 So near the fountain of the coming day,
 That back they mirrored every bright and varying ray.

II.

From every tree adown that rugged dell,
 All silvered over by the morning light,
 A heavy shower of glittering gems there fell,
 The wealth by heaven sent them yesternight;
 And shrub, and berry red, and flow'ret white,
 Bent low, as if to kiss the spangled soil;
 While all around was sparkling fresh and bright,
 All that the tempest's wrath did not despoil,
 Smiling as if forgetful of the late turmoil.

III.

Mellifluous music echoed through the wood;
 Up from its covert sprang the limping hare,
 The timid fawn peeped out in bashful mood,
 To gaze upon a scene so gay and fair;
 The merry sky-lark spread its light wing there,
 And blither warbled as it rose on high,
 The hum-bird woke to drink the rich pure air,
 And the bold hawk, with his still bolder cry,
 'Circling and wheeling, flew athwart the morning sky.'

IV.

Still IVAN woke not. On a lofty rock,
 That beetled o'er the angry flood, he lay,
 While his strange, fevered dreams seemed sent to mock
 The joyous freshness of the new-born day.
 Oh vain, vain man! that thy proud will should stray
 So from the fold of peace, and hope and bliss,
 To wild impulsive thoughts a willing prey,
 Seeking, yet from thee *fleeing*, happiness,
 Unheeding Virtue's voice which whispers 'This, 't is this!'

V.

Before him there a swollen river lay,
 Adown the rock-bound gorge in fury rushing,
 With new-gained power, descending in its way,
 In slight cascades; now foaming, leaping, gushing,
 All other sounds in its wild tumult hushing,
 And weaving many a light and snowy crest,
 And then the offering fantastic crushing,
 As if unmeet to grace the water's breast,
 Save in more placid hours, when it was more at rest.

VI.

And high upreared from out the river's bed,
While round its base the eddying waters swept,
Rose ASTAROGA's bare and time-worn head,
Parting the yielding waves beneath its shade,
Which to the listening hills their hoarse plaint made,
While the old rock took up their angry roar,
In thunders deep, that often were obeyed,
As spirit voices, which a message bore,
To the brave, superstitious men, that trod the shore.

VII.

Above, a silvery lake* its ripples spread
To the warm light that on its bosom glanced,
While weeping birch-trees o'er it bent the head,
And the thick foliage of the maple danced,
As if with its own loveliness entranced,
So truly mirrored in the depths below ;
The trailing vine along the crag advanced
Its dark green shadow on the lake to throw,
And the light graceful elm upon the verge did grow.

VIII.

Far down the glen two verdant hills upreared
Their beetling brows, and in rude grandeur hung
Above the flood, till meeting, they appeared
Like Nature's sentinels her haunts among,
To guard the wealth her lavish hand had flung
Here so profusely, and beyond there stood
The Mohawk castle, which had often rung
With the fierce war-cry rising from the wood,
And reaching to the Mingoes' farthest solitude.

IX.

A short, shrill cry of terror or surprise
Roused IVAN from his lost and dreamy mood ;
And lo ! before his half-bewildered eyes,
A form of radiant, breathing beauty stood ;
Perchance the goddess of this sylvan flood,
Though more than Venus's graces could she claim ;
He'd pictured Hebe, Dian of the wood,
As well as Jupiter's illustrious dame,
But what were these to her, this goddess without name ?

X.

So like a radiant thing of air she stood,
(So lightly poised, with slender foot advanced,
Like the wild fawn within its native wood,
Startled yet pausing,) IVAN half-entranced,
Upon the lovely vision doubtful glanced,
Fearing 't would melt away upon the air,
As (so he had been told) it often chanced,
With spirits that o'erlook this world of care,
But he so fervent glanced, his eyes seemed growing there.

XI.

Her lustrous orbs ! — a living, breathing soul
Was centred in them ; more, a *feeling* one ;
Soft dream-like, yet from out their depths there stole
Impassioned eloquence, that men should shun,
Lost lordly hearts should into folly run.
Such eyes talk treason. Man, in love with power,
Beware ! look on them and thou 'rt undone !
Dost boast thy freedom ? Why, but one short hour,
And thou mayst captive be in some fair lady's bower.

* The river here swells into something very like a lake, which was once probably much larger.

XII.

Ah well, it is thy fate — 't was IVAN's too,
 As on those dangerous orbs he 'raptured gazed,
 Until their long-fringed lashes o'er them threw
 Even more of beauty than when fully raised,
 Till the rich budding lips, that when amazed,
 Had parted with a cry, closed lovingly,
 And the light foot, upon the rich moss pressed,
 Was backward drawn. Fear passed, she would not fly,
 And leave the stranger, though of unknown race, to die.

XIII.

' My brother's ill,' she said, and drawing near,
 Bent like a guardian angel o'er his head,
 While tones of melody upon the ear
 Of IVAN fell, and to his lone heart sped,
 That heart which ever seemed to kindness dead,
 Which nought but grandeur, gloom, or strife could prize.
 The words he knew not, but the Indian maid,
 Spoke in her pitying lips, her tearful eyes,
 The world's wide language, uttered first in Paradise.

XIV.

She raised from off his brow the thick, damp hair,
 And to the throbbing veins her fingers pressed,
 Until their soothing touch, no longer there,
 Still on the aching temples seemed to rest,
 As if a loving mother's hand caressed.
 Then kneeling, unclasped the painted belt,
 Of bark inwove, that folded o'er her vest,
 And, muttering aspirations as she knelt,
 Bound it around the wound young IVAN scarce had felt.

XV.

Then starting up, as if from sudden thought,
 She gazed a moment through the parted trees,
 And raised a long, shrill cry, which answering brought
 Its fainter likeness, on each tell-tale breeze:
 She stood expectant, heeding none of these,
 With one small hand across her forehead flung,
 And slightly bending, in mute eagerness,
 When lo! from out the forest-depths there rung
 A fiercer cry, caught up by every woodland tongue.

XVI.

The rich warm blood came mantling o'er her cheek,
 A timid pleasure sparkled in her eyes,
 And every act and glance combined to speak,
 The truth which maiden's hearts so highly prize.
 Another claimed her being. No disguise
 The world can give a loved and loving one,
 Can wrap her secret from a rival's eyes,
 And IVAN knew this jewel had been won,
 And might be worn by some rude chieftain's son.

XVII.

But now no time for thought like this remained,
 For almost with his own true arrow's speed,
 And haughtily, as he the soil disdained,
 On which he trod, like the wild tiger freed
 From chafing chains, or like the untam'd steed,
 Which with the winds that sweep the desert flies,
 A native warrior came, who well might lead
 The Aganashions* forth to victories,
 And wear the bays, savage and christian prize.

* AGANASHIONS: United People. The Five Nations were so called among themselves.

XVIII.

He came with bold and yet elastic tread,
 And paused before the half-pleased Indian maid,
 Who meekly on her bosom bent her head,
 While the soft breezes with her tresses played,
 And lightly raised each shining ebon braid,
 Folded across her dark but sunny brow,
 And the warm lips, with snowy pearls inlaid,
 Scarce dared to part, their glittering wealth to show,
 And over cheek and brow there spread a fervid glow.

XIX.

The lover — such to her the warrior was,
 And Love confines not his mysterious lore
 To stately halls, where wealth and fashion awes,
 His deep fires sleep in every bosom's core :
 The savage and philosopher adore
 Alike their being's star, whose heavenly light
 Perchance the untutored savage worships more,
 That all beside to him is storm and night,
 Through which this lucid ray peers forth intensely bright.

XX.

The lover, too, bent down his stately head,
 Until his tuft of varied plumage brushed
 The shell-wrought chain across her bosom laid,
 As from her lips a tide of music gushed,
 Those melting tones oppression since has hushed,
 The soft rich wildness of the Indian tongue,
 Which since its speakers' rights have all been crushed,
 Is never heard these rocks and hills among,
 And never from the western homeless exile wrung.

XXI.

The warrior, of a tall and stately mien,
 With dignity combined a native grace,
 In each light step, and easy motion seen,
 While in each bold, stern feature of his face,
 An eye unpractised in such lore might trace,
 A spirit of no mean or common kind ;
 But with the untamed passions of his race,
 Warring within his high untutored mind,
 Their lofty virtues too were deeply all combined.

XXII.

The dark, wild eye which lighted up by love,
 Had power to glitter with a deadly hate,
 And the smooth brow that rose its fires above,
 Could lower in rage, as passions oft create
 The beauty or deformity that *fate*,
 We say, has cursed or gifted us withal,
 But now on every well-formed feature sate
 The magic power that held his soul in thrall,
 And brought the dauntless warrior at a maiden's call.

XXIII.

Noble of form, and strong and lithe of limb,
 The forest lord had scarce a living peer,
 For who could tread the pathless wilds like him ?
 The panther slay, or track the bounding deer,
 Till on the dizzy cliff it paused in fear !
 Whose arrow sped its way with aim so true ?
 Whose arm the light canoe could better steer ?
 And in the battle-hour, whose strong hand threw,
 Like his, the tomahawk, or deadly hatchet draw !

XXIV.

The maiden soon her simple tale had told,
 And on the stranger both their glances fell;
 In his dark eye a spirit free and bold,
 Yet now with doubts perplexed was seen to dwell;
 While her's of woman's kindness did tell,
 (Always awake to want and suffering,)
 And Ivan closed beneath their soothing spell
 His weary lids, as birds fold up the wing,
 And rest, when noontide rays too fervid sunshine bring.

XXV.

Well might the Indian warrior wondering pause,
 Before the fair-haired son of other lands;
 But not in fear. Anon he nearer draws,
 Then half-bewilder'd o'er the stranger stands,
 And every finely chiseled feature scans,
 Marks the pale cheek, the lips, the snowy brow,
 The Saxon blood, which even in the hands
 So slightly toil worn might be seen to flow,
 And then to ETEL* turning speaks: Three moons ago,

XXVI.

Tariha stood by Cuyahora's side,
 Where Arrouski,† mantled in the flood,
 Belted by rainbows, sits upon the tide;
 And there this pale-faced stranger gazing stood;
 He doubtless is a messenger of good,
 And is methinks unto Tariha sent,
 Or if perchance he asks the Erie's blood,
 This bow of mine in vain was never bent,
 These death-winged arrows' force has never yet been spent.

XXVII.

I saw him perched upon the dizzyest height,
 Like the strong eagle poised above the stream,
 Mocking the voices, with a strange delight,
 That o'er the waves and from the woodland scream;
 I saw too how his heaven-dyed eye did gleam
 Upon the Mohawk warrior, and to-day
 He comes with morning's earliest, blushing beam,
 And we will bear him to my lodge away,
 That the Great Spirit's voice, Tariha may obey.

XXVIII.

Like to an infant on the nurse's arm,
 Was IVAN by the youthful warrior borne,
 While Ertel's bird-like voice fell like a charm
 Upon his ear. The path might once have worn
 A milder beauty, but the storm had torn
 The vine from off the tree to which it clung,
 And, rushing through a field of unripe corn,
 A noisy brook its wrangling measures sung
 Among the rocks and trees there in confusion flung.

XXIX.

Lightly Tariha still his burden bore,
 And with experienced foot pursued his way,
 While Ertel bounded like a fawn before,
 Or by her lover's side would lingering stay,
 Now awed to silence, now in childish play,
 Dashing the rain-drops from the o'erhanging boughs,
 And then, relaying from a mood so gay,
 Those soft, dark eyes on IVAN would repose,
 And from their dreamy depths, a spirit pure disclose.

* ERTTEL signifies The Rose.

† ARROUSKI, the Indian war-god.

xxx.

At last the village opened to their view,
A row of lodges, frail and rudely made,
Yet wild and picturesque; each wigwam new
(Of the young walnut tree, and overlaid
With bark of various coloring) displayed
The huntsman's trophy, and the warrior's spoil,
While hurrying to and fro along the glade,
Were tall, straight brawny men, that trod the soil,
As if its lords they were, too proud and brave for toil.

xxxi.

IVAN, who scarce had moved a weary limb,
As o'er the rough uneven soil they went;
Now felt his brain confused, his eye grew dim,
And heavier on his youthful guide he leant,
Until, not merely strength, but spirit spent,
He took no note of those who gathering round,
Upon his features searching glances bent,
Nor heeded he the low, hoarse, murmuring sound,
That ominous arose when Cariokese frowned.

xxxii.

The swarthy chieftain followed silently,
Tariha, as the unconscious one he bore,
Till pausing with a deferential eye,
His father, Cariokese's lodge before,
He raised the mat, and stood beside the door,
Glancing inquiringly upon the chief,
Whose knitted brows, and gleaming eyes still wore
A look of mingled bitterness and grief,
Yet answer made, 'Go in, my son!' in language brief.

xxxiii.

The young man entered, and his burden placed
Upon the furs, and for a bowman called;
The men of art that every tribe then graced;
And even warriors oftentimes appalled,
With their wild superstitions, which recalled,
Would seem too like a child's imaginings
To govern men so daring, free, and bold;
But when light fancy spreads her airy wings
O'er mystic fields unknown, she much of folly brings.

xxxiv.

Day had scarce darkened, when the heavy smoke,
Went wreathing upward from the council-fire,
But not a voice the solemn stillness broke,
As warriors young and old came gathering there,
And e'en the women, who might never dare,
To mingle with them, anxious waiting stood
Apart, and Erel, with an eye of care,
Gazed on the old men, as they seemed to brood,
On things of deep intent in stern, unyielding mood.

xxxv.

At length the chieftain Cariokese rose,
His long, gray hairs adown his shoulders streaming,
His elk-skin mantle parted, to disclose
The tomahawk beneath its shelter gleaming,
His eye with all its youthful fire still beaming,
Upon each dusky face within the ring.
'Children,' he said, 'awaken from your dreaming!
The spirit bids you by this wampum string,
Beware of evil birds, that now are on the wing.

XXXVI.

'This pale-faced man will never bring us good ;
 He cannot be the Aganuschion's friend ;
 Before the strawberries began to bud,
 That blushing now upon the earth do bend,
 The spirit did to Cariokese send
 A messenger, that of these white men told
 Much that was strange. Children, your hearing lend ?
 Though Cariokese has grown gray and old,
 His eye is not yet dim, his spirit still is bold.

XXXVII.

'Listen ! The Adirondack* captives say,
 That pale-faced men, and all unlike our race,
 Up to the northern lakes have found their way,
 And taken of their lands a widening space :
 These woman warriors do not know the place
 From whence they came, but the Great Spirit's given
 To Cariokese power the truth to trace ;
 From worlds beneath our own they have arriuen,
 To drive us from this world, all shadowed o'er by heaven.

XXXVIII.

'If they across the northern waters came,
 The Aganuschions in their path must stand,
 And drive them backward to their native home,
 Lest they should send us to the spirit-land.
 Now here my words I rest, and give my hand,
 In friendly token, to the warriors by,
 And by this belt would make them understand,
 That the young man that in my lodge doth lie,
 Lost seas of blood should quench the council-fire, must die.'

XXXIX.

He ceased, and then a swelling murmur rose,
 While Ertel sought her youthful lover's eye ;
 But he, alas ! was powerless to oppose
 The aged chieftain's words ; to make reply
 Would disrespectful be, yet anxiously,
 Upon his moveless lip the maiden gazed.
 Ah ! would he let the unprotected die ?
 He sat unmoved, with stony face upraised,
 But from his dark, wild eye some lofty purpose blazed.

XL.

Slowly, and one by one, the old men rose,
 And varied were their wild imaginings,
 But few dared Cariokese to oppose,
 For the rude chief had power to reach the springs
 Of savage feeling, and to clip the wings,
 (An art in which white statesmen oft excel,
 Of 'evil birds,' whose wayward counselings,
 Against his own advice might sometimes tell,
 He knew a chieftain's rights, and he preserved them well.

XLI.

The last had spoken, and with a quickened breath,
 The Rose stood trembling by her mother's side ;
 Could nothing save that helpless man from death ?
 If she from out the circle could but glide,
 She pauses, and her eye lights up with pride,
 Tariba, Cariokese's only son,
 Has dared to rise, and she, his destined bride,
 Can glory now, he who her heart has won,
 Is worthy of the prize, and brave and nobly done.

* Adirondacks, a northern tribe, with which the Five Nations were then at war.

XLIII.

Fearless he walked the circle three times round,
 Then paused before the stern old chieftain's seat,
 Who on the daring youth in silence frowned,
 'Fathers,' he said, 'I know it is not meet,
 To touch the council-floor with boyish feet,
 But young Tariha has in battle stood,
 Beside the gray-haired men, his arrow fleet
 Has drunk the Adirondack's richest blood,
 And now the wings of death in blackness o'er him brood.

XLIV.

'You say the white Thurensers* must die,
 If so Tariha will beside him fall ——'
 His speech was broken by a fearful cry
 From maiden lips —— but grim and silent, all
 The old man sat, unheeding things so small,
 While the bold youth, in firm, unchanging tone,
 And words that well might Ertel's heart appal,
 Though now they failed to wring from it a groan,
 Resumed as if no interruption he had known.

XLV.

He told how to the Spirit he had vowed,
 The brother he had sent him to protect,
 'And now,' said he, 'I see the rising cloud,
 Together its dark, threat'ning powers collect.
 But if Thurensers' canoe is wrecked,
 It cannot sink alone, I say no more.
 The last of Cariokese's blood erect,
 And fearless stands, his fathers here before,
 To learn if all his war, and hunting days are o'er.'

XLVI.

Deep was the gloom that cast its shadow o'er
 That gathered group of brave and noble-hearted,
 While the bold youth their searching glances bore,
 As if he from the love of life had parted,
 And Ertel almost phrenzied glances darted,
 From face to face, as if to read the soul,
 And one young warrior from his seat up-started,
 Forgetful of his long-conned self-control,
 And women in low voice, together did condole.

XLVII.

The stern old chieftain bowed his stricken head,
 And o'er his silvery crown his mantle drew,
 As if communing with the silent dead,
 The woodland plants that once around him grew:
 'Tariha is the last! the last! the last!
 They all have faded like the morning dew!
 And now he bends beneath the coming blast,
 That this old, mouldering trunk should sooner overcast!

XLVIII.

'Strike, then, my children, strike the fatal blow!
 The eagle in his eyrie loves his young,
 The screaming panther louder screams to know,
 His little ones the huntman's prey among;
 So Cariokese loved the leaves that clung
 Around his withered trunk, yet unlike these,
 He smiled when from his bosom they were wrung;
 But now his heart is broken, for he sees
 The last, the bravest, stricken by his own decrees!'

* THURENSERS: Day-dawn.

XLVIII.

Again the old man leaned his heavy brow,
 Upon the oaken shaft beside him lying,
 While those that ever at his will did bow,
 Upon his skill and bravery relying,
 Conferred together now without replying;
 And soon the eldest of the group addressed
 The warriors all, meanwhile the chieftain eyeing,
 'We cannot tear the heart from out our breast!
 Tariha dies not — let the stranger be his guest.'

XLIX.

There came no start of joy, no gladsome shout,
 Though eyes flashed light, and smiles profusely played
 Round many lips, that waiting stood without
 The unmoved group — yet soon within the glade
 Gathered the warrior and the sylvan maid,
 And round the blazing faggot formed a ring,
 While foot and voice their native power displayed,
 Startling the bird that wheeled upon the wing,
 And with a thousand echoes made the forest ring.

THE HUSBAND WHO PLAYED THE BACHELOR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

A CELEBRATED painter of Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom I shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escorial. He had received a pretty large sum for his work; and by way of a little relaxation after the long continued toil, and close attention bestowed upon it, he had assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. The mistress of the house herself, Donna Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off with the female attendant to pass the day with one of her cousins. But the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of mother Eve in her composition, (as which of her fair daughters has not?) was very anxious to know what was to take place during her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could have to talk about, when there were no women present. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her; and presently the twain were snugly ensconced in a little closet adjoining the studio, where with eye and ear closely applied to the key-hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

'But tell us, my friend,' said one of the guests, 'why are we deprived of the pleasure of Señora Morales' company? Her wit, her pleasantry and beauty, surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting.'

'There,' whispered the lady to her cousin, that is the first sensible speech I have heard.'

'Fye! fye!' replied the husband, pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, 'women know nothing of the poetry of life.'

'That is true,' added another; 'women are mere matter-of-fact beings; common-place, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts, or the enjoyments of artists?'

'Fools!' exclaimed Casilda.

'Yes,' continued Morales, 'take from women love intrigues and household affairs, and they absolutely know not what to think or talk about.'

'Impertinent fellow!' was the comment of the listeners.

'Why,' added the painter, they cannot comprehend one of those rich jokes, or capital pieces of humor, which the air of the studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor.'

'Wretch!' This word escaped the two cousins at the same moment, and was uttered in a loud tone. But the noise of the guests, and the rattling of glasses prevented its being heard.

'Ah! master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you?' By our lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove-Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge.'

Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Place Cabeda, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron work, and heavy mouldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother, and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.

On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent, where he had just completed the painting of a chapel which the monks were to have opened at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth, and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain. 'Holy Mother!' exclaimed she, 'I am dying!—my poor husband, my last hour is come; let them bring a confessor, and quickly—for I'm going fast.' She accompanied these words with grimaces, and violent contortions, which women, when the humor takes them, so well know how to perform. Her husband, in condoling tone, inquired where she felt the pain. 'Blessed Virgin!' was all the answer, 'get me a confessor!—the sacraments!—I can bear it no longer, it is almost over with me! At these cries, the domestic, a young girl, hastening to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow drafts of hot spiced wine, and other similar remedies. But the malady yielded not. Indeed, that it did not was no wonder, in the present mood of the patient.

Poor Morales, though sore against his will, was forced at length to quit his bed. 'Ah!' cried his wife, in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, 'it is a cholic of the most dangerous nature.'

'No, my mistress,' said the servant girl, 'I know what it is that ails you; it is that bad vinegar you mixed with the salad that causes the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castinoja then cured you.'

The painter, on this, began to scold his wife, because experience had not made her more careful. But she only sobbed out in half suffocated words: '*Al hecho no ay remedio*, what is done cannot be undone. For mercy's sake, go for mother Castinoja. She knows my constitution; she is the only one that can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer. For heaven's sake, bring her quickly; or there will be nothing left you but to open my grave.'

'My little wife,' replied the husband, in a dismal tone, 'my dearest wife, mother Castinoja, you know, has removed to the other end of the city, near the gate Foncarral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find mother Castinoja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this complaint, she cured you with two ounces of treacle boiled in the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get this for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours.'

At this, Casilda began again to pour forth the most bitter lamentations. 'Good heavens! see what a husband God has given me! To hear him, would not one suppose that I was demanding impossibilities. that I was asking him to be buried with me; that I was claiming the sacrifice of his blood, or of half his fortune! I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes, and he refuses. But I well know what it is you want; you wish to be a widow; you long to live over again your bachelor's life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy. Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confession! I am poisoned!'

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing, if she died, that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a lantern, which the darkness of the night rendered very necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of mother Castinoja. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the rue Foncarral, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents, and he met not a soul from the time he left the rue Lavapie, until he reached the quarter to which his steps were directed. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed from the bottom of his heart, the day on which he married. It may readily be imagined

that in such a mood he was not likely soon to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets, and getting soaked to the skin, let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition, than she summoned her brother, and a few chosen friends who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges, and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion, which fitted as if it had been made on purpose. Above it, they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed in large letters the following inscription : *THE HOTEL OF THE CID: GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.* This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition ; a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of dame Castinoja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our good painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted. On approaching his home, the sound of musical instruments, and singing, and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with the sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement anew. 'It is indeed the rue de Lapavie,' said he : 'Here is the book store of Pedro Trappal ; there is the fruiterer's shop ; and this is the house of Diego-le-Boiteux, and then surely comes mine ; for on the other side there is that of Lucas Moreno, the money-changer. He recognized the doors of all his neighbors ; each one was familiar ; his alone was changed. 'God help me !' said he, making fifty signs of the cross, 'this indeed must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping, and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in the house. The door, it is true, needed a little repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Beside, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house they would establish one. Am I dreaming ? That cannot be. My eyes are wide open, and I hear plainly enough. The rain is pelting furiously, yet this illusion cannot be the effect of the little drop of wine I took before setting out. He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determining to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he would learn the cause of the mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with blows loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length, after he had been left standing a long time under the drippings of the roof, a man with head covered by an old handkerchief, and holding a light in his hand, opened the window above the door.

'Holloa! my good man, what the devil do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go elsewhere to get a lodging.'

'But I wish to enter my own house.'

'My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour.'

'Morbleu! but I tell you this is my house; and my father Diego Morales paid a round sum for it with his own deniers.'

'Heark ye, my fine fellow; I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Pequas or Logroquo, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So, go your way; cease knocking at the door, or I will let loose a mastiff, whose teeth will make a dozen button-holes in your hide in short order. Good night.' Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed within, and the poor painter gave himself to all the devils, fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cruel trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burnt out, and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew; when presently he heard some one within the house call out: 'Holloa! Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddy brain a little.' At this, the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by their keeper.

'You cursed fellow,' said the latter, 'what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?'

'But, my good friend, this is my house, and I cannot comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as an heritage from Diego Morales, my father.'

'My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood.'

'I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife Casilda; if she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth.'

'How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented, and best known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Pedro Carasco. The landlady is Maria Perez, and I, who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And, now take yourself off in God's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel shall speedily restore you to your senses.'

The poor painter, not knowing to what saint to turn for succour, made the best of his way by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance, the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure,

but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He however lighted a fire to dry the well-soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared for him a bed, advised him to go to sleep; for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the bottle.

In the morning, however, the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told on the previous evening; and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist, another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvellous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portal, and every thing had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

'Come, Morales,' said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder, 'confess that you had taken a drop too much last night, and were afraid to return home.'

'On my honor as a man, and as an artist,' replied Morales, 'I have told you nothing but the truth.'

'But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine.'

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door. Bridget, the maid-servant, half-dressed, hastened to open it.

'Oh, Señor Morales,' cried she, in tones of well feigned astonishment, 'how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city, carousing with your friends; and your poor wife lying here at death's door? And to go off too under pretence of finding dame Castinoja!' 'Fy upon you! fy upon you!'

'Fy upon you! Señor Morales,' cried out in chorus half a dozen shrill voices from the neighboring windows. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you cruel man; you have an angel for a wife, and here you leave her in this shameful manner to die without assistance.'

'Ay, indeed! and where have you been all night? In some filthy tavern, I dare say, drinking with your good-for-nothing companions. What an abominable thing is a husband who plays the bachelor! If I had such an one, I warrant you I'd go to the magistrate and soon have a divorce.'

'But it is with me that he has the account to settle,' cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, as was natural after a night of dancing and dissipation. 'And so, you believed I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties! But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life.'

'My dear little wife,' said Morales, soothingly, 'if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with.' And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

'Tell that nonsense to others, Morales! Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your humbug stories of the studio? Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scape-grace companions, with whom you have passed the night drinking and carousing. Tell the truth, and beg pardon for your fault. That will

be much better than to stand here telling these silly stories, which nobody will believe.'

And in truth Morales had to come to this at last. Crest-fallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should give no more *bachelor parties*.

THE ROMAN BEGGAR BOY.

I.

ALAS! the little beggar boy,
He had a look beyond his years;
His idle limbs were half unclothed,
His mouldy crust was wet with tears.

II.

The world had welcomed him with blows,
The world had welcomed him with scorn,
Thus, where there should have bloomed a rose,
There grew a black and blighted thorn.

III.

I sent his wretched mother bread,
When in a mother's agony
She lay upon her painful bed,
That yet another life might be.

IV.

She who had nought to live for, lived,
And her young heir of misery,
The beggar boy, hung round my door,
And, glad and grateful, greeted me.

V.

To-day he watched until I came,
Then timid, doffed his ragged cap,
And laid the first sweet flowers of spring,
Meek violets, upon my lap.

VI.

Poor little one! thou knewest not
It was a charitable deed,
Nor that my languid thirsting soul
Had of thy grateful offering need.

VII.

May HE who gives the ravens bread,
Who teaches every thing to live,
Who said, 'They likewise shall be blest
Who but a cup of water give:'

VIII.

Whose light can lead the blindest soul,
Who wields in love his fearful powers,
May HE repay to thee the debt
I owe thee for those gentle flowers.

 SKETCHES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

 BY OUR ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOME time since I gave you an account of the betrothal of the present Sultan's youngest daughter, ADILEH * Sultan, to MEHMEED ALI PACHA. Ten days ago the rejoicings, which are customary in the East on the occasion of the marriage of a relative of the sovereign, before the parties are permitted to meet, commenced, and lasted from the Friday (Mussulman Sabbath) of our week to the Friday of that following. One of the public prints of this capital, edited by an intelligent young Frenchman, contains a minute relation of the incidents attending the festivities, and I cannot do better than Anglicise them for your entertainment.

As Adileh Sultan is the last of Sultan Mahmoud's daughters, and those of the present Sultan will not have reached the age of puberty for some eight or ten years to come, it will be at least that length of time before any similar Oriental scene can occur. Ten years may, moreover, produce important changes, not only in the Sultan's family, but in the political and social condition of this empire. This *may* prove the last Oriental marriage in the house of Othman; though it must in candor be said that this *probability* is founded more upon the predictions of unqualified writers on the East, and the encroachments of the powers of Europe, and their interference in the administration of the Sultan's government with the asserted intention to 'maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire,' than on any manifest decay or decline perceptible in it.

Two other *Souri Humayoun*, or imperial marriage rejoicings, at which I attended, were held at the village of *Dalma Baktcha*, on the European side of the Bosphorus, a mile or two from the mouth of the Golden Horn. The *emplacement* being exposed on one side to the water of perhaps the finest stream in the world, was well ventilated, but was however very limited in extent. That selected on the present occasion was more favorable in many respects, and added much to the magnificence of the spectacle. It was a valley situated between Scutari and Cadi-Kieuy, ancient Chrysopolis and Chalcedon, immediately opposite the 'old seraglio' of Constantinople, called Hyder Pacha, after the name of an individual who originally owned it. The paper alluded to remarks:

'His Highness, wishing to associate his people in the joys of his family, ordered the public fêtes occasioned by the marriage of his sister to commence on Friday in the plain of Hyder Pacha. Not far from the wharf

* THE custom of the East, with regard to names, is to adopt a name beside that given by the parents, denoting the character of the individual, as shown in after life. Sultan MAHMOUD took that of *Adil*, or 'The Just,' and gave it to his daughter; Adileh, or *La Juste*.

of debarkation the officers of the Porte had their tents erected, for the purpose of receiving the guests invited to the festivity. A guard of regular troops was stationed there to salute them as they passed, and behind these tents were others arranged *en amphitheatre*, containing refreshments. To the right hand, in the same vineyard, shaded with trees, were the tents of the public purveyors, and those in charge of the kitchens. Farther on in the plain to the right, the ministers of the Porte and other superior functionaries had their pavilions and tents pitched according to the rank of the occupants, on the side of the hill running between the plain and the pretty village of Cadi-Kieuy. Opposite these, on the left side of the plain, there was a battery of light artillery stationed, flanked by two squadrons of cavalry. At the extremity of the valley at the right, is one of the picturesque Oriental cemeteries, with fancifully-gilded tomb-stones, shaded by a grove of evergreen and lofty cypress trees. At the point where it jutted into the plain, is a prettily located Turkish coffee-house, overhung by several immense plane-trees, where the present principal officer of the government, Riza Pacha, had prepared for his own use a modest but very comfortable pavilion, ornamented with orange and lemon trees. A few paces behind this, stands an extensive palace, belonging to the Sultan, surrounded by spacious gardens, in the corner of one of which, commanding a full and perfect view of the whole plain, with all its pavilions, tents, troops, and the Sea of Marmora in the distance, is an elevated and airy kiosk for his highness the Sultan. On the green sward beside this kiosk, backed by the walls of the garden, two superb pavilions were erected for the entertainment which was given on Wednesday (the 11th) to the diplomatic corps. That for their reception was a tissue of silk and gold, supported by columns covered with crimson and green imitation velvet, set off with spiral garlands of gold, the other, intended for the banquet given them, had twenty-four columns chased in gold mouldings; its top and sides, together with its draperies, were of silk tissue, resembling figures *en arabesque*, in gold and precious stones. It would be impossible to describe the magnificence of these two pavilions, especially the latter. They were made by order of the late celebrated sovereign Mahmoud II., at a period when his great heart was filled with its proudest and most manly aspirations. They now recalled recollections of his greatness and melancholy fate.

A wooden railing separated the palace, kiosk and pavilions from the public in the plain, and within its enclosure was a space destined for public amusements. It contained a theatre for rope-dancing, in which the Turks excel, tumblers, and *tours de force*. There was also a circus, tight and slack-rope dancers and pantomime, all Europeans, and a band composed of more than one hundred musicians of the guard. Beyond the railing there were numerous platforms erected for the accommodation of the public; but few trees were on the plain, and although the spectators were exposed to the violence of a scorching sun, yet from morning until night they assembled in multitudes, the females in arabas (carriages) and the males on foot. The good order and quiet maintained was the subject of general admiration to the Europeans, though it is of common occurrence in the East. Respect for the sovereign is

here shown by a profound silence, during his passage or in his presence, and except to the few who from their position could see him, none knew when he would arrive or depart. The crowd was made up of arabas, covered with cloths of red, white, blue, yellow and green, with gold fringes, drawn by buffaloes, oxen and horses richly caparisoned, the former with costly ornaments on their heads and faces; some fine 'turn-outs' of European coaches; people on foot; and women and children walking about over the plain, seated on the sides of the hills, or under the tents.

'The scene which they presented, with the view around them, was indescribably Oriental and picturesque. On one side was ancient Chalcedony, with numerous pretty houses and kiosks, surrounded by green gardens and vineyards; behind the plain, the rich hill side of Tchamladja, spotted here and there with beautiful cottages and well-cultivated farms; to the right, Scutari, with her cemetery of green cypresses, said to be three miles in length, reaching from the extremity of the plain over the hill among the houses, down nearly to the water's edge, with her palaces, domes and bazaars; finally, the Sea of Marmora and Stamboul, that queen of cities and asylum of the universe of the East. Three steamers, all built by American naval architects, conveyed the public from the city to the plain, one for the Sultan's guests and the others for common passengers, crossing over every ten minutes. At the commencement of the festivities, the Sultan moved into the palace of Hyder Pacha, where he received the compliments of the Cheikul Islam, the chief members of the corps of the Ulema, the Grand Vizier, and the several ministers of the Porte, the Pachas and other dignitaries of the empire, afterward, while they felicitated Mehemed Ali Pacha, the bridegroom, under whose tent they dined, and each Ulema received a satin purse well lined with pieces of gold. The two following days were devoted to visits like the first, and each night all the summer-houses of the public functionaries on the Bosphorus were illuminated, and the stream lit up with fire-works. During the afternoons, the Pachas and Effendis were entertained with dancing boys, harlequin pantomimes, etc., etc., before their tents.

'On Monday, the Europeans in the service of the Porte were invited to dinner. On Tuesday, H. E. Hasrev Pacha, Hassain Pacha — the former celebrated by the battle of Minervo, and the latter in the destruction of the Janissaries — now both *en retraite*. Nafis Pacha and Mustapha Pacha, were presented to the Sultan and invited to dine with the Grand Vizier. The same day the Greek, Protestant Armenian and Schismatic Armenian (Papal) Patriarch, the chief Rabbi of the Jews, the Greek Synod, and the Greek and Armenian priests of both sects, the Prince of Samos, the Grand Lagothete of the Greek church, and some distinguished Armenian families were invited to a sumptuous dinner under the tent of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the afternoon two hundred and sixty *employés* of the government were promoted to superior grades; one hundred and twenty took the title of Khadjakian, and one hundred more received decorations.

'Wednesday was reserved for the reception of the diplomatic corps. The minister and his lady, and the first secretary and first dragoman of

each legation were invited. Carriages, richly-caparisoned horses and guards of honor, awaited them at the wharf, and on arriving at the pavilion of reception, were received by the Grand Vizier and other ministers of the Porte. Soon afterward his highness the Sultan drove up before the pavilion, in a coach with four horses, when his ministers received and escorted him into the presence of the diplomatic corps. This is another remarkable trait of Oriental custom, all being the reverse of the usages of Europe. In place of the diplomatic corps waiting on the sovereign with their respects and felicitations, he honored them with a visit, for the purpose of expressing the gratification he felt on seeing them near him on so joyous an occasion. On his left hand the ladies, few in number, were arranged in a line, and they rose on their feet as he approached them. He spoke a word or two of compliment to each, then continuing on toward the ambassadors, addressed Sir Stratford Canning, the representative of the Queen of England, who from rank and seniority is at the head of the diplomatic corps. His remarks, heard only by those nearest him, were expressive of the pleasure which he felt in having the representatives of his friends and allies, the foreign governments, to take part in the festivities of the marriage of his sister, etc. His manners were very plain, his health seemed feeble, and his countenance and tone of expression denoted the mildness and benevolence of his character. After leaving the tent, without returning the reverences which were made to him, either on arriving or departing, he entered his carriage and continued on to his kiosk, which commanded a view of the plain.

‘Soon afterward, the Sultan having graciously granted permission, the rope-dancers, circus, pantomime, etc., began performing. Beyond the railing was an amphitheatre, surrounded with a canvass screen, containing an immense balloon, which now commenced inflating, and its departure was to be the signal for dinner. The wind was rather strong, and the officer commanding the festivities sent word to the aéronaut not to ascend till it abated; but ambitious of making an ascension in the presence of the Sultan, his illustrious guests, and the immense Turkish crowd, he had the balloon cast loose about four o’clock P. M., and rising with great impetus, was soon out of sight. Melancholy to add, he has to all the public authorities of the empire, commanding them to give not been heard of since; and as he was provided with a firman addressed him any aid on his descent, and to despatch a tartar (courier) to the capital with the news, it is feared he has met with an accident.

‘The Grand Vizier led the lady of the British ambassador to the pavilion where the banquet was served: most of the ladies of the other foreign representatives were escorted by the different ministers and functionaries of the Porte. It was indeed a novel sight to see the change which has taken place in the feelings and manners of the Turks with regard to the Franks in the last ten or fifteen years. The table had been prepared by an European with much taste, and each person (seventy in all) found his name on the plate destined for him. The plates were of Sevres porcelain, and the knives and forks of silver, with silver and gilt handles. The spoons were silver gilt. The ornaments of the table were in the centre, gilded bronze stands for flowers, and at the

wings silver urns. The dishes, most of which were European, were varied by a few of Turkish cookery ; the wines were none of the best, and the champagne had been exposed to the sun. During the repast the British ambassador proposed the health of the Sultan, and the battery on the hill-side fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The Grand Vizier replied by offering to drink to the health of all the foreign representatives. The Sultan's own band, richly dressed, played the national airs of most of the great powers of Europe. The whole affair was conducted in the most orderly and respectful manner. The cooks who prepared the banquet were European, and the attendants were Frank servants, collected in Pera, and dressed for the occasion.

At its termination the same ceremony was observed in returning to the pavilion of reception, where coffee was served up. It was nearly dark, and after a half hour was wiled away in looking at the rope-dancers, some of whom really performed their parts with fearful address — such, for example, as walking on a tight-rope some forty or fifty feet high, a distance of several hundred yards with bare swords tied to their legs and feet — a message came from the Sultan, who still occupied the kiosk, conveying the announcement that he had ordered some fire-works, for the amusement of the foreign legations, and hoped they would remain and witness them. These fire-works were located on the hill-side, opposite the tents of the ministers of the Porte, and commenced by a nocturnal attack of an imaginary castle. The rockets were tolerably good, and from the direction in which they were set off, seemed to be fired at the moon, which was then shining out brightly. At about ten o'clock, the legations returned to the wharf, where their boats awaited them, and thence to Pera or Buyukderah.

On the following day, at one o'clock, the cortége of Adileh Sultan, composed of sixty boats, left the Palace of Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore, where her brother the Sultan then resided, for the village of Defterdar Bournu, on the opposite shore, her future residence. All these boats followed each other successively ; thirteen were occupied by ministers, Muchirs, (pachas of the highest rank,) the Shiek ul Islam, and the more distinguished Ulemas ; the fourteenth contained the *Kizlar Agasee*, or chief eunuch ; in the fifteenth, was the Sultan Valideh, or Sultan mother (of the bride) ; after her came the young bride, decked out in the most splendid jewelry, and accompanied by a few maids of honor ; all the other boats were filled with her suite and slaves. It is generally believed that she is not handsome, is thin, small, and of delicate health.

On arriving at Defterdar Bournu, the bride left her barge, and surrounded by her attendants, women and eunuchs, slowly advanced to the palace portal, and thence into the interior of her harem. Carpets of silk and gold embroidery covered the way from the landing to the vestibule through which she passed. A friend who, from being in the service of the groom, had the favor of admittance to the palace on the day of his royal bride's reception, informed me that the whole scene — the young Princess Adileh Sultan, surrounded by her maids of honor, white and black slaves, her corps of eunuchs, with their old chief at their head, and the handsome young pacha — reminded him impressively of Moore's truly oriental tale of 'Lalla Rookh ;' the characters of that

heroine, Feramorz and Fadladeen, being filled by the persons just mentioned.

It is extremely difficult to obtain correct information of the usages of the palace of the Sultan and those of his relatives; and it is therefore impossible to state positively what part the Groom Mehemed Ali Pacha took in the reception of his bride in her palace. Some say that, in the character of one of the higher functionaries of the government, he followed in one of the barges of her train; and when the whole cortège had dispersed, remained in a small building on one side of the palace fitted up for him until his imperial bride should command his presence. He then, (to judge from customary oriental manners,) on reaching the room occupied by her and her favorite attendants, knelt down and in humility kissed the sill of its door, and advancing toward her, stood with crossed hands and down-cast eyes, the humblest of her slaves. For the first time she now beheld her husband near her, and could scan his manly and handsome features; her voice, which by oriental etiquette, should be heard only by women and eunuchs, now was exerted to encourage him to look up, answer her questions, and finally sit in her presence, which he did, resting on the richly-carpeted floor at her feet. It is said to be usual at this moment for all present to retire, except the chief eunuch, or an elderly female slave, who stays to offer a small collation of fruit and cakes to the bride, on a low circular Turkish table. Of this, the groom, at her command, partakes always with great humility and diffidence, and begs, implores, his imperial bride to accept of and taste a choice morsel which he has the honor to present to her; she deigns to receive it, and so as to put it to her mouth, is compelled to remove partly the cruel *yashmaik*, or thin gauze veil, which until then has concealed her features from her husband, who now also beholds his wife for the first. The Pacha, who was brought up in the court of the late Sultan, and is as gallant as he is handsome, doubtless was struck dumb at the sight of her radiant charms, and recovered his speech only when her alarm for his health and changed color recalled him to 'life and love:' he expressed no admiration of her beauty, lest his words should draw upon her the influence known in the East as that of the 'Evil Eye,' but invoked divine favor on what was now so dear to him, with a prayer for the preservation of the days of the sovereign who had chosen to render him so proud, so honored, and so happy.

Others relate that Mehemed Ali Pacha was not in the suite which followed his bride from her brother's palace to her own, but was ready at the portal of the latter to receive and conduct her to her apartments; or that he even had the honor to assist her out of her barge, and lead her over the costly carpets and embroidered stuffs with which her path was covered. They add, that several of the higher officers of the court remained at the bride's palace to dine with and encourage her husband in his new career.

It cannot be said with confidence whether the groom passed the night following the princess' installation into her new abode in her apartments or in his own; for by Oriental custom the consummation of the marriage does not take place until the groom has been authorized by the Sultan, who to that effect issues an imperial firman. Instances

have been known, when the firman was not issued for three months subsequent to the conclusion of the marriage rejoicings; and, at a distant period, either contained at the same time the appointment of the groom to the government of a distant Pachalik, for which he must set out in the following morning, or even without permitting him to meet with his wife at all, despatched him hastily to duty in a remote province of the empire. The former frequently occurred, but the latter seldom, and originated in the apprehension of increasing the number of the pretenders to the throne. In either case, the 'happy pair' never met again; though they promoted the interests of each other; he by providing her with funds, and she by exerting her influence with her father or brother the Sultan to keep her husband in favor and office. The daughters of the late Sultan were treated with more humanity, and the principles of state policy gave way to the dictates of parental affection. It was even heard that he, in an hour of good feeling, uttered the declaration that their offspring should be permitted to live; and charity to his memory calls upon the world to believe that their children all died young, of natural diseases. His son, the present Sultan, has distinguished himself by 'carrying out' the principles of his noble father; civilization has made much progress during his reign among his people; and in every probability, should the Princess Adileh Sultan be blessed with what must be the object of her solicitude and care, they will be allowed to grow up without exciting the jealous fears of a past barbarous age.

The public journal from which some of the preceding incidents have been borrowed, has the following:

'Nothing was wanting to the *Noce* of H. A. Mehemet Ali Pacha; they were even remarkable from a happy innovation. Last night there was a representation of an Italian opera at the palace of Desterdar Bournu. H. H. the Sultan was present, and appeared much interested in the singing and music of the different pieces. T. E. Riza Pacha, Mehemet Ali Pacha, and Rechid Pacha, were seated in arm-chairs placed at a little distance from the canopy, occupied by the Sultan. M. Donizetti (brother to 'the celebrated,' and chief of the Sultan's band) was sufficiently near them to reply to the numerous questions asked him, particularly by the Sultan, who in his conversation with the high functionaries present, evinced the pleasure which he felt in seeing such a performance for the first time. H. A. Adileh Sultan occupied her apartments, for the theatre had been constructed in the garden of her harem, against the walls of that part of her palace. The bottom of the opera was filled by seven or eight cross-windows, finely grated, and not being lighted, she and her attendants could witness the performance without being seen by those within the theatre. One of the sides was formed by the wall of the garden, overhung with laurels of joy, and odoriferous plants and flowers; on each side of the imperial canopy were bouquets of orange and citron trees. The half light of the wax candles; the verdant color of the walls; the enamelled *façade* of the palace, so to speak, and the presence of the distinguished prince, with his officers, in the centre of the little theatre, presented a beautiful picture. The performance lasted until eleven at night, and was composed of three parts: that which seemed to please the young Sultan most, was the *finale* of the opera of the '*Paristina*.'

Constantinople, June 16, 1845.

J. P. S.

M A N .

I stood with the goatherd at his door,
Beside the mountain rills,
And I thought his tranquil visage bore
The noblesse of the hills.

It said : I am bred of purer air
And lighter clay than thou ;
I do not languish on scanty fare,
Nor faint on the mountain's brow.

And methought, though rude his looks and ways,
Thus dwelling from all apart,
That reason spoke in his cheerful gaze,
And a light and kindly heart.

I sat with the criminal in his cell,
And my very soul grew chill,
As I saw him flush with the fires of hell
When he told of his deeds of ill.

The strain of triumph o'er him swept —
Fiercely and darkly he smiled ;
It ceased ; the murderer turned and wept ;
He had spoken of his child.

The mountain maid stood in the wind,
In natural loveliness ;
And in her face I read, her mind
Was simple as her dress.

Her feelings knew no artful check,
Her life and soul were true ;
The heart and cross hung on her neck,
And they were all she knew.

I saw the wanton child of sin
In gaudy beauty drest ;
Defilement dwelt her lips within,
And horror in her breast.

The net of vanity and youth
She spreads with eager hands,
When lo ! the holiest son of truth,
Jesus, before her stands.

The withering roses leave her hair,
The bold smile disappears,
She bows before him in despair,
She bathes his feet with tears.

Thank God ! thou blessed human heart,
There is ever hope for thee ;
Thou bearest, whereso'er thou art,
His stamp of majesty.

Could man but love the guilty one
As the just God loves him still,
The race of crime would soon be run,
And crushed the power of ill.

Could we but pray as Jesus prayed :
'They know not what they do,
Forgive them, Father !' hearts were made
And earth were born anew.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-RUMBUG.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, CONTAINING A DISSERTATION ON CRITICISM.

In consequence of the intimation given in my last or first appearance, (which ever you please,) ladies and gentlemen, before you, you undoubtedly expect to be illumined with a Lecture on Sacks. I have changed my mind, however, and am firmly resolved to devote the present to the consideration of *Criticism and Critics*. Now ask no questions, and murmur not, but submit to your destiny, and 'hold fast all I give you.' I intend to take time by the forelock, and indulge in a terrible rebuke of the criticism I expect. After the example of the ingenious author of 'Flim-Flams,' I shall make my strictures upon the criticisms yet in embryo, in this preparatory Lecture, and trouble you with them hereafter no more.

Trapped, egad! Ladies and gentlemen, trapped, by Jupiter! 'What, Sir, do you swear in good company?' Ah! excuse me, but I am so delighted! Trapped! trapped! trapped! 'For mercy's sake, Sir, tell me what has happened; of whom do you speak?' Of whom else, my good madam, but the critics? As we give a fig to little children to keep them quiet, I, in imitation of Rabelais, Cervantes, and other learned men, have given the critics a misstatement or two, to amuse themselves with: they have bit at the hook.

I have played somewhat the part of a fisher of New Holland: 'Silent and watchful he chews a cockle, and spits into the water; allured by the bait, the fish appear from beneath the rock, and at a proper moment he plunges with his fishing instrument into the waters after his prey.' I confess, that with Laurence Sterne, when he treated the ass at Lyons to a macaroni, more as a matter of curiosity to see *how* he would eat it, than from benevolent motives, (as he himself acknowledges,) I wished to see how these long-eared critics would mumble these so carefully-prepared morsels of my Great Philosophy.

Truth, they say, lies at the bottom of a well. Criticism, on the contrary, has its abode at the bottom of a dry pit: there she lies in wait for unlucky devils such as myself. Wo unto them when they tumble in! Critics put me in mind of a sort of spider or ant, (I forget which,) a creature which was a source of admiration to me when a boy, being in the habit of building a curious trap of quick-sand in the form of the vortex of a whirlpool, which yields to the tread of any poor insect who is travelling innocently and quietly along in search of information or food, and precipitates him to the bottom, where master spider lives. He thereupon issues forth from his private apartments, seizes the straggler, and kills him — if he can. I have sometimes wondered whether critics were not ordained by Providence as a species of beasts or fish of prey,

to keep down the innumerable race of authors; to devour them in the egg, as shad sometimes treat their own relations.

I have been, I say, or am to be, criticized. The question arose in my mind what I should do in the premises; whether I should treat critics with the most profound contempt, like Dr. Johnson, make fight, like Byron, or die, like Keats. Should I give them a good keel-hauling, as the common run of authors have sought to do, or should I be quiet? As to dying, that was out of the question; for I mean to be immortal. I thought to myself, if I keep up the discussion, there's Friar John's amusement of thrashing a catchpole, in knocking the poor devils on the knuckles. On the other hand, dignity put in its claim to silence. Dignity!

I think that it would have carried the day, but for a most exquisite, perfect, complete comparison which occurred to me, and which for the life of me I could not refrain from making public. I could not keep it to myself. The vanity of an author, a philosopher and a humbug, overcame my reluctance to answer criticisms, an employment for which I have no time to spare from my scientific investigations; so I determined to compound the matter, and that the oracle should speak this once upon the subject, and then henceforth for evermore be dumb!

I am about, then, to compare myself to an ass! — but no common ass; yet neither to the golden ass of Lucius Apuleius, nor the fig-eating ass of Philomenas, nor the ass shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, who so sagaciously found his way back to Tunis, or Algiers, or Fez, (being a distance of I am afraid to say how many leagues,) nor to the dead ass in the Sentimental Journey, nor, in short, to any other ass, if I do not flatter myself, of which you have ever heard, or read, or dreamed, but to an ass of which I intend to tell you a story. If you will compose yourselves to hear it seriously, I will inform you how the matter came about, with all material circumstances connected therewith.

Now it came to pass, that at a certain place, no matter where, except that I know something about it, and on a certain day, of which you need only be told that it was a Sunday, an ass, being the identical beast of whom I am thinking, and who was also a philosophical ass, being allowed liberty to range along the highway, the latitude and longitude of which, I do not for certain good and sufficient reasons of my own choose to mention, was wandering contentedly along the said highway, picking up here and there a mouthful of dusty grass. And ever as he slowly passed along, enjoying his freedom from restraint, his liberty of a day, being in truth as happy and contented as an ass in his condition could well be, with a laudable curiosity and with a commendable thirst for knowledge. In the very exuberance of an inquiring mind, he thrust his nose into every hole and corner and out-of-the-way spot he came across, moralizing and speculating upon all, as is the nature of his race.

In the course of his investigations, he found in some cavities, dry leaves; in some, dust; in some, nothing. But by and by, he paused before a larger hole than common, in the side of a clay-bank. Having with some difficulty climbed up to the orifice thereof, he hesitated for a moment, as if some prescient pang or shiver in his frame, some chill in his blood, some communication from the regions of departed

asses, had warned him of the folly he was about to commit ; and then, as if disregarding all superstitious presentiments, he thrust his nose deep, deep into the mysterious hole, till nothing but his ears remained outside. Scarce had he thus fairly committed his head to the earth, ere he drew it forth again with an extraordinary bray of horror and amazement and pain, and turning round rushed frantically down the hill, with his nose extended high in air. He had disturbed with that organ a nest of a species of hornets well-known to boys under the name of yellow-jackets ! In vain he rolled upon the ground ; in vain he brayed and screamed in an agony of pain and apprehension ; the infernal insects swarmed upon his nose and ears, stinging him, till the poor beast was almost mad !

In like manner have I, in all innocence, for want of something better to do, and in the cause of truth and science — blessed pair ! — seeking the advantage and enlightenment of the whole human race, poked my nose into a cavity, and drawn it forth covered — ‘ Good heavens ! not with yellow-jackets ! ’ No, madam, not quite so bad as that ; with gentry of all colors ; in a word, with critics — insects much of the same species. ‘ But, Sir, were they married critics or female hornets ? ’ Madam, your curiosity may not be gratified. I know not.

Upon reconsidering the matter, I find that I have two other good sound moral reasons for taking notice of these attacks, or at least to excuse me for so doing. We are told, that when some venomous insects have stung a person, they die ; at least that was the consolation I used to receive when I had met with the mishap to be stung by a bee, wasp, or hornet ; but the reverse is said to be true of critics. I leave the application to you. So much for my first reason ; the second is, that not content with attacking me, they have ventured to impugn the truth of my Philosophy — to doubt my Science ! ‘ Proh pudor ! ’ What will not envy lead man to do !

Had they depreciated me alone, I am persuaded I should have borne their criticisms with christian fortitude and profound contempt ; but when they have the audacity to call my Philosophy into question, it would be sinful in me, as one devoted to the propagation of truth, to be longer silent. It has unquestionably, (though I say it myself) sufficient strength in itself, sufficient intrinsic evidence of its truth, to rebut triumphantly all attacks, if it be but fairly judged. But truth is not always able to make its way alone in the world ; so I have come to its aid. The fact is, that these people who abuse my science cannot understand it. It is too stupendous, too great for their weak intellects. Poor creatures ! how much they lose from want of apprehension !

To be candid, however, I expected abuse. I should have been sorry to have escaped it. Every great scientific discovery has been ridiculed when first promulgated ; how then could one so sublime and so important escape opposition ? Every new system of philosophy has been obliged to fight its way into men’s good graces ; why should mine be exempt from the common destiny of works of genius ? I look upon these attacks as so many proofs of the magnitude of my labors. Persecutions have always been levelled against, indignities heaped upon, the authors of new sciences and new views of Philosophy. Did not Galileo suffer, have not a thousand others suffered, for discoveries and benefits

heaped upon an ungrateful world, which were 'true nevertheless?' Did not the witches of the olden time fall — martyrs of science! Was not the knowledge of Mesmerism, they undoubtedly possessed, the cause of their ruin? Answer me who can. And shall I complain of a few flea-bites, when I might have been roasted alive, or drowned in a horse-pond? Never!

And what do the critics object to? In good sooth, they begin at the beginning, and declare boldly that my first step is an error. They assert that Onomophilogolism is not Indian, and smells not of the savage, and that all the *os* should properly be *as*. Not Indian! *as*! Have I not consulted authorities about the matter, and know just as much as you? And is not every one now-a-days permitted to give to his science or system any name he pleases, good, bad or indifferent, correct or incorrect; and are not the incorrect best received? You see then, detractors all, that I am armed at all points, and have a reason even for what appear to be errors. Beware, then; but if you are still not satisfied with the title of my Philosophy, I say, go ask the Shoshonees!

They after all, the critics I mean, seem disposed to allow some merit to my philosophy, but it is as the proverb hath it: 'There is something in it, as the man said when he swallowed dish-clout and all.' But I protest against this mode of disposing of it. I claim higher commendation for the latent meaning of much that I have written. The wise no doubt will cheerfully yield it to me, and for the ignorant I care not.

These delicate gentlemen would assign me the part of the fox in the fable. It is one well known, but will bear repetition. I will give it in a few words. His majesty, the king of the beasts, or her majesty his spouse, being one day seized with an inclination to be seen by all his subjects, sent a circular (that's the democratic word for mandate,) to each and all, announcing that during the space of one month he would give audience in his court of so and so, and intimating that he expected punctual attendance. Now it happened, that the place he had chosen for his levees or receptions was pervaded by a very powerful odor, not of the most pleasant character. The bear coming to pay his respects to the lion, immediately on entering clapped his paw without ceremony to his nose; a freedom, which so offended his majesty, that in his own royal person he knocked him on the head at once. The ape, witnessing this summary execution, began to praise the just anger of the monarch, and protested that the most delicious artificial perfume, or even the fragrance of the flowers of Nature, was not to be compared for a moment with that which now delighted their nostrils. The flattery was too evident and gross, and the ape shared the fate of his predecessor. The lion, then turning to the fox, who stood near, asked him 'Well now, tell me truly, what do you think of the matter?' He beginning to snuffle, took out his handkerchief, and blowing his nose, declared that really he had such a bad cold in his head, that he was not qualified to give an opinion. The happy evasion saved his life. The rough untutored honest bear suffered for his want of discretion; the courtly, crafty fox escaped. But which deserved the better fate? And whether was the indelicacy greater in the lion who suffered, or the bear, who, however impolitely, took notice of this reproach to his house-keeping?

These gentlemen wind up at last with a prayer, something like that of the Scotch minister. After he had included every creature and thing on earth, in the simplicity and tenderness of his heart, he continued: 'And now, my friends, let us pray for the *puir de'il*; *na body* prays for the *'puir de'il*.' Verily the spirit of humbug, as well as the arch-humbug, is abroad!

Shall I promise them like a good boy to be more discreet hereafter? Shall I give my word that, like the chamomile flower, (out upon the physicky comparison!) I will smell more sweet for being trampled upon? No! I will not compromise my independence!

But why interfere with these questions? — why enter into any metaphysical speculations upon costume at all? In a few words will I answer that query: because the figures, the health, the prosperity and the happiness of 'unborn millions' imperatively demand my care. I see them now, through the dim mists of futurity, while my candle burns flickering and blue, because it is almost out, making signs to me not to regard opposition or censure, but to continue my exertions in their behalf.

One more sounding period, or perhaps two, and I will consign my critics to their original insignificance. Now for it: Why should I descend from the lofty pinnacles of my heaven-descended science, to squabble with earth-born blockheads? I will not do it. I will not enter the lists. Let them thank their dirty stars! Away! ye little men; disturb not us great philosophers! I might belabor ye like a brownie with my iron flail once and for all, until ye were ground to a paste like the devotees of Juggernaut, or I might haunt ye month after month, night after night, with ever-increasing terrors, till ye were ready to die of pure fright. But I will not.

Having indulged myself in this short puff of anticipative steam, I am satisfied, and will contain myself for evermore, and my great science shall not be patched with allusions to these low matters. The rest of my lectures shall be purely philosophical. Having proved to the world how immeasurably superior I am to all the critics that are, or have been, or shall be, in all the attainments of a scholar, (for have I not quoted Latin '*Proh Pudor!*') and a wit, (for are there not in this lecture many hits, any one of which ought in all reason to immortalize me?) having incontestably shown that I could have crushed them with a blow, like a good-natured man as I am, I will be magnanimous enough to spare them when in my power. No consideration shall in future tempt me to reply to any attacks, even should they, not having the fear of the devil before their eyes, in their folly and wickedness, dub me an ass. I will not destroy them, lest the breed of these curious insects should become extinct.

'Buz! buz! buz! biz! boz! beeze!' Ha! have I roused the whole hive of ye, great and small, solemn-piped and shrill-piped? Ay, ye may buz away to all eternity, and be hanged to ye, for aught I care, if ye like the amusement. Ye critics, ye shall have all the fun to yourselves. So, 'play away, number twenty,' and put me out if you can; but mark — if you happen to burn your fingers, don't blame me.

And now, '*Presto, change!*' Again I announce that my next lecture.

ture shall, as I said before, be devoted to Sacks. And this time I announce it, positively; positively, and for the third time, as three is a lucky number — *positively!*

N. B. No postponement on account of the weather.

T H E T A R A N T E L L E O F N A P L E S .

SHE said, oh! she said, when the carnival was o'er,
She said, and we laughed, she would dance with man no more;
Diego's words had struck quick fire from her eye,
And then she turned to others, and coldly passed him by.

He sought for her forgiveness, he said he spoke in jest,
He asked if nothing pleaded for him within her breast;
And turned away in silence, with ling'ring steps and slow,
As the maiden waived her slight hand, and proudly bade him go.

And there came many festas, and many a joyous dance,
And suitors crowded round her, to win a fav'ring glance,
And many a time they prayed her, but she as often swore,
By all the saints in heaven, she'd dance with man no more.

Diego strove to win her, he brought her from the town
A bunch of scarlet ribbands, wreath'd bright a flowery crown;
The flowers he had woven dropped coldly from her hand,
The ribbands she divided among the sister band.

At first he watched her foot-steps, and lingered by her side,
Till all the man within him was angered at her pride;
As proudly he forsook her, and yet would lurk unseen
Where she went forth to wander, among the thickets green.

At length the spring came blooming, and soon the earliest day
Of that they call the Virgin's fair month, the month of May;
When Nature, like a maiden, but half unveils her charms,
And shrinks with modest blushes, as from a lover's arms.

Then ring the tambourines, and then sound the castanets,
And bachelors and maidens come forth in merry sets;
Yet there the village beauty stands cheerless and alone,
Would she but move, what step so light and graceful as her own?

But now a stately woman appears upon the green;
Within the little hamlet her like has ne'er been seen:
She cries, 'What village girl with me will try a tarantelle?
That I may tell my people if here ye dance it well.'

And all the gay ones called out, 'There's none but Leonore'
And the old people crowded, to see her dance once more.
At first she made no answer, and stood with listless air,
Then dropped her crimson mantle, and shook her glossy hair.

How waved her slender figure, with rounded arms outspread,
How rustled her light garments, and bent her lovely head!
The while a shade of triumph passed o'er her lip and brow,
As if she said: 'I would that Diego saw me now!'

And how her stalwart partner! oh! they are matched in grace,
She treads a gallant measure, though swarthy be her face;
She smiles on Leonora, and bids the girl keep on,
For she can never tire, the dark-eyed Amazon.

But Leonore is weary, for she has danced her best,
And fain would leave the music, and sit her down to rest;
The stranger circles round her, and holds her in her clasp,
Then lifts her from the greenward — ha! does she know that grasp?

And prints audacious kisses upon her lip and cheek,
And throws off veil and kerchief, and will not let her speak,
But holds her to his bosom, the vexed and frightened thing,
While bursts a shout of gladness from all the merry ring.

At first she tried to chide him, but soon her tear-drops fell,
While her glad heart breathed blessings upon the tarantelle;
And at her merry wedding, we danced it o'er and o'er,
Yet she said, oh! she said, she would dance with man no more!

WHO ARE OUR NATIONAL POETS?

BY OUR 'SALT-FISH DINNER' CORRESPONDENT.

WHO says we have no American Poetry? No American Songs? The charge is often made against us, but (as will be hereinafter proved) without the slightest foundation in truth. Foreigners read BRYANT, and HALLECK, and LONGFELLOW, and hearing these called our best poets, and perceiving nothing in their poems which might not just as well have been written in England, or by Englishmen, they infer that as the productions of those who stand highest among our poets have nothing about them which savors *peculiarly* of America, therefore America has no national poetry; a broad conclusion from narrow premises.

What are the prerequisites of national poetry? What is necessary to make the poet national? — this being, in the opinion of these foreign critics, the highest merit he can possess. Certainly, liberal education and foreign travel cannot assist him in attaining this desirable end; these denationalize a man; they render any but the narrowest soul cosmopolitan. By these means the poet acquires a higher standard than the national. By a kind of eclecticism, he appropriates forms and thoughts, images and modes of expression, from all countries and languages; by comparing the specific, the transient, and the idiosyncratic, he arrives at the general and the permanent; and when he has written in his own language a poem in accordance with his new ideal standard, he may have produced a noble work, but it can hardly be a *national* poem. He has striven to avoid the faults peculiar to his own countrymen, faults which he might have deemed beauties had he finished his education in his village school, and never ventured out of his native valley. He has become enamoured of the excellencies of the poets of other nations, the very knowledge of which prevents him from being national himself. He has become acquainted with the rules of universal poetry, as the linguist learns, in the study of foreign tongues, the principles of universal grammar. His standard is universal, not national.

From what has been said, it follows that if it be so desirable, as some

people think, that poetry should smack strongly of the locality in which it is written, then in order to obtain that end we must keep our poets at home, give them a narrow education, and allow them no spare money by which they might purchase books, or make excursions into other ranks of society than their own. If we could only pick out the born poets when they were a fortnight old, and subject them to this regimen, the nation would be able to boast of original poets in plenty, during the next generation. This is the way in which BURNS became Scotland's greatest national poet. If he had been born a lord, had been educated at Cambridge, and had made the grand tour of the world, does any one suppose he would have been a better poet? or half so good? At best, he could not have been so original nor so Scottish; and he might have proved to be only a tasteful HAYNES BAYLEY, or BARRY CORNWALL; or perhaps a miserable, moody, misanthropic Lord BYRON. Where would have been the glory of England, the immortal SHAKSPERE, had the boy WILLIAM received an education like that given in the nineteenth century to lads of genius who have rich fathers?

Applying this rule to America; in what class of our population must we look for our truly original and American poets? What class is most secluded from foreign influences, receives the narrowest education, travels the shortest distance from home, has the least amount of spare cash, and mixes least with any class above itself? Our negro slaves, to be sure! That is the class in which we must expect to find our original poets, and there we do find them. From that class come the Jim Crows, the Zip Coons, and the Dandy Jims, who have electrified the world. From them proceed our ONLY TRULY NATIONAL POETS.

When Burns was *discovered*, he was immediately taken away from the plough, carried to Edinburgh, and fêted and lionized to the 'fulness of satiety.' James Crow and Scipio Coon never were discovered, personally; and if they had been, their owners would not have spared them from work. Alas! that poets should be ranked with horses, and provided with owners accordingly! In this, however, our negro poets are not peculiarly unfortunate. Are not some of their white brethren owned and kept by certain publishing houses, newspapers, and magazines? Are not the latter class, like the former, provided with just sufficient clothing and food to keep them in good working condition, and with no more? And do not the masters, in both cases, appropriate all the profits?

Messrs. Crow and Coon could not be spared from the hoe, but they might be introduced to the great world by proxy! And so thought Mr. THOMAS RICE, a 'buckra gemman' of great imitative powers, who accordingly learned their poetry, music and dancing, blacked his face, and made his fortune by giving to the world his counterfeit presentment of the American national opera; counterfeit, because none but the negroes themselves *could* give it in its original perfection. And thus it came to pass, that while James Crow and Scipio Coon were quietly at work on their master's plantations, all unconscious of their fame, the whole civilized world was resounding with their names. From the nobility and gentry, down to the lowest chimney-sweep in Great Britain,

and from the member of Congress, down to the youngest apprentice or school-boy in America, it was all:

'TURN about and wheel about, and do just so,
And every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow.'

Even the fair sex did not escape the contagion: the tunes were set to music for the piano-forte, and nearly every young lady in the Union, and the United Kingdom, played and sang, if she did not *jump*, 'Jim Crow.' 'Zip Coon' became a fashionable song; 'Lubly Rosa, Sambo come,' the favorite serenade, and 'Dandy Jim of Caroline' the established quadrille-music. White bards imitated the negro melodies; and the familiar song:

'As I was gwine down Shibone Alley,
Long time ago!'

appeared, in the following shape:

'O'er the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!'

What greater proofs of genius have ever been exhibited, than by these our National Poets? They themselves were not permitted to appear in the theatres, and the houses of the fashionable, but their songs are in the mouths and ears of all; white men have blacked their faces to represent them, made their fortune by the speculation, and have been caressed and flattered on both sides of the Atlantic.

Humorous and burlesque songs are generally chosen for theatrical exhibition, and this fact may have led many to believe that the negroes composed no others. But they deal in the pathetic as well as the comical. Listen to the following, and imagine the hoe of Sambo digging into the ground with additional vigor at every emphasized syllable:

'MASSA an Misse promised me
When they died they'd set me free;
MASSA an Misse dead an' gone.
Here's old Sambo hillin'-up corn!'

Poor fellow! it seems a hard case. His 'massa and misse' are freed from *their* bonds, but Sambo stills wears his. He might here very properly stop and water the corn with his tears. But no; Sambo is too much of a philosopher for *that*. Having uttered his plaint, he instantly consoles himself with the thought that he has many blessings yet to be thankful for. He thinks of his wife, and the good dinner which she is preparing for him, and from the depths of a grateful and joyous heart he calls out, at the top of his voice:

'JENNY get your hoe-cake done, my darling,
Jenny get your hoe-cake done, my dear!'

and Jenny, in her distant log hut, which is embowered in Catalpa and Pride-of-India trees, gives the hommony another stir, looks at the hoe-cake, and giving the young ones a light cuff or two on the side of the head, to make them 'hush,' answers her beloved Sambo in the same strain:

'De hoe-cake is almost done, my darling,
De hoe-cake is almost done, my dear!'

Now if that field of corn belonged to Sambo, and the hut and its inmates were his own, and he belonged to himself, that would be a delightful specimen of humble rural felicity. But perhaps his young master may be so unfortunate as to lose the ten thousand dollars which he has bet upon the race that is to take place to-morrow; and poor Sambo and his family may be sold, separated, and sent just where their new masters may please; possibly to labor on a sugar plantation — the hell of the blacks.

The greater portion of our national poetry originates in Virginia, or among involuntary Virginian emigrants. Slaves are worked very lightly in that state, comparatively speaking. They are raised chiefly for exportation. Every year thousands are sent to the far south and southwest for sale. The Virginian type of negro character therefore has come to prevail throughout the slave states, with the exception of some portions of Louisiana and Florida. Thus every where you may hear much the same songs and tunes, and see the same dances, with little variety, and no radical difference. Taken together, they form a system perfectly *unique*. Without any teaching, the negroes have contrived a rude kind of opera, combining the poetry of motion, of music, and of language! 'Jim Crow' is an opera; all the negro songs were intended to be *performed*, as well as sung and played. And, considering the world-wide renown to which they have attained, who can doubt the genius of the composers? Was not the top of Mount Washington, once upon a time, the stage on which 'Jim Crow' was performed, with New-Hampshire and Maine for audience and spectators? So saith one of the albums at the foot of the mountain. And doth not William Howitt tell us that the summit of the Hartz mountains was the scene of a similar exhibition?

These operas are full of negro life: there is hardly any thing which might not be learned of negro character, from a complete collection of these original works. A tour through the south, and a year or two of plantation life, would not fail to reward the diligent collector; and his future fame would be as certain as Homer's. Let him put his own name, as compiler, on the title-page, and (the real author's being unknown) after a lapse of a few centuries the contents of the book will be ascribed to him, as 'the great American Poet,' the object of adoration to the poetical public of the fiftieth century! What was Homer but a diligent collector? Some learned people say he was nothing more, at any rate. Thou who pantest for glory, go and do likewise!

While writing this, your city papers advertise: 'Concert this evening, by the African Melodists.' *African* melodists! As well might the Hutchinson's call themselves *English* melodists, because their ancestors, some six or eight generations back, came from England. Whether these performers are blacks, or whites with blacked faces, does not appear; but they are doubtless meant to represent the native colored population of 'Old Varginny,' and as such should be judged. They are *American* melodists, *par excellence*.

It is a true test of genius in a writer, that he should be able to put his sayings into the mouths of all, so that they may become household words, quoted by every one, and nine times in ten without knowledge of

the author of them. How often do we find in Shakspeare, Sterne, and other celebrated old writers, the very expressions we have been accustomed to hear from childhood, without thought of their origin! They meet us every where in the old standard works, like familiar faces. And how often, when uttering one of these beautiful quotations, if questioned as to its origin, we feel at loss whether to refer the querist to Milton, Sterne, or the Bible! Proverbs are said to be 'the wisdom of nations,' yet who knows the author of a single proverb? How many, of the millions who weekly join their voices to that glorious tune Old Hundred, ever heard the name of the composer? How transcendent, then, must be the genius of the authors of our negro operas! Are not snatches of their songs in every body's mouth, from John O'Groat's to Land's End, and from Labrador to Mexico? Three hundred and fifty times a day, (we took the pains to count, once,) we have been amused and instructed with 'Zip Coon,' 'Jim Crow,' and the tale of a 'Fat Raccoon, a-sittin on a rail.' Let Webster tell of the tap of Britain's drum, that encircles the world! Compared with the time occupied by Great Britain in bringing this to pass, 'Jim Crow' has put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' At no time does the atmosphere of our planet cease to vibrate harmoniously to the immortal songs of the negroes of America. At this present moment, a certain ubiquitous person seems to be in the way of the whole people of these United States simultaneously, (a mere pretender, doubtless, dressed up in some cast-off negro clothing,) and any one may hear him told, a hundred times a day, to 'Get out ob de way, old Dan Tucker!' But if he gets out of any body's way, it is only that of 'Dandy Jim, of Caroline.' Oh, that he *would* obey the command altogether! but depend upon it, he will do no such thing, so long as the young ladies speak to him in such fascinating tones, and accompany their sweet voices with the only less sweet music of the piano. Dan takes it as an invitation to stay; and doubtless many a lover would like to receive a similar rejection from his lady-love; a fashion, by the way, like that in which the country lass reproved her lover for kissing her: 'Be done, Nat!' said she, 'and (*solo voce*) begin again!'

Who is the man of genius? He who utters clearly that which is dimly felt by all. He who most vividly represents the sentiment, intellect and taste of the public to which he addresses himself. He to whom all hearts and heads respond. Take our 'national poets,' for example, who being unknown individually, we may personify collectively as the American SAMBO. Is not Sambo a genius? All tastes are delighted, all intellects are astonished, all hearts respond to his utterances; at any rate, all piano-fortes do, and a hundred thousand of the sweetest voices in christendom. What more convincing proof of genius was ever presented to the world? Is not Sambo the incarnation of the taste, intellect and heart of America, the ladies being the judges? Do not shrink from the answer, most beautiful, accomplished, delicate and refined lady-reader! You cannot hold yourself above him, for you imitate him; you spend days and weeks in learning his tunes; you trill his melodies with your rich voice; you are delighted with his humor, his pathos, his irresistible fun. Say truly, incomparable damsel! is not Sambo the realization of your poetic ideal?

But our national melodists have many imitators. Half of the songs published as theirs are, as far as the words are concerned, the productions of 'mean whites'; but base counterfeits as they are, they pass current with most people as genuine negro songs. Thus is it ever with true excellence! It is always imitated, but no one counterfeits that which is acknowledged by all to be worthless. The Spanish dollar is recognised as good throughout the world, and it is more frequently counterfeited than any other coin. The hypocrite assumes the garb of virtue and religion; but who ever thought of feigning vice and infidelity, unless upon the stage? Every imitator acknowledges the superior excellence of his model. The greater the number of imitators, the stronger is the evidence of that superiority: the warmer their reception by the public, the more firmly becomes established the genius of the original.

But the music and the dancing are all Sambo's own. No one attempts to introduce any thing new *there*. In truth they, with the chorus, constitute all that is essentially permanent in the negro song. The blacks themselves leave out old stanzas, and introduce new ones at pleasure. Travelling through the South, you may, in passing from Virginia to Louisiana, hear the same tune a hundred times, but seldom the same words accompanying it. This necessarily results from the fact that the songs are unwritten, and also from the habit of extemporizing, in which the performers indulge on festive occasions. Let us picture one of these scenes, which often occur on the estates of kind masters, seldom on those of the cruel. So true is this, that the frequent sound of the violin, banjo, or jaw-bone lute, is as sure an indication of the former, as its general absence is of the latter.

Like the wits of the white race, the negro singer is fond of appearing to extemporize, when in fact he has every thing 'out and dried' beforehand. Sambo has heard that his 'massa' is going to be put up as candidate for congress; that his 'misse' has that day bought a new gold watch and chain; that Miss Lucy favors one of her lovers above the rest; that 'massa and misse' have given their consent, and in fact, that Violet, the chamber-maid, saw Miss Lucy looking lovingly on a miniature which she had that morning received in a disguised package. Sambo has learned all this, and he has been engaged the whole day, while hoeing corn, in putting these facts, and his thoughts thereon, into verse, to his favorite tune, 'Zip Coon.' He never did such a day's work in his life. He hoed so fast, that his fellow-laborers looked at him in astonishment, and said Sambo had 'got de debbil in him; dumb debbil, too; no get a word out ob him all day.' Sambo finished his hoeing task by three o'clock, but not his rhyming. He could not sit still, so he went to work in his little garden-patch; and just at sun-down, having completed his verses to his satisfaction, and hummed them over till confident that he could sing them through without hesitation, he threw down his hoe, and shouted and capered for joy, like a madman.

Soon after tea, Violet enters the parlor: 'Sambo sends compliments to Massa and Misse, and de young gemmen and ladies, and say he gwine to gib musical entertainment to company dis evening in de kitchen, and be happy to hab a full house.' Sambo is a favorite servant, and so, with an air of kindness and dignity, the master replies: 'Give our com-

pliments to Sambo, and say that we will attend with pleasure ;' and soon the whole family go out to the kitchen, which at the South is always a building by itself. The master's family occupy one end of the room, standing ; the doors and windows are filled with black faces, grinning ivory, and rolling eyes. Sambo emerges from behind a rug, hung across the corner of the kitchen ; and the orchestra, consisting of one fiddle, played by old Jupe, strikes up : 'Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks, old Varginny neber tire.' This is a feint, skilfully planned by Sambo, just as if he intended nothing more than to sing over the well-known words of one or two old songs. He goes through this performance, and through two or three more, with the usual applause : at last old Jupe strikes up 'Zip Coon,' and Sambo sings two or three familiar stanzas of this well-known song ; but suddenly, as if a new thought struck him, he makes an extraordinary flourish, looks at his master, and sings :

'Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
All 'e niggers cry when massa gone.

'I know what I wish massa do,
I know what I wish massa do,
I know what I wish massa do,
Take me on to Washington to black him boot an' shoe.'
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.'

'Misses got a gold chain round her neck,
Misses got a gold chain round her neck,
Misses got a gold chain round her neck :
De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
Jus de same as Sambo when he cut up stick :
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.'

'Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too ;
No watch on de toder end ob dat, I know,
No watch on de toder end ob dat, I know,
No watch on de toder end ob dat, I know,
I reckon it 's a picture ob her handsome bees :
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.'

Great tittering and grinning among the blacks ; hearty laughter among the whites ; blushes, and a playfully-threatening shake of the finger at Sambo, from Miss Lucy. Sambo meanwhile 'does' an extra quantity of jumping at an extra height. His elation at the sensation he has produced really inspires him, and he prolongs his saltations until he has concocted a genuine impromptu stanza :

'Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
Dat old Scip, by de white ob him eye :
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.

'By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
Sambo know dat old black Scip :
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.'

Exit Sambo, behind the rug. Great applause ; and white folks *exeunt*.

The evening winds up with a treat of whiskey, all round, furnished by 'massa' on the occasion, and in due time all disperse to their several log huts, and retire to rest, after one of the most joyous evenings they ever passed in their lives. All sleep soundly but Sambo; he lies awake half the night, so excited is he by the honors he has acquired, so full of *poetical thoughts*, seeking to shape themselves into words. Slumber at last falls on him; but his wife declares, next morning, that Sambo talked all night in his sleep like a crazy man. Thousands at the South would recognize the foregoing as a faithful sketch of a not infrequent scene:

'THE man who has no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.'

Shakspeare never uttered a more undeniable truth; and if he were living at the present day, and needed evidence to back his opinion, a short experience as a cotton planter would furnish him with the requisite proof. This thing is well understood at the South. A laughing, singing, fiddling, dancing negro is almost invariably a faithful servant. Possibly he may be lazy and idle, but 'treasons, stratagems and spoils' form not the subject of *his* meditations. He is a thoughtless, merry fellow, who sings 'to drive dull care away'; sings at his work, sings at his play, and generally accomplishes more at his labor than the sulky negro who says nothing, but looks volumes. These last words have struck 'the electric chain' of memory, and forthwith starts up a picture of by-gone days. 'The time is long past, and the scene is afar,' yet the mental daguerreotype is as fresh as if taken yesterday.

One day during the early part of the Indian war in Florida, we stepped into a friend's boat at Jacksonville, and with a dozen stout negro rowers, pushed off, bound up the St. Johns with a load of muskets, to be distributed among the distressed inhabitants, who were every where flying from the frontier before the victorious Seminoles. As we shot ahead, over the lake-like expanse of the noble river, the negroes struck up a song to which they kept time with their oars; and our speed increased as they went on, and become warmed with their singing. The words were rude enough, the music better, and both were well-adapted to the scene. A line was sung by a leader, then all joined in a short chorus; then came another solo line, and another short chorus, followed by a longer chorus, during the singing of which the boat foamed through the water with redoubled velocity. There seemed to be a certain number of lines ready-manufactured, but after this stock was exhausted, lines relating to surrounding objects were extemporized. Some of these were full of rude wit, and a lucky hit always drew a thundering chorus from the rowers, and an encouraging laugh from the occupants of the stern-seats. Sometimes several minutes elapsed in silence; then one of the negroes burst out with a line or two which he had been excogitating. Little regard was paid to rhyme, and hardly any to the number of syllables in a line: they condensed four or five into one foot, or stretched out one to occupy the space that should have been filled with four or five; yet they never spoiled the tune. This elasticity of form is peculiar to the negro song. But among these negroes there was one who rowed in

silence, and no smile lighted up his countenance at the mirthful sallies of his sable companions. When the others seemed merriest, he was unmoved, or only showed, by a transient expression of contempt, the bitterness which dwelt in his heart. In physiognomy he differed entirely from his companions. His nose was straight, and finely cut, his lips thin, and the general cast of his countenance strikingly handsome. He was very dark, and in a *tableau vivant* might have figured with credit as a bronze statue of a Grecian hero. He seemed misplaced, and looked as if he felt so. The countenance of that man, as he carelessly plied his oar, in silent contempt of the merry, thoughtless set around him, made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. He spoke not, but 'looked unutterable things.' He had no 'music in his soul;' he was not 'moved by concord of sweet sounds;' but his thoughts were on 'treasons, stratagems and spoils;' he was thinking of the muskets and ammunition which the boat contained, and of the excellent use that might be made of them, in the way of helping the Indians instead of repelling them. 'Let no such man be trusted!' would have been a proper precaution in this case. A few weeks after this he ran away and joined the Seminoles, and was suspected to have acted as a guide to the party that subsequently laid waste his master's plantation.

Comparatively speaking, however, there are few negroes at the South who have 'no music' in their souls. The love of music and song is characteristic of the race. They have songs on all subjects; witty, humorous, boisterous and sad. Most frequently, however, specimens of all these classes are mingled together in the same song, in grotesque confusion. Variety is the spice of the negro melodies. Take the following as a fair specimen of negro humor and pathos:

'Come all you jolly niggers, to you de traf I tell-ah;
Neber lib wid white folks, dey neber use you well-ah;
Cold frosty mornin', nigger bery good-ah,
Wid he axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah;
Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
Dingee I otten, *who dar'?*

'Come home to breakfast, get somethin' to eat-ah;
And dey set down before him a little nasty meat-ah;
Den at noon poor nigger, he come home to dine-ah,
And dey take him in de corn-field, and gib him thirty-nine-ah!
Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
Dingee I otten, *who dar'?*

'Den de night come on, and he come home to supper-ah,
And dey knock down, and break down, and jump ober Jaber-ah!
Den a little cold pancake, and a little hog-fat-ah,
And dey grumble like de debbil, if you eat too much ob dat-ah!
Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
Dingee I otten, *who dar'?*

'Den oh! poor nigger, I sorry for your color-ah;
Hit you on de back-bone, you sound like a dollar-ah!
Cold frosty mornin', nigger bery good-ah;
Wid de axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah!
Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
Dingee I otten, *who dar'?*

The intelligent reader, conversant with Howitt's 'Student Life in

Germany,' cannot have failed to note the close similarity of style between the foregoing and some of the student-songs, translations of which are therein given. The question arises, Who was the imitator? Surely not the negro: he knows not that there is in existence such a being as a German student. But the students know the whole history of the negroes, and doubtless are acquainted with their world-renowned songs. The inference is irresistible: the student is the imitator of the negro, just in the same way that he is the imitator of Homer, and Anacreon, and Sappho. The student is a man of discernment, able to recognize true genius, and not ashamed to emulate it, however lowly the circumstances in which it may be found. He remembers that Homer was a blind, wandering beggar, and knowing that simplicity and adversity are favorable to the growth of true poetry, he is not surprised to find it flourishing in perfection among the American negroes. Or, say that the student is *not* an imitator of the negro: then we have a case which goes to establish still more firmly the well-known truth that, human nature being the same every where, men of genius, living thousands of miles apart, and holding no communication with each other, often arrive at the same results!

Proofs of the genius of our American poets crowd upon us in tumultuous array from all quarters. A few of them only are before the reader, but enough, it is hoped, to establish their claim beyond a doubt. Now let justice be done! Render to Cæsar, and Pompey, and Scipio, and Sambo, the just honor which has been so long unjustly withheld; and render to America the meed of praise which has been so pertinaciously denied to her. Sambo claims honor for the fact that he is a true poet: America asks praise for bringing him up, with infinite pains, in the only way in which a true poet should go; which fact was demonstrated in the beginning of this article. Acknowledge, then, ye British critics! your sins of omission and commission; eat your own slanderous words, and proclaim the now undeniable truth, or else be branded as false prophets, and 'for ever after hold your peace!'

A wise man has said, 'Let me have the making of the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws.' The popular song-maker sways the souls of men; the legislator rules only their bodies. The song-maker reigns through love and spiritual affinity; the legislator by brute force. Apply this principle to the American people. Who are our true rulers? The negro poets, to be sure! Do they not set the fashion, and give laws to the public taste? Let one of them, in the swamps of Carolina, compose a new song, and it no sooner reaches the ear of a white *amateur*, than it is written down, amended, (that is, almost spoilt,) printed, and then put upon a course of rapid dissemination, to cease only with the utmost bounds of Anglo-Saxondom, perhaps of the world. Meanwhile, the poor author digs away with his hoe, utterly ignorant of his greatness! 'Blessed are they who do good, and are forgotten!' says dear Miss Bremer. Then blessed indeed are our national melodists! 'True greatness is always modest,' says some one else. How great then are our retiring Samboes! How shrinkingly they remain secluded, and allow sooty-faced white men to gather all the honors and emoluments! The works of great men are always imitated. Even

those miserable counterfeits, 'Lucy Long,' and 'Old Dan Tucker,' have secured a large share of favor, on the supposition that they were genuine negro songs. With the music, no great fault can be found; that may be pure negro, though some people declare it to be Italian. Be that as it may, the words are far beneath the genius of our American poets: this any student, well-versed in negro lore, can perceive at a glance.

BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, WHITTIER, do you ardently desire fame? Give heed to foreign reviewers; doubt no longer that nationality is the highest merit that poetry can possess; uneducate yourselves; consult the taste of your fair countrywomen; write no more English poems; write negro songs, and Yankee songs in negro style; take lessons in dancing of the celebrated Thomas Rice; appear upon the stage and perform your own operas; do this, and not only will fortune and fame be yours, but you will thus vindicate yourselves and your country from the foul imputation under which both now rest! With *your* names on the list with CROW and COON, who *then* will dare to say that America has no National Poets?

J. K. JR.

Portsmouth, (New-Hampshire,) 1845.

L I N E S .

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE GREAT NORTHERN ILIAD, THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

FAR North they say there lies a magic land,
Which hath above it, all the changeless year,
A silver-shining, milk-warm atmosphere;
Amid whose windless calm the forests stand
As still as clustered obelisks. A bland
Delight doth soothe the pilgrim entering here,
Who by a lonely path his way doth steer
Through dreamy hollows, under forests grand
Of larch and fir, round many a placid mere,
O'er silver streams, and level barrens drear,
Until he comes unto a mossy gate,
And finds within a City Desolate.

Its streets knee-deep with yellow leaves are strown,
And, stiller than the Ephesian Sleepers' cave,
The watchman's horn at midnight lies unblown;
The ivy-muffled bells hang dumb; and save
The hum of summer flies, sound there is none.
Wide open stands the Kaiser's palace-door,
And here and there upon the dusty floor
Swords, helms and shields, and empty wine-cups lie,
Between whose golden lips black spiders ply,
Their filmy looms in bright security.
Within this city, reared by Elfin hands,
A huge and mouldering mausoleum stands.
These words are graved upon its portals gray:
The singer of the Nibelungen Lay.

G R E E N W O O D .

There was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living.

MRS. SUGGENT.

There is a spot far in the green still wood,
Where Nature reigns in majesty alone,
Where the tall trees for countless years have stood,
And flowers have bloomed and faded all unknown;
Where fearless birds soar through the morning skies,
And fill the air with varied melodies,
While o'er the water's breast dark shadows brood,
Flung by the clustering boughs, a glorious solitude!

It is a holy place, so calm and still,
So wrapped in shades of peaceful quietude,
A sense of awe the inmost soul doth thrill,
And tunes the spirit to a higher mood,
When in the precincts of that sacred spot
The busy cares of life are all forgot;
Let not a foot-fall with irreverent sound
Startle the echoes of the hallowed ground.

The dead are with us, where green branches wave,
And where the pine boughs cast a deeper gloom;
Yonder a rose-tree marks an early grave,
And there proud manhood sleeps beneath the tomb;
The young high heart with vague, bright dreamings filled,
Too pure for earth, yet haply now fulfilled,
Lies mute, perchance by his who knew not rest,
Until the damp sod pressed his aching breast.

And doth it not seem meet,
That there earth's weary pilgrims should repose,
Far from the hurrying tread of eager feet,
Where the last sunbeams at the daylight's close
Quiver like golden harp-strings 'mid the trees,
While with a spirit's touch the evening breeze
Wakens a requiem for the sleepers there,
And nature's every breath seems fraught with prayer?

And when the twilight in her robe of gray
Flings o'er the earth a veil of mystic light,
While as the glow of even melts away,
The stars above grow more intensely bright,
Even as the promise that our God has given,
As fade our hopes on earth, so grow they bright in Heaven;
Might we not deem them holy spirit-eyes,
Their vigils keeping in the silent skies?

Oh! noiseless city of the mighty dead!
Lonely and mute, yet are thine annals fraught
With solemn teachings, and thy broad page spread
With the rich lore of soul-awakening thought;
And when the wanderer on the future shores
Shall seek its hidden mysteries to explore,
Thy hallow'd shades, with spirit-voices rife,
May lead him onward to the gates of life.

SIOHAN PINDER.

MY WIFE.

OR, THE RIGHT ONE AT LAST.

BY FREDERICK BREWER.

'But is it known with certainty in what language Adam declared his love to Eve?' I asked one day a friend of mine, a linguist, with earnestness, to which he just as seriously replied :

'Yes, quite certain! It was the very language in which she answered him!'

A profound answer! 'Tis pity only, that I did not become wiser in the matter; and yet a pity it is, on the whole, an everlasting pity, that we know so little about love transactions previous to the flood! Could a love-story be fished up from that time, it would possess more freshness and vigor than even the very last of our novels. And this, the first one in the fresh morning time, within the groves of paradise!—how peculiar it must have been!

Alas! still in this world, so many thousand years old, a spirit of the paradisaical spring is breathing through the life of every man, in the moment that he exclaims: 'I love! I am loved!' Food and clothing, office and household, mine and thine, great and small circumstances and troubles, which our orderly world (very little like ancient paradise, I suspect!) has arranged around us, to tame our will and steady our course; to make us sensible and dull; all is forgotten in this instant, or rather all is metamorphosed, idealized; a living spirit is breathing into the clay.

Beside, we do not stand on earth then; we soar, we dance, we fly! Yes; even in the present day, life brings forth flowers for every happy son of Adam, in the moment when he finds his Eve! But Adam, he was the best off! For there being only one Eve in his days, he could not be mistaken; and she on her side could have neither choice, nor suffer disappointment. But we *legio*! we do not find it so easy, in the enormous swarms of Adam's progeny, to judge who is the right one for us! If every body would honestly confess his experience on this score, it would be very instructive, and surely very interesting too. And, not being sure of teaching or amusing the world in any other way, I will now take the opportunity, and candidly confess my mistakes in search of the EVE I once adored in — ROSE GREEN.

Oh! how beautiful she was! Nay, rather how sweet, charming, bewitching! I lack words to describe her. Already, when I was a cadet, she charmed me; she bewitched me from the time I was in the fourth class. And a more dangerous woman there never was, for a young man with lively feelings. Her coquetry was so natural, so united with goodness and childish gracefulness, that it was impossible to see any thing but the most angelic innocence therein. At the military academy I read but her name in my books. If I were drawing

plans of ramparts and fortifications, Rose stood there in the midst of circles and squares; and the only line I saw clearly, was the road which led me to her home. And when I got there, to the flower-bespangled Green Valley, and the mother, in her slow but friendly accents, addressed me: 'My dear Baron, you must here feel quite at home!' I replied: 'Certainly, I thank you!' and felt entirely at home. I was in love, so that I saw nothing, knew nothing, and thought of nothing, except 'Rose.'

It was always lively at Green Valley: there were plenty of visitors and amusements. And when the young people of the house wished an aquatic or other pleasure excursion, it was always I who should manage it, and open the subject to the old baroness, the mother, for whom all the children entertained a wholesome fear. Generally she used then to say: 'My dear Baron! if you are with them, I suppose I have to say yes, for then I depend upon your looking after the children!' 'Certainly!' says I; but I could not take care of myself, and paid attention to nobody nor nothing but 'Rose.'

Many were charmed, like me, but I considered myself full surely the only favored one. Her manner of playing on the harp, or singing, would drive one quite crazy. She asked one to note in a little green memorandum-book the piece he most admired; and were it for instance number five, then she asked the next time, with a sweet charming expression, 'Was it not number five you admired?' 'Yes, most gracious Madam;' and then she sang number five so that one was burning and melting at the same time. When she spoke of 'the hidden feelings of the heart,' you might have sworn that she was heavenly Sentimentality personified. And when she danced, oh! then one was so struck, so carried away, so lost in seeing her, that one might almost have fallen prostrate before her.

Once I was horridly jealous. A certain Mr. T... (a sort of a teacher of languages, I believe.) came on a visit to Green Valley: he played, he sang, and chatted French. At once Miss Rose is forgetting me, and talking and playing with Mr. T...; and makes herself just as agreeable to him as she formerly was to me! I was mad; I went out over fields and meadows, but saw neither gates nor hedges; I ran down into ditches and streamlets, and reached home sullen as a blunderbuss. But behold, Mr. T... was gone, and Miss Rose was again as enchanting as ever, and immediately I was as charmed as before; being confident that the whole fault rested with me, and that I was a Turk, a monster—oh! a real Othello of jealousy!

I had long been sighing and burning, and now I concluded to propose. True, I was yet very young, scarcely three-and-twenty; but I considered myself quite old enough: I was a full-made lieutenant, and son too of a father who was always talking about 'my wife,' as of his life's highest blessing; and from my parental home I brought the sweetest impressions of domestic felicity. And in consequence of all this, I always placed life's greatest bliss in the ideal of 'my wife.'

Secretly turning over in my mind several formulas for declaring my love, I one day set out for Green Valley, carrying a moss-rose pot near my heart, wretchedly shaken on the most miserable of roads. The smiles

of fair Rose should compensate me for all the pains I suffered. I repeatedly caught myself saying: 'I love thee!' and I heard her repeatedly answer: 'I too love *thee*!' In regard to house-keeping and household affairs, I had not even thought of them; less even than one of the favorite poets of our country, who at the time of his marriage had purchased a barrel of flour, a wafer-iron, and a coffee-pot. I had only thought of 'a hut and a heart,' and round the hut a profusion of roses, and within it my Rose and myself. All beside, my excellent father should take care of.

Upon arriving at Green Valley, I unexpectedly met two gentlemen equally enchanted, equally bewitched as myself, by the same enchantress! I pitied the sighing young men, that they should infatuate themselves with hopes of a happiness to which I knew I alone was the legitimate pretender. Beside, among our acquaintances we do not like to put our candle under the bushel; we do not like to be underrated; we — In few words, we like to let our light shine before men, particularly when its rays throw a radiance around ourselves; and I determined to give my rivals a little hint of my prospects.

One day therefore I moved the curtain, which was hiding my modest reliance, a little aside. But — then very curious communications took place! My rivals also unveiled *their* prospects; and then we were, all three of us, in the very same situation! We all sighed; we all had hopes, we all had remembrances, which we were kissing in secret; and they were all snakes, and all of them were biting their tails.

At these unexpected revelations, we all exclaimed: 'Aha!' and went all on the same day, each his own way, from Green Valley. Being somewhat astonished to see me get back so soon, my father asked: 'But my dear Constantin, did you not intend to stay away some time?' 'Yes,' said I, with a profound air, biting into a large piece of bread-and-butter; 'yes, but I changed my mind afterward.' And there I was at a stand. The enchantment was now and forever broken.

But broken was also a link in my life's rose-chain. I began to look upon all roses, with or without eyes, with angry suspicion, and to speak of 'life's illusions' and of bidding them good-by, and so on. And I vowed that the next object I should elect for 'my wife' should in all things be the opposite of the bewitching but deceitful Rose. I was deceived, I thought, in the poetry of life, and I wished now to study the prose alone.

Alas! in what a noble shape did this my new ideal appear before my gaze one evening, when I entered the hospitable Mrs. A — 's parlor! Her daughter Abba stood before the tea-table, engaged in arranging it. Feature, form, manner, in short every thing about her, was straight and regular. She looked like Truth personified, such at least as I imagined her, in contrast with the fantastic enchanting Rose. Immediately struck by the beautiful Minerva-image, I thought of 'my wife.' But Abba seemed only to think of doing the honors of the tea-table, and looked neither to the right nor left among the company. At length all the cups were filled; and now she slowly turned her beautiful head, while at the same time I heard a bass voice call out:

'Lundholm!'

Heavens! was that really her voice? Was it not rather the Angel

of the last Judgment, from the midst of Mrs. A — 's evening party calling that sinner Lundholm to account! Every thing seemed to me more probable than that *such* a voice should emanate from Miss A — 's mouth. But Lundholm appearing before the table to receive the cups on his tray convinced me that the trumpet-voice which was just sounding belonged to none but the beautiful lady I had so much admired, and had even in my heart termed 'my wife.'

It took a good while to reconcile this idea. 'Lundholm!' sounded long and frightfully in my ears. 'But after all,' I thought, 'since nature has given Miss A — such a bass voice, was it not fair and honest in her not to endeavor to hide or beautify it? Was not this a great proof of her love of truth, her firmness of character, and superiority of mind? How easy might she not have exclaimed 'Lundholm' in a falsetto? But she did not wish to be deceitful, even in this. Unwilling to please by any deception, she exclaims 'Lundholm' with the voice our Lord gave her. Is this not even beautiful? She who in this manner exclaims 'Lundholm' cannot deceive an honest man with any plausible words and feelings, but will soon show him how he stands with her; she will play a fair game.'

I was introduced to the beautiful Ablä. True, the voice was not very fine, but neither was it so very disagreeable, close by. Her words were unaffected and honest; and her countenance, oh! it was beautiful; so beautiful, that by degrees I was entirely absorbed by it; my ears, as it were, crept into my eyes; and gazing day after day on Ablä's beautiful profile, I entered the boundaries of love imperceptibly, and carried away by my eyes, I asked the beautiful Ablä if she would be 'my wife.' She answered 'Yes!' with a power of tone which almost frightened me. But we were betrothed, and now being permitted to approach the beautiful profile nearer, I felt inexpressible content. But not long.

The time decreed after the betrothment is a very strange time; something half, and incomplete; but on the whole a very sensible institution — when it does not last too long. We then are experiencing a prelude to a union which nothing but death *ought* to sever; and should it appear that we cannot in harmony perform the duetto we have commenced, we may yet quietly discontinue the same.

The first discord which disturbed the duetto my betrothed and I had commenced was — not her bass voice, but, unfortunately, the very thing which should reconcile me to it, viz: her love of truth, or rather the uncompassionate 'utterances' thereof.

Of course (nobody is more ready to confess it than I) one is a 'sinner in thought, word and act;' but to be always reminded of it by one's best friend, that is not pleasant, and surely not adapted to improve a person, particularly when the truth-saying friend never will consider *herself* sinful or failing, in any way. And the very worst of all was, that Ablä never did wrong. Oh, had she done that, and still better, confessed it, I would then have thrown myself prostrate at her feet. No, she was faultless; regular and perfect as her figure; she was right, in a manner which made me angry. I knew that her perfection, and especially her mode of educating me, might in time create a hell for

me; particularly as in nothing would she suit herself after my wishes. It also appeared to me that this self-righteous uncharitableness toward others is in reality one of the greatest faults man can possess; and one day I imparted with great seriousness to my betrothed my opinions on these subjects; which gave rise to the following colloquy:

'I cannot be otherwise,' said she, 'than I am. If you cannot like me as I am, you may go elsewhere.'

'If you cannot be amiable to me,' I replied, 'I must cease to love you.'

'Be it so!' said she quickly: 'I will go my own way.'

'But I may also go my own way!' said I.

'Very well; go, then!' said she: 'Good bye, Sir!'

'Good bye, Madam!'

'And thank God that it was not too late!' I exclaimed to myself, when, thus cavalierly despatched, I set out for my little farm in the country. I did not feel much pain in my heart, but considerable vexation in my mind, and a secret enmity to the whole female sex.

In this state of mind, the company of one of my neighbors, who had the same notions, was very acceptable. After a peaceless union, he had some time before been divorced from his wife, and now travelled round in a vehicle with one seat, upon which he had painted in golden letters: '*Mieux vaut seul que mal accompagné.*'

I found the motto excellent; and my neighbor and I saw each other often, for we agreed entirely in scandalizing women. In the intervals I occupied myself with books and agriculture.

I entertain a high regard for books; and learning! oh, most obedient servant! I bow in the dust to it; but after all the regard and esteem it has commanded, it never seemed to be a genial soil for my love. Agriculture brought me into the presence of Nature, and she is always grand. But paradise itself was not enough for Adam; he never awoke to life and blessedness, until he had his Eve; and I, who certainly did not possess a paradise in Stonyhill, felt often very lonely there. Woods are after all woody, when the sympathies are in the question, and the sympathy of rocks is but an echo; and echo's answer is the saddest answer I know. No, heart to heart, eye to eye — *that* is life; and under a healthy country life, acting together for the welfare of tenants, regulating home together, living, thinking, loving, enjoying together, oh! . . . 'My wife' still played constantly in my fancy.

But my experience in love's dominions had made me suspicious. I doubted being happy, according to my ideal of happiness. I got in an ill-humor; and having finished half a dozen cigars, and quarrelled with my neighbor, from fatigue and a spirit of contradiction, over his everlasting jeremiads upon 'women,' I one day left home in a 'sulky,' with a view to amuse myself.

I steered my course toward the residence of a gentleman who had been my friend ever since the time we were together at Carlberg,* and who had frequently asked me to call upon him. He was married, and the father of eight children. 'That was much!' I thought; but too much it was not, however. One day spent in this family was enough

* A Military Academy, near Stockholm.

to prove *that* to me, and to give me the impression of a heaven on earth. The lady of the house was the silent *soul* of the whole. 'It is she, it is she, who makes my blessedness!' said the happy man. But *she* said, 'It is *he*!'

'My friend,' said I, one day, 'by what means have you become so happy in your marriage?'

'Oh,' he replied, smiling, 'I had a secret trick.'

'A trick! By all means, dear friend! tell me what it was.'

'Oh, I have ever, even from the days of my youth, prayed our Lord to give me a good wife.'

'Look there!' I thought; 'here I am now, unmarried for all my days, for this trick which I never got hold of. And without the special guidance of our Lord, I shall never dare to choose 'my wife.''

The lady of my friend had a younger sister in the house. Nobody could exactly become attached to her on the sole account of her external beauty. But in living together with her, one was irresistibly attracted by her manifest goodness and fulness of soul, and her friendly and very agreeable manners. Every one in the house loved her; and she was pleasant and affable to all—to all but me; for to me she was always cold and reserved. I was almost scared, when I discovered that this gave me pain, and that I—really felt *attached* to this girl.

But the circumstances of this attachment were unlike those of my former love affairs. In them, I was led by external graces, by blind aspirations; here I was attached by a *soul*, and the beauty of this soul alone had gained my heart. But this excellent soul—why was she so cold to me?

My friend told me that it was in consequence of Maria's having heard me spoken of as a changeable individual; a person who amused himself by breaking off engagements. Just heaven! *Was* such my fault? *I* changeable? I, who felt as if I had been created a pattern of faithfulness! Impossible that I could suffer such a cruel injustice! No; as true as my name was Constantin, so certainly must Maria yet do me justice! And from this time I commenced following her when she avoided me. I had to try to convince her that I was not the changeable, light-hearted male flirt I had been represented to her. It was indeed not so *easy* to succeed, but at last I *did* succeed. And having put me to a test which I stood honorably, she consented to my proposal, still farther to try me by—a union for life.

Twice during our engagement she exclaimed with delight: 'Oh, how glad I am that you also have faults! I feel now less lonely with mine!' This pleased me much, particularly as I saw that in overlooking my faults Maria did not spare her own.

The day of our wedding was fixed. I ordered a carriage with two seats. The company was invited. Maria and I were married. Nothing can be more common; except perhaps this, that my wife and I agreed we would receive the marriage ceremony in earnest, and make it real, make it living, in our lives. The result is, that now, after twenty-five years of connubial life, (to-morrow we celebrate our silver-wedding*) we love each other more, and possess in one another a far

* In Sweden it is customary, after a union of a quarter of a century, for consorts, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, to celebrate what is termed the 'silver wedding'; and on the fiftieth anniversary to celebrate the 'golden wedding.'

greater bliss, than in the morning of our union. And hence we have come to the conclusion, that unhappiness in marriage does not arise from the indissoluble marriage ceremony, as some pretend, but from the ceremony's not being *realized* in the marriage.

Speak not to me of the bliss of the honey-moon! That is dove-coo-ing! No, upon thorn-infested paths we must wander together; penetrate into life's most hidden depths, in weal or wo; under joy and sorrow we must forgive and be forgiven; and still love better, love more! Then by degrees something mysterious will happen. Although wrinkles may furrow cheek and brow, we are beautified to one another; and though we add year to year, we still appear younger. *Then* it happens that the troubles, misfortunes, disappointments of this world can no more dim the sun of our happiness; for he beams bright from our friend's heart and eye; *then* it happens, that while our earthly life is drawing to a close, we the more strongly feel that our life and our love shall never end. And this mystery, on the other hand, is perfectly natural; for the deeper, the more sincerely we enter into life, the more it opens itself into depths of everlasting beauty.

Many a happy husband and wife will verify this. But no one has described the power of faithful love with more truth than SHAKSPEARE. His inspiration he drew from his own married life with his faithful wife, ANNE HATHAWAY:

'For a union between true souls
I can admit no obstacle.
The love which changes is not love at all
When it can alter or can fall;
Which turns when fortune's wheel is turning.
Oh no! It is a land-mark which will be eternal;
Which faces whirlwinds, still cannot be shaken:
It is a beaming star, which points the course
To every craft which in the night is cruising.
True love is not the fool of time. Eternal,
Though purple lips and cheeks may wither
Before the breath of the ravager, it withers not.
It changes not with time's short days,
But lasts beyond the dooms-day,
And brings its heaven into Heaven's bosom.
If one can prove that here I err,
No man has yet been wise and none has loved.'

WHY DO WE LOVE?—A SONG.

Oh, pity Love! and loose thy chain,
Why wilt thou bind this struggling heart?
See all my tears, and inward pain,
These sighs convulsive start.
Oh, cruel Love!
What tempest rages in my soul?
Why do we love,
And feed the flames that scorn control?

I fear thee, Love! and trembling know
This mystery of chaste desire,
How silently thy streams do flow,
How pure thy sacred fire!
Oh, cruel Love!
What tempest rages in my soul?
Why do we love,
And feed the flames that scorn control?

B E N V E N U E .

With pensive joy once more I view
 Thy lovely scenes, sweet Benvenue !
 Whose grove-bound garden, shady dell,
 Orchards, and hills with wooded swell,
 Were to my childish eyes
 An earthly Paradise.
 Still girt with green the old stone hall
 Stands with its rough time-tinted wall !
 The cedars still are nigh
 Its wide and breezy porches ; but of all
 The poplars high
 That, planted close about the grassy yard,
 In stately file stood round the house on guard,
 Like grenadiers,
 Not one appears !

Circled by emblematic thyme,
 Whose fragrant tendrils round him climb,
 I see the old stone Dial stand ;
 He, with his rusted iron hand,
 Before the Locust Bower,
 Still points the silent hour.
 The brook I see, where when a boy
 I caught the little fishes coy,
 And, rapturous at the sight,
 Made the wide forest ring with shouts of joy
 And wild delight.
 Their gold-brown backs and sides of silver fine,
 Their crystal fins and jewelled eyes, were mine ?
 They all are gone !
 Yet the brook flows on.

The doves that, with their downy throats,
 Their whistling wings and cooing notes,
 I loved so much, are not ; but still
 I hear, from underneath the hill,
 Far down the grassy dell,
 The tinkling wether-bell.
 The Sabbath stillness, as of old,
 Descends serene o'er wood and wold,
 And, through the peaceful calm,
 Forth from the humble village church is rolled
 The full-toned psalm.
 Yet sadness strange through each remembrance runs ;
 In hall, and bower, and church, the aged ones
 I loved of yore
 I see no more !

Where is my old Grandame ? Not here
 I see her bended form appear,
 Or by the little table knit ;
 With snow-white cap, or sewing sit
 Before the cheerful fire.
 And where my gray Grandsire ?
 Who took me oft upon his knees,
 Showed me the wondrous cells of bees,
 With honey oozing o'er ;
 Or pruned, with active care, the bearing trees,
 Or gleaned their store.
 His prayer awoke the morn with early zeal,
 And asked a blessing on each frugal meal.
 That voice mine ear
 No more shall hear !

Down in the opening vale is seen,
 With mingling tints of white and green,
 The grave-yard, in whose bosom cold
 Lies, full of years, that Grandsire old.
 With the grass upon his breast,
 He hath long lain down to rest.
 Alas ! far from this quiet shade
 The partner of his life is laid,
 And in a colder land !
 But their fond souls, though some few years delayed,
 Together stand ;
 Have found each other in Our FATHER'S Home,
 And, arm in arm, by living fountains roam,
 On the heavenward side
 Of Death's cold tide.

Nor are the loved ones all gone yet ;
 Nay, Cousins, think ye I forget !
 How oft, when thought the scene recalls,
 I see, in those embowered halls,
 Dear living faces shine
 With loving eyes on mine !
 Farewell, once more, sweet Benvenue !
 Thou hast re-touched with sober hue,
 Ev'n dashed with some sad tears,
 The rosy picture warm Remembrance drew
 From Life's young years.
 Yet, while I stood beholding thee again,
 New love-wrought links still lengthened out the chain
 That binds me fast
 To the golden past.

J. H. R.

HOWE'S CATARACT CAVE, SCHOHARIE COUNTY.

ON the morning of the thirteenth of April, we started, a party of three, for a pedestrian expedition to the Schoharie Cave. After a very pleasant jaunt, we arrived at the place of our destination, and securing Mr. Howe, the proprietor and discoverer, as our guide, we walked over to the Cave. Arriving there from the hill, at the foot of which the entrance is situated, we took a view of the beautiful valley of the Schoharie, stretching out in green undulating fields, belted by the silver creek flowing through the midst, and bounded by a lofty range of ever-green hills. Then descending, we made our *grand entrée* into Hades. Lighting our lamps, and slipping into the capacious cave-dresses provided for the occasion, we commenced our descent, our guide taking the lead.

The passage for some distance is sufficiently high to enable a person to walk erect, or sometimes with a slight stooping. The whole body and vault of the cave is composed of lime-stone, through which water is constantly exuding by drops, forming the stalactites and stalagmites. There are many rooms and side-passages, some of the principal of which we will mention.

WASHINGTON'S Hall is the first we enter from the main passage ; so named from the circumstance of the different stalactites resembling a human figure, enveloped in a toga, a colossal epaulette, and a spread eagle. The stalactites in this room are various and fantastic. Pro-

ceeding thence, we arrive at 'The Lake,' two or three rods wide, and ten feet deep. We crossed this lake by means of a boat.

The next room is 'Musical Hall,' in which apartment we ascended the rocky stage, and gave forth divers speeches and songs. So sonorous was the place, that although delivered without exertion, and in very melodious and natural voices, they sounded like the powerful shoutings of a mighty multitude! And as we listened to the receding echoes reverberating through the halls and passages, and gradually dying away like the low mutterings of distant thunder, the effect was grand in the extreme. In this room is a large stalactite depending from the vaulted roof, in shape somewhat like a harp, which on being struck emits different notes, of agreeable ringing tones.

A little farther on we came to the 'Rocky Mountains,' which extend for a mile or more, and consist of piles on piles of huge rocks, rising sometimes to the height of two or three hundred feet; then sinking, with broken and precipitous descent, to the same distance. The passage over was somewhat difficult. At one time we were swinging around an immense stalagmite, obstructing the path, with nothing but a few small niches to cling to, and a well of unfathomable depth below; at another, cautiously creeping on the narrow way along the fearful brink of a yawning chasm, over which, while peering with starting eyes into the awful profundity below, our feeble tapers almost swallowed up in darkness, and scarcely serving to render that darkness visible, were reduced to the appearance of microscopic sparks! We shuddered at the thought that one false step would snuff the candle of our existence in a very summary manner:

'THESE, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wing,'

the most insensible could hardly fail to be moved, much less persons of such known susceptibility as ourselves. For a moment we lingered; and our hearts were still and subdued within us; the height, the depth, the universal stillness that reigned around, all combined to inspire us with feelings of the highest awe and sublimity.

Passing the Mountains, we came to a very narrow passage, where we 'snaked' along for the distance of six or eight rods, when the 'area of freedom' was enlarged, and we reached the 'Winding Way,' a beautifully-regular passage, of a serpentine form, four or five feet in width, eight or ten high, and about a mile in extent. The ceiling is arched, and the bottom smooth and even.

We emerged from this into 'The Rotunda,' the largest room yet discovered in the Cave. Thirty or forty feet in diameter, it rises upward to an invisible height. A rocket has been shot up to the amazing distance of five hundred feet. A pistol discharged here produced a stunning, deafening noise, like the roar of a heavy piece of ordnance. The Rotunda is about six and a half miles from the entrance; and visitors are usually taken no farther, as the passage beyond is rather difficult, and generally covered with water; but as this was the first time it had been entered this spring, we explored farther, and found that the water had entirely disappeared. Being apprehensive that our

oil would come to an untimely end, we turned about and retraced our way back to the 'regions of day.'

About a mile from the entrance, through a fissure in the side of the rocks, may be seen a portion of a mighty cataract, giving the name to the cave, which comes rushing down with a powerful noise, equalled only by Niagara's thunder. Neither its height nor breadth has ever been ascertained ; and no passage leading to that quarter has yet been discovered.

Along the summit of the walls and ceilings of the cave, thousands of bats cling in clusters, as silent and motionless as the little brown stalactites they resemble ; but their twisting and squirming, and the faint squeak they uttered on the application of heat from our lamps, showed them to be possessed of fine feelings and exquisite sensibilities. Here they lived and died, where

'Morn came and went : and came, but brought no day :'

nevertheless, these bats have the nicest discrimination between daylight and dark night ; for, according to our guide, in whom the utmost confidence may be placed, no sooner are the sombre shades of twilight diffused over the face of nature in the outer world, than leaving their tenacious hold, they roam and flit about on dusky wing, through the desolate halls and intricate passages around.

We reached the entrance as the rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the chinks of the doors. Dazzled and blinded by the sudden transition from subterranean darkness to the glare of sunlight, we emerged from the cave. After partaking of a substantial supper at the 'hostelrie' of our guide, we started homeward, amply rewarded by the wonders we had witnessed, and the kind attentions of the worthy proprietor.

Since our visit, we have been informed that a new tavern is in progress of erection, immediately over the mouth of the cave, making it serve the useful purpose of a cellar ; also a railroad and car, drawn by a miniature pony, running from the entrance to the lake ; with many other improvements which have been constructed, making it perfectly safe and convenient to visit this wonderful *lusus nature*.

The geological specimens in this cave are very numerous and interesting, and in themselves would form a rich and valuable cabinet for the lover of Geology.

FROM BACCHYLIDES.

PEACE blessings manifold to man doth bear,
Wealth, and of song the honied blossoms rare ;
On Dædal altars also to the skies'
Inhabitants, she burns in yellow flames
The fat of well-fleeced sheep and oxen's thighs ;
The village youth then play their rustic games
With pipe and dance and song ; while spiders weave
Their gossamer webs in idle shield and greave,
The sword and spear are thrown neglected by,
Sleep, soother of the heart, no more doth fly
The eyelids, frightened by the trumpet's cry.
In populous streets fast flows the festal wine,
And hymns are sung at Erce' golden shrine.

T O A ' M A G D A L E N . '

A PAINTING BY GUIDO.

I.

MARY, when thou wert a virgin,
 Ere the first, the fatal sin
 Stole into thy bosom's chamber,
 Leading six companions in;
 Ere those eyes had wept an error,
 What thy beauty must have been!

II.

Ere those lips had paled their crimson,
 Quivering with the soul's despair,
 Ere the smile they wore had withered
 In thine agony of prayer,
 Or, instead of pearls, the tear-drops
 Gleamed amid thy streaming hair.

III.

While, in ignorance of evil,
 Still thy heart serenely dreamed,
 And the morning light of girlhood
 On thy cheeks' young garden beamed,
 Where th' abundant rose was blushing,
 Not of earth couldst thou have seemed.

IV.

When thy frailty fell upon thee,
 Lovely wert thou, even then;
 Shame itself could scarce disarm thee
 Of the charms that vanquished men:
 Which of Salem's purest daughters
 Match'd the sullied MAGDALEN?

V.

But thy MASTER's eye beheld thee,
 Foul and all unworthy heav'n;
 Pitied, pardoned, purged thy spirit
 Of its black, pernicious leaven;
 Drove the devils from out the temple,
 All the dark, the guilty seven.

VI.

Oh! the beauty of repentance!
 MARY, ten-fold fairer now
 Art thou with dishevelled tresses,
 And that anguish on thy brow;
 Ah! might every sinful sister
 Grow in beauty, e'en as thou!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS: AN ORATION, delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845. By CHARLES SUMNER. pp. 104. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

WE have read and re-read this elaborate and well-reasoned address. Its arguments are unequivocal, and are fortified by illustrations various, numerous and forceful; and its manner is earnest and convincing. Mr. SUMNER blinks no portion of the great question which he has in hand, but speaks forth fearlessly against the law of force, and in favor of the rule of love and the sway of peace. He beholds in war 'a mode of determining justice between nations, having its origin in an appeal, not to the moral and intellectual part of man's nature, distinguishing him from the brutes, but to that low part of his nature which he has in common with the beasts;' he contemplates its infinite miseries to the human race; weighs its sufficiency as a mode of determining justice between nations, and deduces the fact that it is a 'rude appeal to force, or a gigantic game of chance, in which God's children are profanely dealt with as a pack of cards.' He next considers the various prejudices by which war is sustained, founded on a false belief in its necessity; on the practice of nations, past and present; on the infidelity of the Christian church; on a false conception of honor; on an exaggerated idea of the duties of patriotism; and lastly, that monster prejudice 'which draws its vampyre life from the vast preparations in time of peace for war;' dwelling at the last stage upon the thriftless, irrational and unchristian character of these preparations, and catching a vision of the exalted good that will be achieved when our country, learning wisdom, shall aim at the true grandeur of peace.

We find copied in our note-book, several years ago, an estimate, from what purports to be correct data, of the number of human beings killed in battle within the last two hundred years: namely, 'Europe, eight millions; the savage tribes in both hemispheres, sixteen millions; and Asia, ten millions; making an abhorrent result of twenty-six millions of young men slain in war, within the last two centuries.' Here the estimate stops; but the deaths from famine and pestilence ensuing, as a concatenated consequence, can scarcely be estimated at a less number. We have then a terrible total of *more than fifty millions of lives*, which have been sacrificed within the last two centuries to the customs of war. Nearly ten millions of this number are the tithe of human decimation in the short lapse of one generation. The causes of these wars stand on record. Who knows or cares at all about the importance or justice of the origin of quarrels so horribly disastrous in their consequences? Three quarters of them, when past, and viewed in retrospect by those who originated them, must have appeared as trivial as the quarrels between bacchanalians, commenced in the flow of wine, and forgotten amidst the confused images of the following morning. Would that the guilty authors could have seen them in anticipation, as we see them in the retrospect! The feeling heart recoils from the revolting calculation, how many pleasures were arrested, how many hopes blasted, how many noble minds extinguished, for all the purposes of this visible diurnal sphere, by this immense tithe of life. Who will be

hardy enough to compute the mighty sum of the utility resulting from the corporeal and mental labor of ten millions, the strength and promise of the age! Each individual might have released at least two persons from the necessity of physical labor, and have enabled them to devote their lives to mental exertion. We have lost then the study, invention and thought of twenty millions of minds, that might have borne directly upon human improvement. How many towns, schools and seminaries could have been founded in the desert; how many millions of minds might have been trained to the highest point of attainment! Of the slain themselves, the nerve and sinew of the time, a very great number would have been able to add much to the intellectual capital of the age. But even had they lived out their generation in the same ignorance and degradation which qualified them to become fit subjects to be dragged to the high places of the field, they might at least have dismissed twenty millions from servile labor to pursuits simply intellectual. The world has lost, and lost forever, all that they would have achieved with their hands and their minds. They were men, young men; were, or would have been, fathers; and sustained all the relations that render life dear to us. They were just as susceptible of pleasure and pain, and had the same impulses, and the same right to pursue the one and avoid the other, with those who put their flesh and blood at a lower rate than their own revenge, or whim of imagined honor. Truly, says our great poet BRYANT:

‘Too long at clash of arms, amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.’

We could not help regretting, while reading Mr. SUMNER’s able treatise, that among his numerous apposite illustrative quotations he had not at hand the means of including one or two passages from a series of articles on war, written some twelve years ago for these pages by the eloquent and lamented TIMOTHY FLINT. We cannot resist the inclination to close this notice with a vivid picture of a battle and battle-field, and the ‘compensations of war,’ taken from one of the articles in question:

‘*AFTER many gorgeous scenes, in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go forth and fight manfully for their country and king; after beauty and innocence, strange infatuation! have smiled upon the future murderers, and with their white hands have waived them on to their bloody purpose; the terrible pageant — externally all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within, all hunger, disease, corruption, and misery — marches, with its squadrons and divisions, its cavalry and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitude from city, village and field, gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves by, ‘This is glorious war!’*

‘The grand army, plundering alike friend and enemy on its passage, has finally passed the broad stream or mountain range, or frith of the sea, that separates their country from that of their foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march, indicating that villages are burned and fields trampled in the dust; that unoffending peasants, who know nothing about the causes of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and loaf; it may be are harnessed to the artillery, to drag forward the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eye; and their fathers and mothers and helpless infants, are left to die of destitution and despair; or they are forced away prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!’

‘In the progress of march, a district of country many leagues in extent has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them, are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright and beautiful, with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind, are desolation and silence! Their foe has been preparing to meet them; and now hundreds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched. We are told that it often happens in such cases that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, interchange salutations and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other’s throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!’

‘The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. Forthwith the explosion of artillery, in long-repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness and the infernal din of all that is surrounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life; a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay; which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblenching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear without feeling, the wild wail of death-groans around them. For a moment the central arena is a mêlée of infantry and cavalry, in wild confusion,

in which the clang of sabres is heard, over the fierce shouts and cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy, if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment, and vital space, and give him the death blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded trample the cavalry at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plough other half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead, into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict a park of artillery is finally brought to bear; and the victors and vanquished, and the untouched warriors in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud *Aurra* of the conquering assailants, pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying. Such is a battle. Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead, or dying, in the field. Thousands of war-horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the wounded; while, intermixed among them, are friends, relatives, children, parents, wives, searching and yet fearing to find, among the fallen, those dear to them as life. Such is the central point of the picture; and burning towns, and a smoking and desolated country, in all the visible distance, fill the back ground! Extravagant, and abhorrent, and out of nature as this spectacle may seem, it has been presented, with the reality of horrors a hundred fold more revolting, in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

'The battle, however, is past; a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting sun of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle! What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, would not pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and men! My heart bleeds at the sight! for all these fallen were my brethren; with nerves as susceptible, hopes and fears as intense, as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun, and exult in feeling life, and admiring God's beautiful creation. I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousands of men, with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm-houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smouldering ruins, a soil polluted with blood and covered with corpses; a picture all loathsomeness and horror. The scent of carnage has already allured the birds of prey, and they are sailing above this scene of human madness and depravity, presenting at least one of COUSIN'S vaunted '*compensations*' of the honors of war; a gale, which has brought the vultures a gratuitous feast.

'Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle; and of individual poverty, helplessness and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in humble cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life-blood poured out as water may have swollen to a river, without presenting the eye and the heart with distinct conceptions of the amount of misery which has been caused in consequence.'

We return for a moment to Mr. SUMNER'S address, to express a hope that it may find a wide diffusion, and that its wise counsels and pregnant admonitions may not be lost upon those whom they most concern, but that they may be 'treasured up in good and honest hearts.'

ESSAYS OF ELIA. By CHARLES LAMB. In two volumes of WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of Choice Reading.'

It is quite too late in the day to praise the exquisite productions of LAMB; yet we shall ask the reader to remember these sentences of the lamented 'OILAPOD,' in speaking of his death: 'Perfect creator of rich conceits, charming architect of periods, what an essayist was he! How shrewd in observation; how discriminative of the burlesque; how quaint yet melodious in diction—in expression how varied! Who ever rose from his pages without brighter thoughts and softer feelings? How fine a scholar, too, was he! None of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrine, and a style rougher than the wave by Charybdis, but clear as the sky of May, and smooth as the murmurs of a stream in Eden. His mind was exquisitely gentle. His pen was imbued with the humor of a CRUIKSHANK, yet he was no caricaturist, and never distorted. He never outraged probability in the pursuit of his bent; he travelled not out of his path for humor; it dropped like running water from his pen. In happy words and forms of speech, he was lord of the ascendant. He threw the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object; he trailed the flowery vines of poetry along the formal walks of prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial odors. When will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'ELIA,' fresher than those of Spring?'

SLASHES AT LIFE WITH A FREE BROAD-AXE: OR UNCLE HOBSON AND I. BY PASCAL JONES. In one volume. pp. 268. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE are both delighted and vexed with the very clever author of this handsome volume; delighted, because in numerous instances he evinces the possession of rare powers of observation; abundant humor; appreciation of nature, inanimate and human; deep feeling, and a pathos natural and touching; and vexed, because he is at the same time careless in the introduction of *talkeries*, incidents, and scenes, which seem lugged into the volume, and are certainly extravagant, irrelevant, and altogether over-written. But we have on the whole been so well pleased with the wit, the good sense, and the pathos of the volume, that we will suffer our readers to find for themselves the faults we have hinted at, while we proceed — quite at random, and with no purpose of writing a review of the book — to call their attention to a few of the many passages which we pencilled as we read. Premising that our author, after having passed through the various phases of childhood, youth, and cottage life in New-England, is about starting on a tour of wooden-ware peddling, we take leave to ask if the following, written at the age twenty-four, is not 'pretty good?' It strikes us as a forcible exemplification of the experience of those who have, as BYRON says, 'in deeds, not years, pierced the depths of life:'

'TWENTY, I am convinced, is man's 'grand climacteric;' though it may vary a year or two, in some, owing to difference of temperament and circumstances. Previously, he *seeks* not amusement or pleasure; it comes unsought, he imbibes it at every pore; it goes unvalued, like the air he breathes. Life to him is a grand market fair, where he thinks he may gaze and feast himself forever, without the least symptom of cloying. He laughs at every thing and still easier at nothing, and he knows every thing, because he knows nothing. Before twenty, he is a butterfly, sporting and dashing hither and thither, caring for nothing; after twenty, he speedily settles into a grub, having no thought except to evade the intrusive feelers of his inquisitive fellows. Before twenty, he boasts of his friends; after twenty, he plots how he shall cut most of them with the least possible offence. Before twenty, if cares, doubts, troubles call upon him, they only look in at the window; a word drives them away. After twenty, he begins to cant and croak, with megriminal countenance, about the trials, vexatious and disappointments of this 'sublunary sphere;' and he solaces himself and his neighbors with this dulcet music, till he finds by happy experience that they are *all* croaking, and that every man thinks himself of all men most miserable. Learning at length that the lot of man is to *endure*, and that complaint is contemptible from its very universality, he perhaps sets up for a hero, and says nothing. Before twenty, he hates old books, old cheese, old ladies, didactics, statistics, details. He wants short jokes, short lessons, short stories, the shortest paragraphs in the newspapers. After twenty, he reads long essays on morals and in metaphysics; he heaves his head into those depths where no man has as yet found bottom. Though he be neither merchant nor politician, he reads labyrinthine speeches about tariffs and banks; he can compare prices-current from weak to weak; he is interested in the 'high price of putty;' he inquires the reason of the present scarcity of No. 1 mackerel; he even marvels why lead is *heavy*, and iron *firm*, and diapers *much wanted*; and there are times when a column of advertisements in last month's newspaper affords him copious food for meditation in emergency. Before twenty, he lives upon the present, because it contains his whole future. His view of the future is telescopically clear; it is not merely *hopeful*; hope implies uncertainty; he is a *firm believer* in his own brilliant fortunes; he will keep his eye on the little section of blue sky in his horizon, even after the tornado has descended and the lightnings are *flashing* and the thunders pealing around him. After twenty, his faith becomes dilated with doubt; it dwindles into hope; he begins to live upon the dim future. As NOAH looked out for the tops of the mountains, as the long absent mariner strains his eye toward his distant home, so he looks ahead for the port of happiness, where he may let go his anchor; and though oceans must still be traversed, and many a solitary night-watch kept, yet if he obtain a glimpse of *something, any thing, though* it be but the peak of a frowning iceberg, or the merest cloud-speck, he cries out 'Land ho!' for his mind is filled with images of dry land, green pastures and still waters. In short, as soon as the animal begins to be a man, Old Age commences his attack. That hated demon consists not so much in gray hairs, bald-heads and wrinkles, as in old *feelings*. What the world calls old age, cannot be more dreadful than the first approaches toward it, for use always deadens the sensibilities. At forty, fifty, sixty, man has learned to bear the ills of life, as the practiced soldier has learned to trample on the bleeding corpses of his comrades and wade through the rivers of their blood as easily as he once crossed the brook which rippled near his father's cottage. The vast majority of suicides of sane people are committed by those who have just passed the gate between youth and old age, and to whom the first view of life was too shocking for endurance when divested of the holiday hues of youthful fancy. Excepting the outward and visible marks of old age, man is as old at thirty as he ever will be; for the weakness of sight and hearing, the trembling, the palsy of the limbs, is little in comparison with the palsy of the heart; and by thirty, every sensibility of man's nature has been touched to the quick, and the rest is but vain repetition; fresh trials can only harden.'

Answer, ye elderly individuals, is there not a good deal of truth in the foregoing? The love-story, interwoven in the narrative before us, is very unequal in its execution.

Although the theme is ever new to *some* minds, yet it will not, even to such, be found of any great interest, in portions of the story. It is but just, however, to say, that in other 'unfoldings of the tale' there will be found much that will contribute to the pleasurable excitement of the reader. The following extract will afford an idea of our author's dialogue-style, as well as an illustration of New-England acquaintiveness:

'How d'ye do, Mr. Jones. Take a seat, Sir, and set down to the table. Got a pretty good cup of coffee for you; strained coffee; we strain it altogether now, though I like it better the old way; so much easier like.'

'I can swallow it very easily either way, ma'am.'

'O, I mean it's easier to *make*. How did you leave your mother? Has she got over that touch of rheumatiz yet?'

'Yes, ma'am, two or three years ago.'

'You don't say! did she indeed? Well, I was jest a-going to say that I've got a resate, that will cure the rheumatiz in no time, and I'll jest read it to you, and you can tell her I said that I'd used it for my old man and me, and find its jest the thing.'

'After adjusting her iron spectacles, and fumbling awhile in her pocket, she produced a paper, which she proceeded to read as I devoured the good things before me.'

'Take one ounce of catnip, quarter of an ounce of saxafax, half an ounce of pennyroyal, two potato parings, a quart of vinegar, pint of molasses, one gill of shimmilk, and bile 'em half an hour over a slow fire; then rub the limbs with a flannel cloth dipped in the liquor, and drink a tumbler full of the same in the mornin' and before goin' to bed.'

'O!' said I, 'that must be the medicine I read of in the papers; to be taken externally, internally, and eternally.'

'O! I didn't ask you how your sister was. When is Susan a-going to be married?'

'Really, I can't say, ma'am, 'not at present.'

'Well, Bill Carter, they say, is a healthy, nice young man; my Tabitha want with him to the academy in Bumbury. Ain't Sarah going to be married too? I hearn tell she was engaged to a doctor in Hartford.'

'I haven't heard of it, ma'am.'

'Well, that 'ere's strange; every body has hearn on it here. Well, she's a nice gal and she ought to be married; but the best gals don't get married first now-a-days, as they used to in my time; I was married when I was sixteen; but the young men have lost their taste; but then I know that what's one man's meat is another man's pison; and beside, it aint every man's nose that will make a good shoe-horn, that I know.'

'Do you suppose, ma'am, that that is on account of the less cartilaginous character of the nasal composition in some men?'

'What say, Sir?'

'Do you think, ma'am, that the reason of the fact which you state, is that the nose of some men is softer than others, or does the objection lie in the *shape* of the olfactory organ? Is it on account of mal-formation?'

'Well, Mr. Jones, you've been to college, and I suppose you're trying to show off your larnin'; any way, I cant understand you, and don't want to; I don't talk nothing but English. What on airth you got old Hobson's cart for? You ain't going a peddling, he ye? Our gals thought it was a pedler coming, sure enough, when you druv up.'

'I'm going on a mission, ma'am, to the heathen in New-Hampshire.'

'To the heathen in New-Hampshire! Ludifal sakes! La, Mr. Jones, there ain't no heathings in New-Hampshire, though, is there, poor critters? Well, why don't you take your wife along? You are married, ain't ye?'

'Sorry to say I am not, ma'am.'

'Ain't ye, though? Well they said you was going to be married as soon as you got through college, to some gal away off somewheres; but I always said you would marry Ellen Hobson at last, if she is your cousin: I see how the pot was a-billin'.'

Who is 'Mr. NOKFIT,' the poet? We suspect we have more than once encountered himself or his counterpart. The hesitancy, the self-interruptions, the miscellaneous comparisons, in the subjoined passage, will remind *some* of our metropolitan readers of certain verbal criticisms which they may sometimes have heard:

'THERE was a richness about his verse—a—ur—a fulness—a gushing—ur—harmony, that convinced you there was no *straining*, no *stretching*, as it were, after poetical imagery and diction, but that all was the natural, unmeasured poetry of the heart. There was such a gigantic combination of the—ur—MILTONIAN sublimity and the SHAKESPEAREAN majesty, and a—ur—the GOLD-SMITHIAN pathos and the BYRONIAN tenderness, with the—ur—SCOTTIAN vivacity and BYRONIAN converse with nature, without any of the BYRONIAN—ur—misanthropy and dissipation, and a BARRETTIAN depth of thought without—ur—the luscious voluptuousness, so to speak, of MOORE, and a—ur—philosophic simplicity of WORDSWORTH without his—ur—mysticism, or *fog-sciencesness*, if we may coin a word, added to a—brilliant polish of ROGERS and sprightly scintillations of WILSON and WILLIS—beside the—ur—vigor of HALLECK and beauty of CLARE, and moral comicality, as it were, of HOOD, that it all—ur—and I might add the classicality of LONGFELLOW, while I should fail to display the entire extent of my reading if I should omit the mingled genius and unaccountable *neglectedness* of the lamented FAIRFIELD, and the whole double-compounded and super-surmounted by such a kind of a—sort of a—canvass-like graphically and daguerrotypically corpse-like vividness, and, such an electro-magnetic rapidity and genuine galvanic-bathos peculiarly his own, that its tendency was decidedly and rapidly *elevating*.'

We saw, no longer ago than yesterday, on the Third Avenue, an unhappy gentleman churning in his saddle, on the back of a high-prancing charger, who, if he takes the KNICKERBOCKER, will appreciate the annexed '*horse-du-combat*.'

'I took Sorrel from his breakfast, and mounted. Sorrel was a fast trotter, and therefore was very hard under the saddle; and that rascal Tom had taught him such a habit of starting off at the utmost possible speed, that as soon as I was mounted, he seemed to fancy himself racing with some phantom Flying-Dutchman of horse-flesh, for he leaped like a fox-hunter at the tally-bo, and in spite of all my choked and struggling 'who—u—u—o's,' and my convulsive tugs at the bridle with one hand, while I held on to the pommel of the saddle with the other, he continued to stretch out his neck farther, to spread his legs wider, and to jounce me higher and higher, till when he turned into FORTNELL's shed, in Dickson, which he did in about half an hour, of his own accord, my stirrups were rattling about my legs, my hat resting on the bridge of my nose, my liver and lights jounced up into the till of my chest, and every whisper of breath choked out of my body. And yet will it be believed, that horse evidently supposed that he had been all the while acting in strictest accordance with my wishes! He looked at me with a sort of self-complacency and pride, as I dismounted, as if he had really done a handsome thing, and as if he desired me to take out my watch, and see how long he had been about it! And then he threw into his countenance a *begging* expression, which said, 'oats,' as plainly as a horse ever spoke in his life. Oats, indeed! and in reward too, for a worse than Gilpinic thumping. Little did he imagine the bitter grudge 'in my heart's hot cells shut up!'

Let it not be inferred, from the tendency of the foregoing extracts, that the work whence they are taken is altogether of the light character which they may seem to indicate. There is, on the contrary, much admirable limning of a directly opposite kind, for which we can only regret that we have no space. Witness the closing scene between the daughter and the smitten 'Uncle' of the story, with which the volume mainly concludes. We scarcely remember having read, for many years, anything more exquisitely touching and pathetic. Buy the '*Slashes at Life with a Free Broad-Axe*.'

GOWANS' BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA. A brief Description of New-York, formerly called New Netherlands, with the places thereunto adjoining, etc. By DANIEL DENTON. A new edition, with an Introduction, and copious Historical Notes, by GABRIEL FURMAN. pp. 57. New-York: W. GOWANS.

THIS exquisitely-printed volume is the first of a 'series of works relating to the history, literature, biography, antiquities and curiosities of the continent of America;' which will consist chiefly of faithful reprints from old and scarce works, difficult to be procured in this country, and often also of very rare occurrence in Europe. The present quaint history of the New-Netherlands is the first printed description, in the English language, of New-York and New-Jersey, both states being at that time under one government. Until the importation of the volume from which the present edition is printed, but two copies of the work were known to exist in the United States. We commend this little volume to the attention and encouragement of every New-Yorker. It was written at a period when Albany was a mere fortification, surrounded by a line of stockade; when there was no town of any note on the Hudson, save old *Æsopus*, which was fortified with block-houses, and contained the only church in that region. The 'Description' is greatly esteemed for its accuracy in relation to the manners and customs of the colonists and aborigines; and its style is delightfully quaint and vivid. How characteristic, for example, is this passage of Indian life: 'Their recreations are chiefly foot-ball and cards, at which they will play away all they have, excepting a flap to cover their nakedness. They are great lovers of strong drink, yet do not care for drinking, unless they have enough to make themselves drunk; and if there be so many in their company that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually select so many out of their company, proportionable to the quantity of drink, and the rest must be spectators. And if any one chance to be drunk before he hath finished his proportion, (which is ordinarily a quart of brandy, rum, or strong-waters,) the rest will pour the rest of his part down his throat.' The 'golden days of Manahatta' are well indicated in these remarks of our author: 'Were it not to avoid prolixity, I could say a great deal more, and yet say too little, how free are these parts of the world from that pride and op-

pression, with their miserable effects, which many, nay almost all parts of the world are troubled with, being ignorant of that pomp and bravery which aspiring humors are servants to, and striving after almost every where; where a wagon or cart gives as good content as a coach; and a piece of their home-made cloth, better than the finest lawns or richest silks: and though their low-roofed houses may seem to shut their doors against pride and luxury, yet how do they stand wide open to let charity in and out, either to assist each other, or relieve a stranger; and the distance of place from other nations doth secure them from the envious frowns of ill-affected neighbors, and the troubles which usually arise thence.' Good metropolitan reader, this was a 'long time ago!' It was 'not otherwise' then; it is otherwise now.

THE AMERICAN VILLAGE; AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES W. DENNISON. In one volume. pp. 140. BOSTON: HENRY W. SKINNER AND COMPANY.

WE have seen, within the last ten or fifteen years, many poems, some of them elaborate effusions, and others brief lyrics, from the pen of the author of the volume before us; and we cannot recall one, which had not some touch of human tenderness, some record of affection or reminiscence of youth's early freshness, or which did not point some valuable moral, or inculcate a lesson of hope, of happiness, or of goodness. We cannot resist the conclusion that Mr. DENNISON writes with great facility. We have the evidence of our own eyes, indeed, that he is a very rapid versifier. Sitting for scarcely half an hour in our quiet sanctum the other evening, he took up his pen and addressed himself to the composition of a few lines in honor of the lamented COLMAN. The following unrevised stanzas were the result of ten minutes' excogitation:

OH! COLMAN! when thy soul was wrapped
In halos of Promethean fire,
The wings of listening angels flapped
With wonder, as they tuned thy lyre:
They never drank such notes before
As murmured on Æolian's strings;
Ah! well might seraphs hover o'er,
And fan its music with their wings;
And stoop from each celestial throne,
To catch and echo every tone.

Myriads have climbed the heights of Fame;
Enwreathed in their immortal glow,
They toiled to mount the wing of flame
That upward soars from worlds below;
But thou, at one proud bound, didst scale
The beetling precipice on high,
And e'er we knew thee in the vale,
We saw and heard thee from the sky:
Pouring on earth the rapturous strains
That roll along seraphic plains.

But to come back to the handsome volume before us: it contains, beside the pretty pastoral poem with which it opens, many pieces which have already appeared in the journals or magazines of the day, and which have been received with general favor. Among them, we remember heretofore to have read with pleasure 'The Vacant Chair,' 'The Sailor,' 'The Dead Child,' 'The Dying Missionary,' etc. Many of the other pieces in the book appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER. The following, from the lines entitled 'Moses Writing in the Wilderness,' will afford some idea of the blank-verse of our author:

'ALL chace was before him. High, and broad,
And deep as broad, the unformed void appeared!
'Above, below, around, beyond, no ray
Gleamed on the darkness that empall'd him in.
Night was not made, nor day; and Moses, clothed
In unborn glooms, with Inspiration's eyes
Beheld the birth-place of the Universe.

He saw the Spirit of his God unfold
 His mighty pinions through the dark expanse.
 The laboring deep formed as He swept along,
 The solid mountains lifted up their heads,
 And shook their shaggy tresses from the flood,
 The valleys bent where the live sea rolled down,
 And gave its thickening surges to the plains;
 And they, repelling, piled the ledgy hills,
 Peeling in grandeur through the obedient mass,
 Bursting the sepulchres of buried worlds,
 The listening chaos heard the voice of God.

'O, scene of wonder to the holy man!
 All things that are in earth, and sky, and sea,
 From the leviathan that cleaves the deep,
 To the least atom in the tiny drop;
 From the huge mastodon that strides by roods,
 To the moth insect crushed beneath his tread;
 From the great sun emblazoning the vault,
 To the lone star that twinkles in its ray:
 Moses beheld, and, wondering, wrote for God.
 And O, when ADAM started into life,
 When EVE beside him in the garden stood,
 How strange the vision seemed! And when they broke
 The human solitude, and led the note
 That swelled spontaneous from Nature's voice,
 How did his spirit catch the primal song,
 And join the chorus of the sons of God.'

Mr. DENISON requires a word or two of caution against the manufacture of illegitimate plurals, in which he occasionally indulges. The feeling address of 'The Husband to his Sick Wife' is marred by this glaring fault. A 'life of weals and woes' is a vile phrase. A 'weal cutlet' is a term of elegance in the comparison. There were one or two other slight errors of style, upon which we had intended briefly to animadvert; but on looking 'professionally' through our marked copy, we were diverted from the *manner* by the *matter* of the little book, which we commend to the hearts of our readers.

HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY: A LIBRARY OF STANDARD BOOKS; to be distinguished by their superior merit, elegance, permanent value, and cheapness. Number One: WHENWELL'S 'Elements of Morality and Policy.'

WE welcome, with a cordial greeting, this new series of the indefatigable BROTHERS HARPER. It is to be made up of books which will instruct, rather than those which simply amuse, the reader. Of the initial volume, a contemporary remarks, that 'it has been universally received in England as a contribution of rare value to the department of moral and political science. It is admirably fitted, not only to be a text-book in colleges and academies, which it cannot fail to become, but also to enlighten, guide and instruct the public mind, upon some of the most fundamental and important points of thought and action.' But beside works of the most substantial merit in this department, we look for others equally able and valuable, in other divisions of general knowledge. There are many books of popular science, containing the records of Scientific Explorations by various foreign governments, in various regions of the earth, which have never yet been reprinted in this country, and which contain a vast amount of very valuable information, now entirely inaccessible. The old English Literature is a vast treasury from which comparatively little has yet been drawn. And in almost every department, in history, biography, philosophy, science, etc., there are many works of the highest value which we hope to see included in this new collection. The state of the public mind demands a fresh infusion from the wisdom of the past. There has never been any period, when the careful and diligent study of the best writers in every department, in politics and morals, was more required than at the present time. In the writings of BURKE, of MILTON, of RALEIGH, SIDNEY, MACKINTOSH, HARRIS, and others of their day, as well as in those of the most powerful minds of succeeding times, there is a power of wisdom which we greatly need.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR, IN HIS STUDIO AT FLORENCE. — More than a score of volumes of this Magazine have been published, since we gave the great sculptor POWERS a God-speed on his voyage across the Atlantic, and confidently predicted the distinguished honors which awaited him in the classic land whither he went. The article to which we refer closed with the subjoined passage: 'Mr. POWERS will visit the North this season, and take off a few heads of citizens, and then go to Italy, with the commission of Congress, we trust, for the busts of the Presidents. These he will take time for at his leisure, being well aware of the means of improvement to be found there: and like BANKS, and RAKBURN, and FLAXMAN, being so well established, in another respect, as to feel no pressing necessity of return. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS told FLAXMAN, when he first met him after his marriage, that he was spoiled for an artist. Our sculptor is no believer in *that* doctrine. His heart is no ossification. POWERS has had his fair share of being jostled about the world; and it has done him good. Especially has it chipped out, as nothing but the chisel of sharp Necessity can do, all the abeyant arrangement of faculties which were essential to his success. It is developed now, like one of his own noble faces, standing as firmly on the pedestal it was made for, and looking as steadily too, as the man in marble, to the niche it is alike fitted to occupy and able to adorn. His honors, we predict, will be germane to his labors; and we rejoice, for his country's sake and for his own, in the bright prospect of both which awaits him.*' How completely this prediction has been fulfilled, in the short space of eleven years, is well known in both hemispheres. POWERS holds now the position of the first of living sculptors; and we are informed by those who know him most intimately, that he bears his honors with a modesty equal to his great genius. We have been kindly favored by our consul at Genoa, C. EDWARDS LESTER, Esq., with the following admirable passages from a manuscript volume of his, entitled '*Conversations with Powers, the Sculptor, in his Studio at Florence.*' How these 'Conversations' came to be recorded, is thus explained by Mr. LESTER: 'To those who know POWERS, it is quite unnecessary to say, that the idea of making the conversations public did not originate with himself. 'His character,' said a Florentine scholar to me once, 'is as chaste as one of his own statues.' A portion of almost every morning for two months I passed in his studio, seeing him make cold marble breathe, and hearing him talk; and nearly every evening for the same period he visited at my lodgings on the north bank of the Arno. He *would* talk about the 'Buckeyes' of Ohio, the hunters and squatters of the West, and the dry, droll Yankees; and I would *make* him talk about the MICHAEL ANGELOS, the RAPHAELS and the THORWALDSENS; and so we brought these great masters into strange company; for curiosity and humor, as well as poverty, have something to do in making men acquainted with strange bed-follows. In fact, I could get the sculptor to talk about every body and every thing but himself. So I had to resort to a

* See KNICKERBOCKER, Vol. IV., Number Four.

process not unknown at the bar. I put my witness under a cross-examination, and at last got out his testimony. I wished to know the history of the man who had left the clock-factory on the banks of the Ohio, to go and make statues on the banks of the Arno, and I wished the world to know it. Carefully sketching every point I gained, two months at last put me in possession of these precious papers.' After Mr. LESTER had re-written the manuscript, which he had penned in short-hand, he left it with Mr. POWERS. With characteristic modesty, he at first, and for some time remonstrated against its publication; but his reluctance being at length overcome by the arguments of his friend, he read over the 'Conversations' carefully, with a pencil in his hand, and made all the necessary alterations; correcting the transcriber, where his opinions had been mistaken, or errors of fact had been recorded. Every line thus traced, Mr. LESTER has sacredly regarded. But let us keep the reader no longer from the conversations alluded to:

'We talk in America much about the glory of our heroes and statesmen, and as NELSON did, we 'expect every man to do his duty.' But have we, as a people, done our duty to them? It may be answered, that to a certain extent we have, toward the gray-headed soldiers of our great revolutionary struggle; for just before they dropped into their graves, we gave them an eleventh-hour pension. We are accused abroad of boasting of our country and its institutions, of our statesmen and military chieftains; and I believe we do occasionally indulge in such things; but that is at most only a weakness. One would expect, however, on visiting our country, to find some proofs of our sincerity, and he naturally looks about him for those lavish displays of a country's pride upon monuments erected to the memories of our illustrious dead and their great deeds. Let us go to see the monument to WASHINGTON, to FRANKLIN, to ADAMS, to JEFFERSON, to HAMILTON, to PATRICK HENRY; to GREENE, DECATUR, LAWRENCE, and all the men who 'would not give up the ship.' Not one can be found, if I except the one at Baltimore, which after all is not a national testimonial; and the statue was made by a foreigner, at that: fortunately, that is not the work of American genius. After such a survey, the foreigner exclaims, in one of our own homely phrases, these people are 'all talk and no cider.' With the exception of Bunker Hill, I believe not a single American battle-ground is honored by a national monument; and that is not a national structure; and I have heard it said that it was raised in part by the contributions of a foreign *dançeuse*; but it is the work of American genius, and in all the world there is not a more beautifully appropriate structure. But there are Lexington and Concord, Saratoga and Princeton, Trenton, Yorktown and New-Orleans; and I believe not a monument of gratitude, or even of pride or triumph, is raised over the dust of the brave men who sleep under their soil. Indeed it might be doubted if such glorious achievements had ever been performed there, were it not for the occasional upturning by a plough-share of a brave man's bones, or the bayonet or bullet that laid him low.

'Some years ago, I returned to my native state, which I had left when a boy, eighteen years before. In the mean time, a noble state-house had been erected at Montpelier, of the granite of a neighboring hill. I observed two niches in the front portico; and the architect told me that the building would not appear complete until they were filled with statues; but he feared that it would be a long time before it would be done. I told him I already fancied them filled by her two great heroes, ALLEN and STARK. He told me it was just what he wanted, and that he had left them for those two men. 'If any thing,' said he, 'can be done in the matter, I will let you know.' It is now eight years since that time, and I have never heard a word from him or any body else on the subject, and I doubt if I ever shall. A very laudable effort is now making, not by the government, which ought to have done it, but by some generous individuals in America, to erect a monument to WASHINGTON, and I hope they will succeed in erecting a monument. But a public edifice, such as they propose to call a monument, which would have answered their purpose just as well, might have been had without the trouble and expense of build-

ing one. I should be sorry to see so great a name as WASHINGTON's associated in a monument with institutions, libraries, rooms for art, debating-societies, etc., all dignified by the name of a monument to our great Hero and Father. Almost as soon would I think of changing money in a church, or profaning the altars of God with traffic, as to convert WASHINGTON's monument into such a business-like place. Monuments to the Dead should never be made the habitations of the Living. They should be resorted to, to teach us how to live and how to die, and an eternal Sabbath should be kept around their graves. Let some imposing, solemn structure be raised over the dust of WASHINGTON — single in its purpose, single in its form. Let it be made of the most durable and massive materials, and let it rise as high as a grateful nation can carry it; without spires, or turrets, or windows, or any other littlenesses, to disturb the grandeur and solemnity of its design. Let it, in a word, be in harmony with the character of the man.

'The most appropriate monument is that which, as far as the nature of such a thing can do, illustrates his character. It should be something analogous. If a man of taste, and literary pursuits, his tomb should be embellished with ornaments, and all its proportions should present a classical appearance. If a military hero, his monument should be in keeping with the spirit of loftiness, and breathe the soul of daring and of glory, so that his character may be clearly known, without reading the inscription. And such are the richness and fertility of the genius of the fine arts, as understood by great artists, that its language is even more expressive in the hands of the master than any language in the world. But a monument to such a man as WASHINGTON, who is not regarded as a scholar, nor even so much a military hero or statesman, as one of those exalted characters that stand far above all other men, embracing all that is known to humanity of nobleness, and even something we may almost regard as divine; as one whose counterpart never lived before, nor is likely ever to live again. His monument should be as distinct from all others as he was from all other men. A classical monument would not do for him, nor a military monument, nor any other peculiar style; for none of them can reach him. No little thing should be introduced in it; no petty parts or decorations: it should be distinct and unbroken, and rise in solemn grandeur, a simple mass of vast bulk and height, so that it might be seen across a plain, fifty miles off, surmounted by his statue, of such colossal proportions that it might be recognized if possible, even at that distance, as the statue of WASHINGTON. And this would not be so difficult as might at first appear; for such were his form and general proportions, so different from all other men, and so expressive of himself, that the most feeble attempt at his likeness never fails to be recognized. His person was as distinct from other men as was his character.

'But of what form should his monument be, to express the durability of his fame, and as the same time embody and illustrate that solemnity of character so peculiarly his own? Before answering this question, we should look for guidance, and inquire what human structures have stood the longest, and will probably descend farthest into coming ages; and at the same time, what are the most expressive, and excite the greatest wonder and admiration in the minds of successive races of men. Are they solemn temples, or sumptuous palaces, or lofty towers, or massive obelisks, or solid columns, or colossal statues? The learned have spent ages in disputing about the site of Babylon with her gorgeous temples, and Thebes with her hundred gates. The ruins of Roman structures, reared less than two thousand years ago, have long been preserved with sacred veneration; the temples of Greece are mournful heaps; but the Pyramids of Egypt still lift their awful forms over the desert. They have watched the rise and fall of a long succession of empires. Human knowledge gropes back through dim ages to find the era of their beginning, and still Time strives in vain to overwhelm them. The obelisks lie scattered around the desert, or have been carried away by distant travellers; and the Memnon lies prostrate in the dust. The great cities that once stood on the banks of the Nile are levelled with the ocean of sand around them; and almost every vestige of the work of man has passed away in the flowing tide of ages. But the Pyramids still stand, and still rear themselves, vast and awful as

ever; stupendous beacons to the traveller from distant countries; piercing the clouds, where they catch the first blush of morning that flames on their summits, as far as in the dawn of their creation; defying the barbarous hand of the spoiler, the sweeping desolations of ages. Why were they reared? This question we may answer with certainty; they were raised for monuments. They contained the ashes of the dead; and a platform was left on their tops, we have good reason to infer, to receive colossal statues or figures, in illustration of the dead beneath them. This would seem to be certain; for the science which built them never would have left them incomplete, without an object. And where is there, in the universe, any thing human that is like them, but the character of WASHINGTON!—and what monument could we raise so appropriate to the Father of our Country? WASHINGTON's fame, we well know, can never die; it would outlive the Pyramids, without a monument, and without a graven line of eulogy. But a long line of generations is to follow us; and when they come upon the stage for their brief hour in the sweep of ages, each one to ask that distant Republic, whose history will then have grown dim, what monument of gratitude she left to her glorious Deliverer, let them turn to some pyramidal structure, surmounted by a vast statue of WASHINGTON, in everlasting bronze:

'LIKE some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

'Let us build such a monument. 'Let it,' in the noble language of WEBSTER, 'rise, till it meet the sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!'

THE notes to these 'Conversations' by Mr. LESTER will form no small part of the attraction of the volume which they will illustrate. Referring to the remarks of Mr. POWERS in the opening passage we have given, and especially to a wood-cut which had appeared of LAWRENCE's neglected monument in Trinity church-yard, Mr. LESTER observes: 'Can it be,' thought I, 'that glorious hero sleeps under the ruins of a brick monument, which was erected only thirty years ago, and that by his family, when, had he been the brave captain of any other nation in the world, he would have been sleeping under a lofty monumental pile that would almost defy the ravages of time? What must foreigners think of us, I asked; what must his venerable and childless widow think of us; and what must we think of ourselves, when we look at those mournful ruins? Really, I don't see what reward brave men have in America over cowards; for it is useless to say that the monuments of such men are 'in the hearts of their countrymen;' a convenient way of erecting monuments, and most particularly cheap, withal! It is enough to make the cheek of an American burn with shame, when he looks on those ruins, and then reads that a private subscription is opened to repair it, or erect one worthy of such a chivalric officer. Shame on the government that could allow such a monument ever to have been built, and built too by the brave man's own rations, or the dower of his widow! Shame on the government that could allow it to tumble to ruins, and suffer such heroism to go a-begging among private individuals, to get a shilling here and a sixpence there, to repair an old brick monument, or build one little better, over the dust of the hero who prayed his comrades, when he could lift his own arm no more for his beloved country, 'Do n't give up the ship!'

Equally just and forcible are the observations in reference to the Montpelier state-house, and its vacant niches: 'During this time, POWERS had been struggling on in Italy, getting bread for his family by making busts; and it may by a sort of poetical license be said, that while those open niches were crying for statues, POWERS' children were crying for bread. Not quite so bad, however; but no thanks to the generosity of any body save private individuals. 'And yet,' said POWERS to me one day, 'I am proud of my native state.' I think it probable too that she is proud of him; for our country has a happy way of maintaining a kind of general pride, at the least possible expense. But with all the men of genius, taste, and

high generous feeling, who adorn that state; with a full treasury, and not a dollar in the for of a debt; with STARK and ALLEN for heroes, and the first sculptor in the world to honor them, it is a pity, to say the least, that those niches should be empty.' The 'Conversations' will form the first volume of a series, by Mr. LESTER, under the general title of 'Our Artists, Merchants and Statesmen,' now being stereotyped by the new and highly respectable house of Messrs. PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street.

A NIGHT-MARE HAUNTED CONTRIBUTOR. — The following is the melancholy case of night-mare, at which we hinted in one of the subsections of the 'Gossip' of our last number: 'I saw it stated,' says our correspondent, 'not long since, in a medical journal, that that distressing visitation, *The Night-mare*, could always be traced directly to over-eating, and never to any other cause. I, for one, beg leave to dissent from this opinion, for my own experience tells me that it is untrue. In my younger days I was often troubled with dreams of this nature, although noted as a remarkably spare eater. The most distressing visitation of the kind I ever had, I am about to relate; and in order that you may have a fair understanding of the whole case, I will commence a little beforehand. I have already alluded to the fact of my being a small eater; but on the day preceding this dream I had been even more abstemious than usual. It happened to be 'General Muster,' or as we call it in New-Hampshire, 'Training-Day.' Being a military man, I take great interest in these holidays; and so, after making a hurried dinner on roast mutton, boiled ham, huckleberry pudding, and a few apple tarts, I departed for the parade-ground to see the manœuvring of the troops. I had been there but a short time, when, feeling a little thirsty, I stepped up to a booth and called for a glass of beer. While drinking this, a cake-and-peanut girl, with a clean, sweet face, came along, and holding up her basket in a tempting way, stood patiently waiting. I did not feel very hungry just then, but nevertheless I purchased a few cookies and a pocket full of peanuts, merely as an excuse for looking down into her large swimming eyes. I ate my cookies, and then, as every body around me appeared to be eating peanuts, I commenced upon mine also, and continued nibbling until they were all gone. Having now got my 'mouth in taste,' as the epicures (*I call them gluttons*) say, and feeling rather dry again, I stepped into another booth, drank some more beer, and then replenished my pocket with peanuts. These, with what I had previously purchased, made but a quart, and they lasted me, with another cookie or two, until the review was over. Then I went home to supper. This meal, in consequence of what I had already eaten, was necessarily very light; it consisted only of a few cups of tea, a slice or two of cold ham, a little hot bread, a piece of pound cake, a bit of cheese, and a piece or two of mince pie, the crust a little underdone, of which I am very fond. The items above enumerated formed, I believe, the sum total of all I had eaten and drank since the morning; except a dish of stewed lobster with cold-slaw, and a pint-bottle of brown stout, which I procured at a refectory near by, just before bed-time.

'Well, Sir, I had n't been a-bed fifteen minutes, before I was on the training-ground again. Every thing there was in the same position as when I left it in the afternoon. The snowy-white marquees, with the stars and stripes waving over them, still covered the rising ground; a few paces in front were formed the lengthened lines of citizen troops, their burnished guns flashing in the sun-light; while thousands of spectators, from chubby infancy to hoary age, crowded around, straining their eyes and necks to get a glimpse of the gallant show. I managed to secure for myself a very favorable stand for observation, being on a bit of rising ground that commanded a view of the whole field. Here I should have been quite contented, and at ease, but for an elbow-neighbor, whose presence soon became exceedingly annoying to me. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance, for he was but a short, bow-legged man, in a round jacket, with jolly red cheeks, and a sort of triangular nose, that seemed to cock up in derision toward the rim of a crownless hat; in short, just such a man as you will always see at a country muster. But there was

something very peculiar in his singling me out for a companion from among the thousands around him, as well as in the pertinacity with which he stuck close at my side, in spite of my ill-concealed aversion, pressing against my legs, nudging me with his elbow when any thing pleased him, and occasionally looking in my face with a grin so comical, that, in spite of my vexation, and the natural gravity of my character, I more than once laughed heartily in unison with him. This pleased him, and made him more attentive, and of course more annoying than ever. I changed my own position several times, for the purpose of getting rid of him. It was a useless manoeuvre; for, seemingly without moving a step from his place, he was ever close at my side. At one time it occurred to me that the fellow might be a pickpocket; but at this suggestion I only laughed in my sleeve, for I felt perfectly safe on that point. At last I began to look upon him with fear, and to have a vague, dreamy suspicion (such as often comes to one in sleep) that my neighbor was some evil genius, commissioned to lead me into trouble. As soon as this idea mingled in my thoughts, his countenance grew hateful to me, and I determined to get rid of him at any rate. In order to effect this, I was about making a retreat from the field altogether, when a shout from the spectators arrested my attention, and on looking round, I saw them all scampering away, and leaping the fence, or crawling through, as if a hail-storm was behind them. In an instant, almost, myself and companion were left alone in the field. We now saw the cause of this sudden flight. A troop of riderless horses, seemingly lashed into fury, were rushing along the lines, and trampling into the ground every thing that lay in their way. We happened to be, as it now seemed, a little in advance of the lines, and as the horses kept on in a straight course, the greater part passed without disturbing us. Nevertheless, we started for the fence on the opposite side, when suddenly a very large black stud broke from the line, and made directly toward us.

'Fear now lent us wings, and I seemed to be literally flying over the space between ourselves and the railing, but without coming a foot nearer to the goal. The horse too was galloping at a furious speed, but did not quite overtake us, though he kept close enough to shake the ground under us with his heavy tread, while the hot breath of his nostrils fell upon our backs like blasts from a furnace. I several times tried to turn out of the way, either to the right or the left, in order to balk our pursuer, but was utterly unable to move a hair's breadth from a straight course. After what seemed to me to be an age of the tail-coat running I ever performed, and all useless, as far as escape from my pursuer was the object, a gleam of hope broke upon me. My companion, clumsy as were his legs, by some means shot ahead, and the animal, passing me, continued in pursuit of him. It was now that I caught a glimpse of what struck me at the instant as the cause of our disastrous position. A long trail of white linen was streaming on the wind behind my companion, like the lily standard at the stern of a French man-of-war; and it was this undoubtedly that had attracted the eye of the old war-horse, and raised his Yankee blood to such a fever heat. (I should here mention that all this happened when Old Hickory was President, and there was so strong a talk of a brush with France.) On they rushed, the vagabond and the horse, the former still keeping the lead, while I, instead of being benefitted by this diversion, seemed all at once glued to the ground, and totally incapable of motion. In this predicament, I was a silent, immovable witness of the race. Under other circumstances, I should have enjoyed it well. How that little fellow made his legs spin so, I could not imagine. But spin they did, until finally he gained upon his pursuer, reached the fence, with a single leap laid himself half way across the top bar, and there, balancing his body, rested a moment, while the white banner fluttered uprightly, as if in mockery of his baffled pursuer. This insulting defiance seemed to gall the high-mettled animal still more, and, turning from the vagabond, now beyond his reach, he rushed furiously toward me.

'At this moment, notwithstanding my own situation, I was about to give way to an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, at the comical predicament of my companion; but, with the consciousness of increased peril, my face instantly assumed its accustomed gravity, and I prepared to effect, if possible, my own retreat. This was no easy matter. Ter-

ror, however, gave me supernatural strength, and by a desperate effort I managed to lift my feet from the spot where they had been apparently rooted. All farther effort only enabled me to creep along at a snail's pace, though this seemed no great matter, for the horse, though apparently going at his full speed, was just able to keep close behind without actually touching me. I reached the fence, I hardly know how, when on looking through, I saw the crowds of spectators quietly gazing either at or over me, but apparently totally unconscious of my dangerous situation. I endeavored, first, to shout for assistance, but the sounds died away in my throat, and a rattling, gasping whisper was all that reached even my own ear. I then tried to throw up my arms imploringly, but they hung close as if pinned to my side, and I could not move a finger. I now caught a glimpse among the crowd of my quondam companions, but so totally changed in both person and habiliments, that my former suspicion of his supernatural character was instantly revived. He was now no longer the short, bow-legged rascal, but a tall, slender, fashionable-looking man, with black mustaches, long dishevelled hair, and taper fingers covered with a profusion of jewelled rings. How I came to recognize him in his new character, is one of the mysteries of dream-land; I can't explain it. But he it was; and so, presuming upon our late companionship and joint tribulation, I thought I might venture a silent appeal to his sympathies. But he stood quietly gazing at something beyond; paying no attention to me; though, as I turned my head away despairingly, I thought I saw a meaning smile on his countenance, as if saying to himself: 'Ah! I see you *know* me now!'

'I had little time for farther observation, for my enemy, growing impatient at my dilatoriness, made several feints at trampling upon me, though why he did not, when I was so completely in his power, seemed unaccountable. Perhaps, thought I, he is only playing, like the cat with a mouse, before crushing me beneath his iron hoofs. The next moment, without any volition of my own, I found myself on the top of the fence, from which I fell down, like a dead weight, on the other side; when, with a single bound, my tormentor cleared the barrier, and was prancing at my heels again. I now lay writhing on the ground, expecting every moment to be trampled to death, when I accidentally discovered that one of the rails of the fence was partially broken off, leaving a hole about large enough for one to crawl through. Mechanically, and with scarcely the hope of escape, I began to work my way to the other side; but at every inch of my progress the bars seemed to close upon me, squeezing my body tighter and tighter, until I fancied I heard bone after bone cracking in my body. All this time the horse in my rear kept prancing around me, and so close, that I felt the wind of every tramp of his devilish hoofs. I had got about half way through, when the aperture had become so small, that I could not move another hair's breadth, either way, and my breathing grew short and thick, like a dying man's. In the midst of this agony, I cast my eyes upward, when lo! directly in front of me stood an enormous bull! This new enemy eyed me fiercely for an instant, and then dropping his head, presented — horns. With the consciousness of this additional danger hope utterly forsook me; I felt that I could do nothing more but lie down and die; and shutting my eyes, I resigned myself to my fate. At that moment I thought of many things. But my foe in the rear had no intention that I should perish in that position, like a toad under a harrow, and so with a single kick from his hoof he sent me clear through the fence like a shot. Luckily the blow awoke me also, and thus saved me from the horns of my adversary in front. On looking at my watch, I found I had been asleep just five minutes.

'I have thus given you from recollection my first impressions of this remarkable dream. From the nature of the case, the narrative is necessarily disjointed, and apparently of an extravagant character. But those who have suffered in a similar manner, can easily believe what I have written. Now, what I would ask is, whether this dream, or night-mare, can be fairly traced to any imprudence either in the selection or the quantity of my food on the day preceding it; or whether it should not rather be referred to some other and a widely different cause? I hope some scientific or psychological correspondent will enlighten my ignorance 'in the premises.'

REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN NASBAU-STREET. — We are indebted to an esteemed correspondent — himself a worthy descendant and representative of the good old Dutch fathers who have fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth, in this glorious island of Manahatta, leaving behind them a name which the world will 'not willingly let die' — for the following feeling and indignant remonstrance against the 'base uses' to which the 'Old Dutch Church' in Nassau-street has been devoted. Many a stanch KNICKERBOCKER will peruse it with moistened eyes: 'Standing,' says our friend, 'at the door of the new post-office, the other day, and noticing the crowds that passed and repassed me, with countenances of 'busy import,' and full of the affairs of the world, I could not but reflect upon the various incidents connected with the history of that old edifice; which, if written, and read by every man, would have inspired feelings akin to veneration for the many and interesting associations with which it is connected. Its history is of the past. Its present uses cannot consecrate it in the mind of any of us; and as we pass out and in its gates, we have not time to recall its former glories or its holy and time-honored claims upon our affections. To you, my dear KNICKERBOCKER — who are so jealous of the encroachments of the commercial vandalism of the day upon the most sacred memorials of our ancient city, and whose pages reveal the enthusiastic love of Dutch antiquity which rolls in your veins — to you I appeal, to rescue that honored edifice from the oblivion into which it is fast sinking! If you have a single drop left of that blood which warmed the heart of your renowned progenitor, I implore you to awaken it into a proper indignation against the base uses to which this consecrated edifice is converted, by that system of modern 'improvement' which has swept like a sirocco over the ancient city of New-Amsterdam! Think, I beseech you, of the glory of your ancestors; of that ancient pride which influenced their enthusiasm against the encroachments and demolitions of interlopers, whose steps have ever been marked by an entire disregard of the moral consequences of their detestable acts of 'improvement.' I need not attempt to picture the effects of this system of demolition, which has overturned the honored edifices of our ancestors, and converted them into temples of Mammon, to the entire demoralization of good old Dutch habits and feelings. I have ever honored the *prejudices* of my ancestors, and equally abjure the irreverent spirit of this modern age, which without compunction of conscience, lays a city in ruins, to promote its own unhallowed purposes of 'convenience.'

'For my own part, I should be recreant to the duty I owe to a long line of honored Dutch ancestors, if, in imitation of the vandals around me, I could participate in the congratulations which are offered to this community at the permanent establishment of the post-office in this venerated edifice. I look upon its conversion to secular purposes as a sacrilege and desecration, which must be atoned for, by some body, some day or other! In the fervent sincerity of their pious hearts did my old Dutch progenitors dedicate this noble edifice to the service of God. There, in times of trial and adversity, when our country was maintaining a fierce contest with a powerful enemy for the establishment of its national independence, the 'prayers of the righteous' were offered up to the throne of Heaven, to crown with success the noble efforts of our patriotic people. Who can tell how much of that religious feeling which has preserved this nation from the curse of impiety, was nurtured within those walls! Doubtless the good seed sown there, in the hearts of many a devout believer, has enriched the land with blessings, and laid broad and deep the foundations of our national security! Who can think of these things, and regard the changes which have converted that venerable church into the temple of Mammon, without grief and indignation!

'The very land-marks of our ancient city are passing from before us. Is there no longer any reverence for antiquity? Must the *past* be blotted out, and all that it contains worthy of remembrance be annihilated! They shall answer for this; and terrible will be the retribution! 'Oh thou enemy! destructions are come to a perpetual end, and thou hast

destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.' The lamentation of DAVID is equally applicable to the century and circumstances in which we live. Whoever hath done these things, hath much to pray for, much to be forgiven.

'To me the sacrilege is unendurable. Born and nurtured within the shadow of that consecrated edifice, I regard its appropriation to worldly purposes as a desecration too enormous for forgiveness. The old clock which looks out from its square tower, with its familiar face, struck the hour of my birth, and has kept, to this day, the record of my life. It was in old times a very chronometer for punctuality and correctness, and all classes of our citizens regulated their movements with undoubting faith in its truthful record. From boyhood up, it has always served as my faithful monitor; and has, with the sterling honesty and virtuous feeling of a true friend, admonished me of the value of my time! Many a stern rebuke has it given me for my negligence, and many a lesson of serious import have I gathered from its friendly warnings. Even now, it seems to smile upon me as I bear honest record of the gratitude I owe to it, for its wise lessons and honest counsels. Henceforth it will only strike the flat, dull hours of time, and no one shall heed its summons, save as it announces 'The northern mail is closed!' O lame and impotent conclusion!

'But who can bring back the deep and all-pervading solemnity of its wide aisles, cloistral and cool, which filled my young heart with feelings reverential and profound, and reawaken the pensive quiet which hung within and around it, like a spirit of peace prompting the heart to religious musings? Who shall see again the quiet worshipper enter its gates; some reverend matron, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, with devout and sincere spirit pouring forth the prayer or the hymn of praise! These are the recollections which hang like a sweet incense around these time-honored precincts, now dedicated to the world, and converted into the theatre of active commerce! Its religious influences, the holy feelings which it inspired, are forever gone! Henceforth the tumultuous throng shall crowd its once solemn portals, and with irreverent feet tread into the dust the pleasant solemn memories with which it has so long been associated; and when the shadows of its early worshippers shall return to visit this scene, once so holy, and sacred to their living devotions, they will frown indignantly upon the spirit of an age so reckless of the past, and all that it holds worthy of our love and veneration.'

MR. LESTER'S TRANSLATION OF THE FLORENTINE HISTORIES. — MICHIAVELLI is regarded by the Italians as the greatest prose writer of Italy, since the Romans. His 'Florentine Histories' are pronounced by competent judges to be his most useful and perfect work, although 'The Prince' has perhaps a more general popularity. Professor SPARKS, of Cambridge, the eminent American historian, in a recent letter to Mr. LESTER, speaking of the volumes in question, observes: 'The work will hold a conspicuous place in my library: one copy of MICHIAVELLI I shall send to our college library. I have examined your translation with some care. As far as I can judge, it is executed with fidelity to the original, not only in regard to the matter, but also to the spirit of the author's style and manner, which are among the best models of historical compositions. I shall recommend the work to the classes under my charge in the university, believing it to be full of valuable information for the young men of our republic. Your enterprise for enriching our literature with original translations from the Italian demands the applause and the best wishes of every American. Hitherto we have depended chiefly on England for this branch of literature. It is time that our own scholars should divest us of this badge of dependence.' In a previous letter, speaking of the work in the original, Mr. SPARKS writes: 'Formed on the classic models of antiquity, it is executed with consummate skill.' Little need be added to this high praise, save a mention of the fact that the typographical execution of the work is most creditable to those new and enterprising publishers, Messrs. PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, who are winning for themselves an honorable reputation.

PONTICAL REMAINS OF DR. JOHN LEYDEN. — We have been favored, by an obliging citizen, with the perusal of a volume recently ordered by its possessor from England, entitled the '*Pontical Remains of the late John Leyden*,' a work printed some twenty-six years ago, and now very difficult of acquisition. From a memoir of his life, prefixed to his literary remains, we learn that he was born in Scotland, on the banks of the Teviot. The maiden name of his mother was SCOTT. Sir WALTER, it will be remembered, often speaks of him, and his delightful poetical genius, of which he was a great admirer. LEYDEN derived his poetical bent from the glorious region in which his childhood was passed; and his love of romance seems to have been greatly enhanced, like that of his illustrious friend, by recitations of tales, ballads, etc., by the farmers' firesides in winter nights. LEYDEN was held in high esteem by Bishop HESSE, SYDNEY SMITH, and other like distinguished men of their time. It was said by the former, that 'in genuine feeling and fancy, as well as in harmony and elegance of composition, LEYDEN's poems can encounter few rivals in the English language.' He was connected with Sir WALTER SCOTT in the publication of the '*Border Minstrelsy*,' a sufficient evidence of the high estimate placed upon his talents by his great countryman. He went, some ten years previous to his death, to India, where he greatly distinguished himself by his professional bravery. He was with Lord MINTO in his celebrated expedition against Java; where, in his ardent love of ancient curiosities, he with fatal inadvertence entered a large low room in one of the public buildings, which had long been shut up, and was said to contain some remarkable relics of antiquity. The confined, poisonous air brought on the first symptoms of a pestilential fever, of which he died in three days, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. LEYDEN rose by the power of native genius from the humblest origin to a distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. 'I cannot be idle,' said he on one occasion, in reply to the command of his physician to abstain from all intellectual exertion; 'I cannot be idle; whether I live or die, the wheel must go round to the last.' While he was in India, he embarked on one occasion in a Parsee vessel for Puloo Penang. It was in the autumn of 1805, and he was the only European on board. His account of the occurrences of this voyage is amusing, and affords a good example of his talents for observation. Sailing near the coast of Sumatra, the vessel was near being taken by the French. The subjoined passages are extracted from a journal written during the voyage, and addressed to one of his friends:

'Our vessel is termed in Arabic the *Mutlak*, after some saint or other, who I hope will take good care of us. The steersman and two pilots are Maldivians, prodigiously addicted to sorcery. The rest of the crew, some twenty in number, are Mapillas from Malabar. In truth, I very much question if ever SINBAD the sailor sailed with a more curious set, although a part of his adventures occurred in these very seas.' Some idea of the skill of the crew may be gathered from these records: 'We are getting into a dreadfully rough sea, and as the mariners have no confidence in their own science, they have furl'd all the sails, and have left us pitching a perfect naked hull on the water.' 'We have had a terrible night, in which it was quite impossible to rest, between the roaring and hissing of the waves, and the barbarous dissonance of the Arabic hymns that have resounded all night.' 'These four days there has been a high swell of the sea, with smart gales and showers, the sea generally of a deep violet color. On the morning of the fifth a ship was descried at a great distance on the lee-beam. As she neither made any effort of consequence to come up with us, nor displayed any colors, she excited little apprehension till the close of evening, when having gained the weather-beam, she made a sudden dart at us, like a leopard at a fawn, and was nearly up with us before we perceived her. Then followed a scene which it is impossible to describe, and which demonstrated our ship-mates to be even greater cowards than fools. Every body crowded instantly on the poop, where they attended to

nothing but the motions of one of the Maldivians, who commenced his operations with great energy. Having written a number of charms, he threw them into the sea, leisurely chanting an Arabic prayer with a loud voice all the time. As the charms fell into the sea, the people persuaded themselves that the sea roughened and the waves rose; and their idea of their efficacy was still more confirmed by the ship in pursuit, which had now approached within hail, happening at this very time to lose her wind, and drop astern. At the sight of this, the Maldivian began to sing out more zealously than ever, and presently fell into a state approaching a convulsion, during which he was held by the rest of the crew, and prevented from falling into the sea; all which time he continued in a most ecstatic manner to howl forth Arabic prayers to God, the Prophet ALI, and the Imams. I thought for some time every body had been going stark mad; but after a little the Maldivian became more calm, continuing however to exclaim with all his might, 'Bone! bone!' which I understood to be 'Let us go on;' on which I believe every rag of sail in the vessel was hoisted, in defiance of the weakness of our masts. During the night, LEYDEN selects, beside his two Arab and Persian servants, two Malabars and one Maldivian to resist the strange vessel, should she manifest any hostile intentions: 'So, having made the best arrangements we could, I retired to rest, and to await the event in darkness, having hoisted our dead-lights. After forming this daring resolution, our ship-mates held a council of war in the poop, and continued with tolerable courage to debate over the subject in every point of view till day-break; when we fortunately descried the masts of a vessel on our weather-beam, which was immediately supposed to be our old friend, the sentiments of every person underwent a most unfortunate alteration. Then 'they would not tell a lie for the whole world, not even to save their lives: they would have nothing to do with the business.' When I heard this paltry resolution, I was strongly tempted to bury my dagger in the hearts of the cowardly wretches. Fortunately the sea ran very high, and we escaped, more through the kindness of Providence than our own deserts.'

The following involves an incident that affords a pleasant example of 'tee-total abstinence' not unfrequently to be met with now-a-days: 'These last two days we have had an uncommon high sea, with violent rain and squalls, the sea dashing over us, and into the cabin, where I have been completely drenched. The Maldivians furled the sails and let us drive before the tempest, while they invoked with dreadful yells of the whole crew, sometimes the merciful God, and sometimes the two kings of the sea, and of the desert forest, who I find are brothers, as in the northern mythology. They were at least as fervent in their devotions as ever were Catholic mariners to the Virgin Mother, the Star of the Sea, as she is poetically denominated. The crew, however, were soon obliged to leave the devotional part of the business to the steersman, and apply themselves actively to the pump, as it was found we were making an alarming quantity of water. The rain continued without intermission; and as the whole crew seemed nearly exhausted with cold and fatigue, I proposed recruiting them with a glass of gin. This was agreed to; but happening, unluckily, in giving directions to my servant, to mention the word *sheraab*, they assured me unanimously they would drink no sheraab. After a vivid debate on the subject, we at last hit on a proper medium; and it was resolved, that though it be a very bad action to drink it as a *sheraab*, or wine, yet there would be no harm in the world in drinking it as a *dawa*, or medicine; one of the sages observing, with a look of the most profound wisdom, that we must sometimes drink even poison as a medicine.' The subjoined cluster of adventures would seem to indicate, that 'heart, liver and lights' out of the question, India is not the pleasantest country in the world to reside in: 'I was one day sent to a great distance to take charge of a sick officer, who had been seized by the jungle-fever in the depth of one of the vast forests and wildernesses of Mysore. After travelling for two days, as fast as horse and men could carry me, I arrived about one o'clock in the morning at the bank of a large river, in the midst of a forest. The river at its flood roared terribly, and seemed very rapid. I sent in a palanquin-boy who could swim and he presently got out of his depth. At a little distance stood a village, notorious for being a nest of robbers.

I with great difficulty knocked up some of the villagers, who were very much frightened ; and after a great deal of discussion in Canara and Hindostan, in order to induce them to show me a ford, or make a raft to cross the water on, as no time was to be lost, three of them at last undertook to convey me over alone. I got into a large brass-kettle, with three ears, and sat down in the bottom of it, balancing myself with great accuracy ; each of the three swimmers laid hold of one of the ears, and then we swam round and round in a series of circles, till we reached the opposite bank. Had it been light, I should have been quite giddy. Now did you ever hear a more apocryphal story in your life ? — and yet it is merely fact. I have only to add, that after crossing the river, I found myself in a wilder jungle than ever, and was dogged by a monstrous tiger for nearly three miles.'

We have selected from the volume before us several poetical gems, two or three of which are all we can make room for at present. The following pastoral reminiscences, written in India strikes us as natural and pleasing :

'On such a night as this, so mild and clear,
I followed to the grave a sister's bier.
As sad by Taviot I retired alone,
The setting sun with silent splendor shone ;
Sublime emotions reached my purer mind ;
The fear of death, the world was left behind.
I saw the thin-spread clouds of Summer lie
Like shadows on the soft cerulean sky :
As each its silver bosom seemed to bend,
Rapt Fancy heard an angel voice descend,
While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,
To hail the parted spirit on its road.
'To realms of purer light,' it seemed to say,
'Thyself as pure, fair sufferer! come away!
The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,
Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue ;
Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,
Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me.'

'As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,
A wilder influence charm'd and awed my soul ;
Each graceful form that vernal nature wore
Roused keen sensations never felt before ;
The woodland's sombre shade, that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tomb-stone and the church-yard green,
Seemed to unite me with the world unseen.

'Again, with youth's sensations wild, I hear
The Sabbath-chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,
And view with solemn gait and serious eye
Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.
The rough-toned bell, which many a year hath seen,
And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,
Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound ;
With quickened pace they throng the burial-ground,
And each selects his old paternal seat.

'From crowded pews, arranged in equal row,
The dirge-like music rises soft and slow ;
Uncultured strains! which yet the warmth impart
Of true devotion to the peasant's heart.
I mark the preacher's air, serene and mild :
In every face he sees a listening child ;
Unfolds with reverend air the sacred book,
Around him casts a kind paternal look,
And hopes, when all his mortal toils are past,
The filial family to join at last.

'As home the peasants move, with serious air,
For sober talk they mingle, pair and pair ;
Though quaint remark unbend the steadfast mien,
And thoughts less holy sometimes intervene,
No burst of noisy mirth disturbs their walk ;
Each seems afraid of worldly things to talk,
Save yon fond pair, who speak with meeting eyes ;
The sacred day profaner speech denies.

'Some love to trace the plain of graves, alone,
Peruse the lines that crowd the sculptured stone,
And, as their bosoms heave at thoughts of fame,
Wish that such homely verse may save their name;
Hope that their comrades, as the words they spell,
To greener youth their ploughman skill may tell,
And add that none sang clearer at the ale,
Or told at winter's eve a merrier tale,
When noisy shepherds round the ember's gaze
At tiny forms that tread the mounting blaze,
And songs and jokes the laughing hours beguile,
And borrow sweetness from the damsel's smile.'

We alluded to the following beautiful poem in our last number. Could any thing more touchingly portray the vanity and vexation of spirit which accompany the possession of wealth, in the acquisition of which health, social and domestic endearments, and all that is worth living for, have been sacrificed? It is an '*Ode to an Indian Gold Coin*,' written in Chéréal, Malabar:

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight-converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear,
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chéréal's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child;
Of castled rocks, stupendous piled,
By Eak or Eden's classic wave;
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts, that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear;
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer.
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding-stars to mine,
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear;
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true;
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unknown and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart: the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view;
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn;
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death, has borne?
From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave! thy yellow dross I scorn;
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

We may take another occasion to renew the reader's acquaintance with the rare and admirable volume from which the foregoing passages, with many others of equal excellence, have been taken.

AMERICAN POETRY AND THE ARTS IN GERMANY. — A late German periodical of repute has an article upon '*American Poetry and the Arts*,' which speaks very highly of several of our poets. BRYANT is termed 'the first lyricist in the English language.' 'He is,' says the reviewer, 'through and through an American, comprehending the great mission of the United States, and viewing every thing truly as an American. No where is seen a vestige of European or British imitation. Even his pictures are American, like the nature into whose mysteries he has penetrated. All his works are the mirror of the purest mind. He is no where a mere imitator, but is true, fearless and noble.' 'Much of BRYANT,' adds the reviewer, 'has been translated into the German;' and of several articles named as having had this honor, there is not one that was not written for and published in the KNICKERBOCKER. The assertion of English reviewers that America possesses no national literature is pronounced 'presumptuous and without foundation.' 'Her prose writers, FENIMORE COOPER and WASHINGTON IRVING, England herself is obliged to count among the classic English writers, and the English editions of the poems of BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HOFFMAN, WILLIS, etc., prove the popularity of American writers in Great Britain.'

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended,' and to us 'the melancholy days are come.' Pardon us, therefore, indulgent reader, for recalling to your recollection the appropriate and kindred thoughts of one with whom the influences of this pensive season will ever be associated in our mind and heart: 'Magnificent and pompous Autumn! It cometh before me with 'dyed garments' of glory; with trailing clouds of innumerable tints, with leaves that fill the air with solemn whispers, and paint the viewless gusts in hues of beauty. Splendid Autumn! Thy every feature is lovely to my soul. There is not a spray which yields its tribute to the wind, that hath not a lesson in its shiver, and a moral in its sound. When the 'sweet South' seeks in vain for the summer flowers, over which it ranged like a chartered libertine, rifling their cups, and betraying their soft odors; when the clouds lie in long red bars across the West, and the deep tones of woods and waters ring through the clear and searchable atmosphere — then is the Spirit of Autumn my monitor and my companion. I walk over the serene meadow; I see the many-colored fruits piled up in rich profusion under the generous orchard trees; I hear the pensive and farewell chanting of the birds, as they poise their pinions for milder climes, and I deem their melody a summons of gratitude — a call for thanksgiving. Then Memory is busy; a sweet repose falls like golden light on every vision of the past, and all its regrets are lost in that enchanting radiance. This is Autumn, to me. I think of the pure skies, the broad lakes, and the swelling mountains, on which the eyes of my childhood feasted, until I become again a resident among them, scaling verdant peaks, and looking abroad on seas of rainbow-foliage tossing to the breeze; or mayhap, delectating my palate with gathered chestnuts, and my ear with their harmony, as they pattered on the leaves from the lofty burs: touching perchance, in their fall, the whirring wing of the partridge as it wheeled through the woods. I love Autumn for itself alone: 'scene of ripe fruits and mellow fruitfulness;' of calmness, beauty, and abundance; it has voices, and sights, and influences, that I would not exchange for a dukedom.' Thus wrote the nature-loving 'OLLAPOD;' and in after years, when 'sorrow had touched his bosom's core,' he poured forth kindred thoughts in touching verse:

OCTOBER.

SOLERN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright! oh, blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers —
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold —
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast!
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasures lip its smile resigns.

Ah! for Time and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

THE anecdotes of JARVIS the painter which have appeared within the last two or three months in these pages, have revived in the mind of a friend the recollection of the follow-

ing, which we are assured is authentic : ' A gentleman's son, who had a vain imagination that he would make a great painter, although in his multiplied attempts he could scarcely hit the difference between a horse and a jackass, and at least on paper could sketch only a very faint resemblance of either, besought his father to withdraw him from college, and to allow him to study the art. The latter, after much remonstrance, consented, and sent a slight hint to the painter JARVIS. 'Go,' said he; 'if he is willing to instruct you, you shall enjoy every advantage.' The youthful genius flew overjoyed to the artist, whom he found in his studio, and who received him with a most encouraging aspect, applauded his intentions, and willingly consented to promote his studies. 'Come,' said he; 'in the first place, you shall sketch some things, that we may form a rough estimate of your talents.' The genius went to work, and drew a human figure which looked like a geological specimen. 'I see, I see,' said the painter, squinting equivocally over his shoulder; 'you must begin with *first principles*, and gradually ascend. In this way, should you continue to rise, you will reach the top of the ladder.' He then set the young man to cleaning a multitude of brushes: this was the first step, and took him half a day. 'That is very well done,' said he, when the task was completed; 'you shall now grind some paints in a mortar, which is a preliminary step, of the first importance.' This was the patient job of a whole day. On the third day, when he was to be inducted into the composition of colors, that youthful genius turned his back on the threshold of the art, on the ground that he could in some other way better subserve the interests of philanthropy. In a week after he was a freshman in college, describing with a poor faculty the *Assee's* Bridge in *CÆSAR*, and drawing awkwardly on a black-board the diagram of the fifth proposition of the First Book of Euclid.' . . . Is not the following a fair proposition, on the part of a friend and correspondent, for the settlement of long-standing accounts with *HOPK*: 'For myself, who am the very fool of *HOPK*, and who have often withdrawn my capital of time and labor, from safe and profitable investments to fund it in his South Sea Bubbles, I will here release the smiling swindler from all my claims falling due, provided he will redeem my deposits, and restore me my inestimable past. If that be contrary to the statutes of destiny, and my squandered years are engulfed forever in his vaults, I will compound for a thousandth part of one per cent. upon my signed and sealed and attested dues. Or if even this be beyond his means, I will consent to square accounts with him at once, if he will leave me in peace to withdraw the ruins of my estate from his insolvent bank, that I may deposit my thoughts and wishes in the Savings Fund of the Present, and content my humble wants with the accruing interest of the moment. Yes! I will give him a receipt in full, if he will no longer deceive one whom he has already beggared, and no more, after a thousand times protesting his own notes, and denying his own signature, invite me, with a treacherous smile, to invest my expected days in some fresh and brilliant scheme of joy or ambition, which will soon explode like the rest, leaving its amazed subscriber to weep over barren bonds and dishonored 'promises to pay.' . . . *ODD FELLOWS* can't keep every thing secret. At least, according to a correspondent, they cannot do it in Boston. Things will leak out sometimes, especially if they be in the joking line. The following comes from a good source: 'At a meeting the other evening, of one of our city lodges, of which a journeyman boot-maker is the presiding officer, and his employer one of the subordinates, a pretty hot debate took place on some question, in which the master boot-maker took a conspicuous part. Growing rather warm, and out of order in some of his remarks, he was checked several times by the head of the lodge, and finally peremptorily ordered to 'sit down.' He sat down, per force, though with a gloomy brow; which those acquainted with the relative situations of the parties thought boded no good to the journeyman. In the morning the latter had occasion to go into the room of his employer, for information about some work he was upon. When he entered, Mr. — rose and handed him a chair. The journeyman's countenance fell at this unusual proceeding, and he hesitated. 'Sit down, Sir! Sit down!' said Mr. —, pointing to the chair. The journeyman sat down. 'Now, Mr. —,' said his employer, clapping him on the shoulder; 'Now, Sir, we are even.' . . . *WILL* the time ever

come, when such cruelties as have in past ages been practised upon poor humanity shall be renewed? God in His mercy forbid! We have met lately in our reading two memorable instances: the first is a brief description of the French Bastille, with its dark 'stair-cases, its mysterious passages, its tripple doors plated with iron, and fastened with enormous bolts; its cells, which resembled graves, prepared for the reception of living bodies; its dungeons, gloomy, damp and unwholesome, with walls eight feet in thickness, a great stone in the midst of each, which served the double purpose of a bed and a chain; the chain in the middle of the stone, which from its thickness seemed intended to bind a wild beast rather than a man; with numerous instruments of torture, among which was an iron suit of armor, made to press upon all the joints, and to seize as it were with one gripe the knees, the hips, the stomach, the arms and the neck of the wretch on whom it was fixed. Revolting and barbarous as all this seems, however, it is kindness in comparison with the punishment sometimes awarded to Tartar criminals. We read of a poor Tartar who was compelled to stand on a scaffold, in a busy square of the town, with his left hand firmly fixed in a wedge, while in his right he held a sharp broad-bladed knife. The punishment demanded by the law declared that the culprit should not be removed till he could release himself; and his only means of accomplishing this devoutly wished-for consummation was by cutting his left hand off with the knife which the generous law had placed in his right.' . . . THE 'Stranger in Lowell,' in a chapter of his volume which treats of an uncultivated peasant-bard in an interior town of Massachusetts, gives us the following, from a poem written at the close of autumn, after the death of his wife:

'No more may I the Spring Brook trace,
No more with sorrow view the place
Where Mary's wash tub stood;
No more may wander there alone,
And lean upon the mossy stone,
Where once she piled her wood.
'Twas there she bleached her linen cloth,
By yonder bass-wood tree;
From that sweet stream she made her broth,
Her pudding and her tea.
That stream, whose waters running,
O'er rocks with quick despatch,
Made ringing and singing,
Her voice alone could match.'

'I envy not the man who can sneer at this simple picture. It is honest as Nature herself. An old and lonely man looks back upon the young years of his wedded life. Can we not look with him? The sunlight of a summer morning is weaving itself with the leafy shadows of the bass tree; beneath which a fair and ruddy-cheeked young woman, with her full rounded arms bared to the elbow, bends not ungracefully to her task, pausing ever and anon to play with the bright-eyed child beside her, and mingling her songs with the pleasant murmurings of gliding water! Alas! as the old man looks, he hears that voice, which perpetually sounds to us all from the past—NO MORE! . . . 'MR. JONES'—a young and pretentious literary commentator, who in the sickly, short-lived 'Arcturus' magazine took among others 'CHANNING' and 'DEWEY' patronisingly by the hand, and although compelled to administer some necessary advice to them, yet on the whole gave them credit for being clever writers—'MR. JONES,' we say, has an article in the last number of our 'Democratic' contemporary, upon the subject of 'American Humor,' which we quite concur with the 'Broadway Journal' in characterizing as 'contemptible, both in a moral and literary sense;' and as 'the production of an imitator and a quack.' It is quite baseless, moreover; being suggested by an article in a Southern magazine, of small circulation and smaller influence, written by a very voluminous author, now in the decadence of a limited sectional reputation; a writer who, having no shadow of humor of his own, is poorly qualified to judge of the humor, or lack of humor, of any body else. He might with equal fitness and propriety have indited a didactic paper upon the scholarship of the country. Yet such is the writer who broadly asserts that we are 'without any humorous literature;' that our 'published humor is a blank,' etc. Now it was not necessary that even the re-

doubtable 'JONES' should draw his sword of lath to demolish so absurd an assumption as this. He would be much better employed in cultivating some sense for himself, than in commenting upon the nonsense of others. 'Mr. JONES' endeavors to praise several of our contributors; but we can answer for some of them, that the juxtaposition in which they are placed will be deemed any thing but complimentary. JOHN WATERS may have 'a delicacy of taste and fancy, and a subtle, refined, and purely individual humor.' He certainly has; but what can such praise be worth, coming from one who thinks (Heaven save the mark!) that the author of 'Puffer Hopkins' has also 'a comic fancy almost unrivalled!!' WASHINGTON IRVING, SANDS, MARY CLAYERS, NEAL, the 'Charcoal-Sketcher,' PAULDING, HAWTHORNE, HARRY FRANCO, HOLMES, and other past and present contributors to this Magazine, are pronounced clever humorists, with 'certain 'batemente,' but then FELIX MERRY (who is 'FELIX MERRY?') is likewise eminent in a kindred line; while SANDERSON—author of the admirable 'Letters from London,' and other sketches, which have appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, and of 'The American in Paris,' (a work which Mr. IRVING once remarked to us had 'superfluous humor enough in it to set up any six modern novelists')—SANDERSON, it seems, 'had hardly any humor!' Oh! that SANDS (whom 'Mr. JONES' tells us would have 'attained a respectable rank as a miscellaneous writer,' had he lived,) were once more among us, to serve up, with appropriate 'trimmings,' this second 'Mr. GREEN BICK!' But we 'trifle time' and space. . . . THE curious lines which ensue are from the pen of the late lamented THOMAS HOOD. Most bards find it sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line, but HOOD secures three, with an ease which is graceful as it is surprising:

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

'EVEN is come; and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting-sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Brury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out;
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see DUCKOW with wide stride ride
Four horses, as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at LUSTON while you quiz his pix.

'Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, YOUNG sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robe fobs.

'Now thieves to enter for your cash, amash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'no go!'
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble, 'Drat that cat!
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
Now bulls of Basban, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nurse-maid in a night-mare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's bann's,
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' wogs!'

CAN any one inform us who is the author of 'Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom,' a volume recently published in Boston? A mere glance through its pages convinces us that it is rich in minute observation of nature, and replete with the experience of deep human passion and feeling. It is not a book to be thus lightly dismissed. We shall address ourselves to its consideration in another number. . . . A

FRIENDLY correspondent, who loves a good joke, sends us the following amusing incident of the late 'Great Fire': 'Residing in Brooklyn, with some little space about our dwelling, it has been my amusement during the past few months to employ the early hours of day, as well as those of twilight, in nursing some plants and vegetables into existence, both for the adornment of the place, and for the satisfaction of regaling upon the fruits of one's own personal labor. Thus far I have been very successful, and consequently was desirous to exhibit some evidence of my agricultural ability to my city friends. On the morning of the last great fire, I loaded myself with a basket containing productions of the garden, and in a paper bundle, wrapped in voluminous folds, was an immense *beet*. Crossing the South ferry, and landing at Whitehall, the Battery presented the only passable avenue. This was strown with goods and chattels, of an indescribable variety; while at each gate was posted an armed sentry, attended by some of the police force, to prevent if possible any thefts upon the articles within. In passing from the enclosure at the north end, I was arrested in my course by the sentry, who hailed me, and insisted upon knowing the contents of my packages. Not content with ocular demonstration, he was determined to probe the matter to the bottom, and was only satisfied to release the basket when he had withdrawn his hand reeking with the juice of some ripe tomatoes, which his fingers had perforated, in their eagerness for satisfactory evidence that the basket did not contain gems of greater value. This having passed the ordeal, the bundle had next to be examined; and here the sentry was assisted in his duties by two civil officers. My risibilities were becoming excited, and I purposely evinced a reluctance that *that parcel* should be opened. The more I appeared unwilling, the more determined were they to examine it: 'Can't help it, Sir;' 'disagreeable necessity;' 'strict orders;' 'must be enforced.' I replied that they would only get *beet* in the end. '*Beet*, eh? *Beet* who, Sir?' 'I'm an officer, Sir; there's my *star*, Sir. Come, Sir, let us open the bundle, Sir; we'll see who will interfere with the discharge of my duties!' During this colloquy, the crowd was fast gathering to witness a scene. Various questions were asked, and replies given, among which I heard: 'Nabbed a thief;' 'one of the swell mob;' 'going to take him off;' 'what's he prigged!' etc., etc. The bundle was now slowly unrolled, and the innocent though blushing *beet* was exposed to all around. The loud roar of laughter from the assembled crowd, and the mortified and disappointed visages of these worthy limbs of the law, as I politely requested them to restore my package, will always be remembered by me as a most ludicrous incident in connexion with the 'Great Fire of 1845.' . . . We hear that a new play, written with great care by EPES SARGENT, Esq., and said by those who have read it to be very effective, is about to be produced at NIBLO's, with a powerful dramatic cast, including that most successful of debutantes, Mrs. MOWATT. We shall report upon it in our next. . . . THAT is a fanciful and pretty thing of CUTWODE, an old English poet, which describes a bee going on his pilgrimage:

'He made himself a pair of holy beads:
The fifty *aces* were of gooseberries;
The paternosters and the holy creeds
Were made of red and goodly fair ripe cherries;
Blessing his marigold with ave-marias,
And on a staff made of a fennel-stalk
The head-roll hangs, whiles he along did walk:
And with the flower *monk's-head* made him a cow!
And of a gray dock got himself a gown.'

By the by, this botanical monk reminds us of some pleasant original lines entitled '*The Jolly Friar*,' which we obtained through an esteemed friend in Boston, but which, if not mislaid, we fear we have lost. . . . Mr. WILLIS, speaking of our correspondent FANNY FORRESTER, in one of his recent letters from England, observes, that '*Her's* is a style, the charm of which is lasting. For the thoughts it is freighted with are from one of the most gifted and most loveable of female natures; thoughts first schooled by heavenly purity and tenderness, and then loosed to play with the freedom of birds on the wing. I take no small pride in having been the first to pronounce the '*Bureks*' at the discovery of

this bright star. And she has risen rapidly in the literary firmament; for it is but a year since she was first heard of, through the columns of the *Mirror*, and there are few readers now in our wide country who do not know her well.' This praise is well deserved; but it involves a slight error of fact. 'FANNY FORRESTER' wrote for the *KNICKERBOCKER* long before her communications appeared in any contemporary periodical. . . . Mr. F. A. STRALE, of Flushing, a fine scholar, and a gentleman of high moral character, is now visiting our citizens with a handsomely-executed document, in the map form, containing *The Lord's Prayer in fifty-three Languages*. The specimens from the principal living and dead languages are all given in their proper characters, and some of them rarely to be found, such as the Amharic, Burmese, Carahun, Ethiopic, Samaritan, Gothic, Runic, Lettish, Mooltanee, Grebo, etc. The Chinese has the pronunciation, according to the Mandarin dialect, attached to it. Some of the languages are given in different versions, and in all cases the place and year of printing, the edition, and the manner of reading, are indicated. The sheet has passed under the eye of some of the most distinguished linguists and scholars in the city, including Rev. Dr. ROBINSON, Dr. NORDHEIMER, and Professors BUSH and ANTHON. It is a great curiosity, and full of interest to religious persons of all denominations. We invite for Mr. STRALE a courteous reception at the hands of our metropolitan readers. . . . PERHAPS, reader, you think there is bad grammar in these lines; if you do, read them over again:

'THUS when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
A third dog one of these two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this 'ere dog suffers for what that 'ere dog's done.'

LET us hope that none of our town-readers, who can make the opportunity, will fail to visit the *Ivory Statue of our Saviour*, recently brought to this country by our consul, Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER, and now open for exhibition. Its history is replete with interest, and as a work of art, it is of surpassing grace and beauty. . . . 'A Tale of Real Life' is not without merit, but the principal lady of the story is a little too near 'perfect perfection.' Such women don't exist hereabout, 'generally speaking;' at least, we have never encountered them, except in very sentimental novels; and there, heroines are born to be immaculate; and to act like goddesses of wisdom, just come forth highly-finished MINERVAS from the head of JOVE. The 'beautiful young lady, with a very little independence or will of her own, but a very large independence under a will of her father's,' is a much better drawn character, although evidently intended to be subordinate. . . . THERE was a capital story of a 'broken-French'-man lately, in that capital journal, the 'Spirit of the Times,' concerning a man who 'looked like a gentleman, but he had 'leetle 'ole in ze top of his hat;' and this discrepancy the Frenchman tried in vain to overlook. By the by, 'speaking of hats,' the true *KNICKERBOCKER* artist in that line, WARNOCK, the most tasteful of his profession, is just out with his autumnal 'tile,' and a beautiful style it is, neat, petite, graceful. If you have a hat 'which is not all a hat,' good metropolitan, replace it with one of WARNOCK's beautiful beavers. . . . THERE is a good degree of spirit and humor about 'Tom;' but, as we have already remarked, he is quite too careless in his style. We subjoin a single stanza of his poetical account of a canal-boat trip in the Union Line:

ALL by the bridge the boat lay moored,
When (Sunday eve) I went aboard;
Stretched on a seat a traveller snored;
But why on such trifles as these should I dwell?
If thus I begin my long story to tell,
Of all the small things on the way that befel,
More time will be lost than would pay very well:
Excuse it to say
We got under way
For the east, per canal-boat Ohio; I may
Now proceed. I suppose, since these matters are fixed,
At once to my tale, though outrageously mixed
I'm afraid it will be— for my liquor is so;
But O!
Why so slow!
All aboard! now ahead let us go!

OUR esteemed and gifted friend, 'NED BUNTLINE,' shall hear from us at our earliest convenient leisure. Thanks for his very welcome epistle and communication. . . . The following articles are filed for insertion : 'Letter from Beaver-Meadow,' by MRS. MARY CLAVERS ; 'The St. Leger Papers ;' 'NED BUNTLINE's Life-Yarn ;' 'Letters from Cuba ;' 'Apropos des Bottes ;' 'The Polygon Papers ;' 'Desultories ;' 'Gentle Willie, a Sketch ;' 'A Legend of the Crusaders ;' 'Lines on the Tomb of Shelley ;' 'Dream of the Wife of PONTIUS PILATE ;' 'The Ladies of Llangollen ;' 'Vespers ;' 'Lines on a Daguerrotype Portrait ;' 'A Conversation,' by ALBERT PIKE, Esq. ; 'Lines on a Moss-Rose ;' 'Excelsior ;' 'Tecumseh ;' 'To my Sister ;' 'The Judgment of the Dead ;' 'The Lost Pleiad ;' 'The Thunder-Bolt, a Ballad ;' 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew ;' 'They Met ;' 'Desultory Lines ;' 'Excelsior ;' 'The Indian War-Song,' by I. McLELLAN, Jr., etc. The subjoined are under hopeful advisement : 'The Gay Widow ;' 'Leaves from Life ;' 'Cupid Wounded ;' 'Changes ;' 'The Troubadours,' and 'Beauty,' by 'H. A. C. ;' 'The Memory of the Heart ;' 'Lines found in a Lady's Reticule ;' 'An Afternoon at Olympus ;' 'Thoughts of Love ;' 'The Maid of Orleans ;' 'Evening Thoughts,' etc. The following we have not found leisure to peruse : 'Lines to the Steamer New-Hampshire,' at Pittsburgh ; 'To the Oregon,' ditto ; 'The Parting ;' 'After the Antique,' and 'Compliments of the Season.' . . . SEVERAL new publications, recently received, will be noticed in our next. Among them are 'The Mayflower,' a Boston annual, edited by ROBERT HAMILTON, Esq. ; 'The Aphorisms of SHAKESPEARE,' by the same ; General GREEN's 'Mier Expedition,' etc., etc.

LITERARY RECORD. — We are compelled to great brevity in this department for the present month. We 'lump' the following works, as demanding notice, and worthy of the attention of our readers : From the MESSRS. APPLETON, 'The Miscellaneous Works of THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., a book the valuable contents of which could not otherwise be procured, without the purchase of six different costly octavo volumes. The same publishers announce 'The History of New-York under the Dutch,' by E. B. O'CALLAGHAN ; Dr. COIT's 'Churchman's Defence ;' OLLENDORF's German Grammar ; 'The Literary Gem for 1846 ;' 'WARNER's Rudimental Lessons in Music,' etc. The same publishers are just commencing the publication of a new Library of Choice Reading, to be called 'Appleton's Literary Mosaic,' which will in its progress constitute a 'uniform series of superior productions in the less erudite departments of popular literature, which shall distinctly be characterized as combining amusement and instruction with moral benefit.' The HARPERS have issued a new and complete edition of all CHARLES LAMB's admirable writings ; a beautiful volume, with a fine portrait of the author. JORDAN AND WILEY's ' Fireside Library of Popular Reading ' is continued, with judgment and good taste in the selections. Number Two contains 'The Hermit of Warkworth' and 'The Two Captains.' The 'Sermons of DOW, Jr.,' that truly original wit and humorist, from whose productions we have so often quoted, has been published in a very handsome volume by MESSRS. FAIG, NICHOLS AND KRAUTH, at the office of the 'Sunday Mercury.' WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, have in preparation the Poetical Works of KEATS, with the new life by MILNES ; CHARLES LAMB's Tales from Shakespeare ; MRS. JAMIESON's Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical and Historical ; MOTHERWELL's Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy ; The Poems of RICHARD MONCTON MILNES ; The Boston Book for 1846 ; and WORDSWORTH's Excursion. They have recently published BREXELIUS on the Use of the Blow-pipe in Chemistry and Mineralogy, translated from the fourth enlarged and corrected Edition, by J. D. WHITNEY ; Lieut. WRIGHT's Practical Treatise on Mortars used in Building ; MURDOCH AND RUSSELL's Vocal Culture in Elocution, used as a Manual in Harvard University, and many other Seminars ; A practical Description of a new method of planting and manuring the grape vine, by CLEMENT HOARE ; Pen-and-Ink Sketches, by a Cosmopolitan, second thousand ; and CHARLES SUMNER's True Grandeur of Nations. The following *Popular Music* has been sent us by the publishers : 'A sigh for the Hours that once were Mine ;' 'When a Child I roamed the green fields Through,' and 'Adieu to the Fields, the Fountains and Flowers,' by STEPHEN C. MASSETT ; published by MILLET and ATWILL, New-York, and WILLIG, Philadelphia. From MESSRS. FERRETT AND COMPANY, of the same city, we have 'Twenty Airs from the Bohemian Girl, for a Shilling,' and 'Selections from FRY's Opera of Leonora.'

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LETTERS FROM CUBA.

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Havana, July 30th, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I assume my pen, which has been laid aside a few weeks in consequence of severe indisposition. If you have a dull epistle, charge it to my convalescence, and not to the subjects on which I write.

In bringing within your observation the several incidents, both of a business and political nature, which occur in Cuba, I would have you bear in mind, that the interests of the *American people* are happily in unison with a just and judicious administration of that precious island. The flour duty question, which has caused so much excitement, will better exemplify this assertion than any argument I can adduce in its support. I think I have established in my former letters that *respect for public opinion* prevailed, and a proper interference on the part of the landed proprietors in Cuba, in the rural and even regal government, was, to a great extent, exercised under the absolute system of Ferdinand; that the advance of the country's agriculture and general prosperity were likewise great during that period; and, let me now add, that the relative value of American commerce is and has been enhanced or diminished in proportion as the interests of the Cuban producer has been attended to or neglected. It is a curious fact, worthy of the observation of our statesmen and of our mercantile community, that the latter, by upholding with all their influence the several political acts of the Cuban administration, have contributed to blind the Spanish court, to destroy the influence of the Cuban producers in their own tariff, and consequently to bring about the course of custom-house duties which of late years is becoming more and more hostile to American produce and manufactures.

The geographical position of the Island of Cuba, precisely in the centre of the European and American hemispheres, the inadequacy of Spain to stimulate its resources and supply its wants, and the unavoidable intercourse of exchange with foreign countries, which the liberal

spirit of the times were calculated to establish, have been the cause of constant clashing, during the last hundred years, between the upholders of the old colonial exclusive system, and the comparatively liberal franchise in the present commerce of the island. By simply putting down a few important dates, you will be impressed with this truth.

In 1767 Cuba was authorized to obtain provisions on urgent occasions from foreign ports. In 1778 all the principal ports of Spain were allowed to carry on the trade with the island which had previously been confined to one or two of her chief ports and to a privileged company. It was not, however, until 1779, and when the interruption of Spanish commerce, occasioned by the war, brought on a crisis of suffering and want in Cuba, that her public bodies, then elected by the free voice of her wealthy subjects, and presided over by the intelligent and enlightened General Someruelos, opened her commerce to foreign flags. Such a course, though induced by circumstances of immediate necessity, would ultimately have been inevitable, because marked out by nature; and from that time to the present the progress of that country, so advantageously located and so richly endowed by the Creator, in her onward path, has been at constant war with the restrictive and superannuated colonial system supported by the Spanish merchants. Their success has been various; and the provisional royal orders, authorizing or restricting foreign trade, succeeded each other slowly; showing in their form and execution the gradual progress of liberal ideas until the year 1818, when Ferdinand the Seventh sanctioned foreign commerce in the most ample manner. The Spanish Congress in 1820 again threatened this franchise by publishing a tariff founded on the principle of the restrictive system. But in 1822 the public bodies of Havana, (let me always add,) being then the true organs of the wealthy class, obtained a special resolution that the Spanish tariff might not be enforced in the island; and ever since, and as long as the public sentiment of Cuba has not been altogether disregarded, foreign commerce has been favored and cherished as far as consistent with a reasonable preference to the Spanish flag. As particularly connected with American interest, I shall make you acquainted with the flour question, chiefly by copying or extracting from the '*Revista de España*' of January of the present year, a periodical hitherto conducted with prudence and independence.

It appears from its perusal, that after several and repeated alterations in the duty on flour, at the request of the merchants of Santander, government ordered, somewhere about 1834, divers rules to be observed, which, in their general purport, tended to restrict foreign importation by making still greater the difference which existed between Spanish and American flour. This retrograde movement of the Spanish government brought on the act of congress of 30th of June, 1834, which enacted that Spanish vessels coming from Cuba and Porto Rico should pay in the ports of the United States an extra charge on goods, equivalent to the differential duty which their cargo would have disbursed in the Spanish colonies had they been under the American flag. In stating what the duty on flour now is, the author of the Review mentions, in conformity

with the royal orders of 1834, 1837 and 1838, that Spanish flour is only charged \$2 50 per barrel and American \$10!

The following statistical notice, taken from a document published by the friends of Count Villanueva in 1838, justifying him from the insidious attacks made on him by General Tacon, will demonstrate how these measures of the court influence our trade, because from our proximity to Cuba, with regard to many articles of her consumption, when the word foreign is used, it means exclusively *American* :

BARRELS OF FLOUR IMPORTED INTO CUBA.

	SPANISH.	AMERICAN.
In 1826	37,740	110,210
1827	42,131	126,611
1828	100,534	96,138
1829	124,905	79,299
1830	113,830	68,144
1831	70,464	92,318
1832	51,595	102,217
1833	72,504	108,598
1834	40,036	101,758
1835	81,962	91,060
1836	90,027	90,908
1837	128,669	55,098

From the only official data which I have at hand of a subsequent period, it appears that there were :

	SPANISH.	AMERICAN.
In 1840	126,856	67,091
1841	181,500	45,955
1842	148,183	40,488
1843	151,225	23,619

From the last Spanish official document referring to 1843, it appears moreover that the imports to the island from Spain were \$5,229,114 56
And the exports to Spain - - - - - 3,400,522 44

Whereas the heavy amount of exports of produce of the island carried to different foreign countries amounted to - - - - -

21,629,270 00
Of which the United States consumed - - - - - 5,224,068 00

In a small semi-official pamphlet published in 1842, by order of the late intendant Larrua, the following observations are to be found, calculated to show the general tendency of the Spanish policy of late years on the subject of trade : 'This constant increase,' it is said 'of the Spanish shipping, combined with the diminution which begins to be felt of foreign flags, is quite worthy of attention ; and it may not be venturing too much to assert, that in a few years our flag will not only be the foremost, but probably the only one floating in the Gulf of Mexico and the sea of the Antilles, notwithstanding the advantageous position of the United States and the ill dissembled enmity which has been shown to it when it has appeared in the American ports. It is no less remarkable from the foregoing statistical items, that the shipping of that nation,

(America) which in 1840 rose to nearly one half of the total number that visited the shores of Cuba, has suffered a reduction in 1841, which exceeds the amount of the whole foreign navigation taken together.' However much the immediate results of certain measures may have been exaggerated by the writer, they still serve to mark the sentiments of the court, and the path pointed out to the agents of power, if they would please the government at home. By reflecting on the items and facts which I have here brought forward, you can easily judge of the relative position of the material interests of the island of Cuba, of its commerce with the United States and of that of the Spanish provinces in the old country, and how far the policy of the government and the custom-house regulations and duties have been made to serve either. The following extracts from the same 'Revista,' which comprise the debates in the Spanish Cortes, will farther illustrate the subject.

Signor Orense, deputy for the province of Castille, rose and said : 'Speaking of protection to national industry, I must call your attention one way ; I must speak of an industry which is reputed of Castille — the raising and manufacturing of flour which has come into existence as it were by magic, giving employment to a numerous mercantile fleet to carry the article to Havana. Well then, this industry is now suffering serious injury, for no other reason than that the Intendant of Havana, Pinillos, is, we may say, its king ; and has been pleased to exact heavy duties on Spanish flour, so that their case is beyond hope ; and although government is aware that he takes upon himself to determine whatever suits him, it overlooks his acts, and does nothing to prevent their execution. This is a vital question for Castille, which is not in a situation to enter into any competition in those markets. . . . For the question may be reduced to this point ; can the produce of our soil be freely taken to our colonies ? If we have colonies, they are Spanish provinces, as the constitution has it, and then it is evident that our produce may be exported to them. Why then, as it may be carried from Santander and Asturias to Castille, or *vice-versa*, may it not also be shipped to the colonies, which are other provinces, although separated by the ocean, and why should it pay any duty there ?'

It appears hardly possible, after the constant protection of the Spanish flag and merchandise in Cuba, and specially the present duty of \$10 50 on foreign flour, and the reduction to \$2 50 on Spanish, that a public functionary should so far forget himself as to complain in so absurd a manner.

Señor Llorente spoke nearly in the same incoherent, declamatory tone, attributing some measures adopted by the authorities of Havana, to relieve the general depression of business through the island, to a desire on the part of the intendant, Count Villanueva, to exhibit his foreign partiality, and to show his aversion to Spanish commerce. Wonderful is it, and nothing better calculated to show the orphanage of Cuba under the present novel and military administration, that this important part of the Spanish realm should not have found one single voice either competent or willing to defend its interests, so unjustly attacked in the Spanish congress. On this occasion it was only through some isolated articles from volunteer advocates of her cause, that Cuba obtained some

defence in a few of the newspapers not enlisted in the support of the rising pretensions of the Spanish provinces.

'The misfortunes,' says the 'Revista,' which occurred recently in the island, in consequence of the hurricane of the fourth of last October, well known to all, made this question still more embarrassing. As it was stated in some periodicals the Intendant of Havana, in conformity with the opinion of the Board of Advancement, was meditating a few days after the hurricane to suppress the duty of \$2 50 on Spanish flour, and reduce to \$5 50 that on foreign. It seems that there were divers opinions in the board, but the proposal was admitted by the majority, and subsequently objected to by the Captain-General! Let us hear on this subject the following comment from the able pen of Señor Sagra :

'But a hurricane,' says he, 'has come to pass, which destroying vegetable plants, imposes on the inhabitants the absolute necessity of searching for wheat, which is both easy to transport, and of long durability. Under such circumstances, reason, public convenience, the imperious law of subsistence, dictated the measure of admitting free in the ports of the island articles of primary want. This necessity was urgent, peremptory, of the moment. The plantain trees being brought to the ground, two-thirds of the population were left without their daily food, the tropical bread. It might be substituted by wheat bread, but where to go for it, is the question? To the Spanish Peninsula, which was two thousand leagues off, it was not possible to make a round voyage under three months' time. In the mean time how was the public hunger to be satisfied? The Cuban authorities could not expect prompt and instantaneous relief from Spain; and if in their resolutions Spanish flour was mentioned, it was from due political consideration, in order to avoid selfish accusations and claims. . . . It was to the regions surrounding the gulf of Mexico, productive of fruit and useful roots, and especially to the immense store-house of the United States, that the island must look for food. It appears that she has done so, by reducing the duty from \$10 50, or eighty-four per cent. on American flour, to the still exorbitant one of \$5 50 per barrel, say forty-four per cent. on its value.'

Señor Sagra was mistaken, as the resolution was not carried into execution, in consequence of the General's objection to it! 'Reason, justice and necessity,' he continues, 'would have authorized a measure much more liberal, viz: the free admission of foreign flour, as it was proposed at the meeting of the 7th of October, with regard to corn, beans, potatoes and rice; and nothing should have been said of Spanish flour, since it could not come in time to appease the hunger and mitigate the sorrows of the wretched population.'

These observations were answered by Señor Orense, without taking to account the distressing situation of the island, simply by contending that Cuba, being a Spanish province, should admit Spanish goods without any charge, and by equally powerful reasoning, that she should continue a prohibitory duty on all foreign productions.

'It is true,' Señor Sagra replies, 'that in the present situation of things whatever may directly or indirectly diminish the consumption of Spanish produce, and especially flour in the island of Cuba, is injurious

to the productive provinces. It is equally true, that in the *present situation of things*, any measure which directly or indirectly may have a tendency to embarrass or reduce the exportation of the produce of Cuba, is injurious to the interests of that island. The exportation of flour is an economical and social necessity for Spain, and not having other markets, she sends it to Cuba. The exportation of produce is also an economical and social necessity for Cuba, and as Spain cannot take away its whole amount, Cuba is obliged to call to her ports foreign trade which cannot be sustained without encouraging the admission of foreign productions. But the first of these systems is injurious to the Cuban interests, which would be advanced by receiving cheap flour from the United States; the second is prejudicial to the Spanish interest, which would progress without foreign competition. An evident practical truth results from this, viz: that what is useful and advantageous to old Spain is detrimental to Cuba, and respectively, that what is called reason and justice here, is error and injustice there. The question discussed is nothing else than the conflict of two contending opinions, both easy of demonstration as true or false, though not to the same individuals; and consequently, neither of them adorned with the absolute marks of truth which draw general approbation.'

I am certain that any reasonable man, who has read the statistics I have furnished, and the candid statement of Mr. Sagra, will be puzzled by his last sentence. By repelling foreign competition, the manufacture of flour in Spain and its shipment to Cuba has been augmented to a degree having no precedent. And when this fostering of the Spanish production is desired to be inconsiderately continued, under peculiarly unfortunate circumstances, to the great detriment of the Cuban consumer, can there be more than one just view of the case? Truth is the same always. Mr. Sagra, however, has been obliged to adapt his words in such a manner as not to clash too much with the powerful and tyrannical influence exercised on Cuban affairs by the merchants of Santander. He states with regard to the year 1843, that the total commercial transactions of the island being supposed one hundred:

The Spanish trade counted	20 per cent. of it.
Foreign trade	80 per cent.
That the importations from Spain being	26 per cent.
Those four foreign countries amounted to	74 per cent.
And lastly, that the exports to Spain being	15 per cent.
Those to foreign countries were	85 per cent.

Señor Sagra's observations, calculated to evince what it costs to the inhabitants of Cuba and to its public treasury to insure the markets of the island to Spanish flour, are very remarkable. 'In order to insure their sale,' he says, 'it has been necessary to weigh down the foreign article with the exorbitant duty of \$10 the barrel, valued only at \$12 50. This charge amounts to eighty per cent., and consequently bread made with United States' flour is four times dearer than if entered free, in which case the consuming population would pay \$437,111, for the flour which now costs them \$2,185,556. In a fiscal point of view, (if the question of subsistence is estimated by the sacrifice imposed by government,) if the whole amount of flour consumed were introduced from

the United States under the Cuban tariff, it would produce \$1,748,440, whereas now what is exacted from the Spanish and from the American article together does not exceed \$603,682. In other words : it can be said that the public revenue is diminished \$1,139,758, so that the consumer in Cuba may eat bread four times dearer than he would otherwise have done. The latter pays for the flour \$1,748,445 more than its value on being landed in Cuba, and the revenue receives \$1,139,758 less. These losses, though not additional to each other, are true and effective, separately considered.'

The '*Revista de Intereses Materiales*,' after supposing that the administration in Cuba had increased the duty on Spanish flour, and commenting on the reduction of tonnage duty on large vessels and on Cuban produce at its exportation, approves of these measures as essential to the progress and to the very existence of the island. This paper goes on likewise to explain the smallness of the Spanish trade and its slight influence on the export of Cuban produce, notwithstanding its being abundantly and justly favored. 'It is evident,' the author concludes, 'that the vital object of Cuba is the export of its crops ; that Spain does this to a very small amount ; and that consequently the former is obliged to adopt measures which, without destroying the principal view of protection to Spanish commerce, may facilitate the exports. What should these measures be ? Reduction of export duty on Cuban produce, on American flour, and on the tonnage of large vessels, and certainly the subject thus considered should meet the support of all intelligent and impartial men.'

In some of the writings of these volunteer and unwelcome champions of Cuba, it has been justly averred, that while the provinces of Castille were so intent upon still greater privileges in the flour-market of the island, they allowed foreign countries to supply with wheat the Spanish provinces on the Mediterranean coast, notwithstanding the cheapness of conveyance and freshness of the article resulting from their proximity. The writer in the '*Revista de España*,' from which I have made most of these extracts, concludes by considering the question in its political aspect. With regard to the West Indies, he says, 'we should especially call to mind that the mercantile and maritime commerce which they carry on with the United States, are linked with the progress and industry of those islands ; and that, beside the practical benefit accruing to them, the intimate relations and friendship with the United States can never fail to be advantageous to us, as a bulwark against the ambition of European powers, and against the artful intrigues and wicked means employed by some of those powers to weaken our maritime influence. Thus considered, the matter could never have been brought forward in a more critical moment ; as we may see by giving our attention to the policy of England since the death of our last king. At the important crisis when the nation was threatened with overwhelming changes, leaving after them marks which influence the lasting welfare of the country, the English cabinet, to whatsoever political party they belonged, excited by religious associations, have advanced their demands from one to another, so as to draw from us, under the appearance of voluntary concession, that which no government can or ought to grant ; for never are

the engagements of a government irrevocable, though the object be of slight bearing on the country's actual advance, if from its nature it may become in course of time an insuperable obstacle to the development of its wealth and political aggrandizement, because such a course would be paramount to establishing indirectly the dependence of the weaker party with regard to the stronger. . . . From the reign of Philip the Second, and amidst the great changes undergone by England up to the present day, the anxiety of her rulers to enlarge her sway by Spanish losses beyond the seas, has never faltered in the least, being carried forward either through her pirate or contraband trades, or by alliances with other maritime powers, and even with her rivals.' The 'Revista,' in whose views I cannot altogether coincide, further accuses England of promoting the insurrection of the negroes in Hispaniola, that of the Spanish provinces in America, and of obtaining several grants at unawares from the court of Madrid on the subject of the suppression of the slave-trade, which are supposed a source of future calamities and inglorious dependence. 'We belong to no party,' the author adds, 'and therefore beg our citizens that they do not allow themselves to be blinded by the allurements of the present moment, which might be fruitful of bitter tears in the future; *for more than ever are we now in want of the neutral and friendly support of the United States, which exercises a protectorship the more real and noble, because based on the mutual interests of the parties.* Wo to us the day that we offend the blunt and irascible temper of those republicans! Wo to us the day their policy takes another course!'

Little more remains for me to add, in order to impress you with the facts on the subject of foreign trade as it has been lately treated, than a comparative notice of the advantages granted to Spanish over foreign shipping. They are as follows, according to the 'Revista':

Spanish vessels pay 62½ cents per ton.

Foreign " " \$1 50 " "

Spanish " " 75 per day for each hundred tons of wharfage.

Foreign " " \$1 25 for ditto.

Spanish articles, imported directly under the Spanish flag, are charged with a duty of six-and-a-quarter per cent. on the tariff value. Foreign goods imported in foreign vessels pay thirty and three-quarters and twenty and three-quarters on the same value. Finally, foreign goods imported in Spanish bottoms obtain a reduction of nine per cent. if subject to thirty and three-quarters duty, and of seven per cent. if subject to twenty-four and three-quarters. Beside the specific duty on flour and other articles, the custom-house valuation being made ten years ago, the per centage on the actual value is infinitely higher than it seems. The consequence has been, a wonderful and rapid increase of the Spanish trade.

After commenting on these items, a writer in the 'Heraldo' of the eighteenth of December of last year, who was subsequently denied the columns of the paper, through the influence of the Castille deputies, expresses himself in the following remarkable and forcible manner:

'But if, notwithstanding all these facts, it should yet be alleged that Spanish productions cannot enter into competition with foreign, and need

still greater protection, we would answer, that if the results are not corresponding, this should not be ascribed to any want of encouragement. Let the cause be found in our lack of means to dispute the market; our want of inland communication; our imperfect machinery and system of production; the monopoly to which our conveyances from the interior are subjected; the small size of our vessels, which are consequently more expensive; and lastly, let the cause be found in the immense amount of foreign wheat smuggled into the peninsula through the Mediterranean islands, and for the consumption of Catalonia and all along the sea shore.'

You have seen the unofficial voluntary defence of Cuba from the pens of a few private individuals, the only defence which this injured island has thus far been able to enjoy. I will now copy a very few remarks from the '*Heraldo*' of the nineteenth December last, written by Don Augustin Collantes, one of the most influential deputies of the Spanish Cortes, in answer to some of the arguments used by the true friends of Cuba. 'The second question,' he says, 'naturally arises from these words: *Provinces of the Spanish monarchy, situated near or far from the centre of action, are equally entitled to the protection of the government.*' This proposition, Señor Collantes goes on to say, '*is absurd and scandalous.* Yes! we repeat it with full consciousness of the import of our saying, *it is absurd and scandalous!* We will farther explain our views, so that what we assert may not be also judged as absurd and scandalous. Did we discuss the right which all the Spanish provinces have to be equally favored by the government, we should find the proposition both just and reasonable; but Cuba is no province; no! She is our colony; a colony become proud by the weakness and stupid condescension of our administration. She is a colony spoiled, who no longer thinks herself a Spanish province, but an independent nation, and, as a powerful nation, acts not as our colony. This may seem very harsh, but nevertheless it is the truth!'

It is well known to our mercantile community, that, in consequence of the declining state of business in Cuba, the Spanish court had been forced to relinquish the annual surplus of three and a half millions obtained from the treasury of Cuba, though at the same time the civil and military list of the standing expenses of the island had been injudiciously increased; also, that even before the late hurricane the tariff of Cuba had been ordered to be revised, and made less onerous to the consumer. Latterly the authorities of the island, as mentioned in this letter, in consequence of the misery and want produced by the hurricane, declared several foreign articles of primary necessity free of duty, on their importation, for a period of six months. It may be the means of judging how far opinions like those of Señor Collantes meet a hearing at the Spanish court, to know that just as the reformed tariff was concluded, though it left untouched the article of flour, and was formed after the more liberal plan marked out by the government itself, another royal order was received in Havana in the present month of July, countermanding its execution; and but a few days before was also received a complete disapproval of the temporary freedom of the several articles adopted by the local authorities to relieve the country from the effects of the hur-

ricane. Neither will it be necessary to reflect on the fact, that respectable and distinguished merchant citizens, like Urtetegui, Peñalver and Mariategui, should on such occasions resign their places in the committee named to consider those interesting subjects.

Let me now ask whether it is not evident, that the encroachments made on the political structure of the local government of Cuba, since General Tacon's command, by embarrassing or destroying the organs of redress, have in the end affected the practical and economical advantages which that colony enjoyed, and which were subservient to the interests of American commerce. I will go still farther, and add that a deviation from an enlightened course of justice and benevolence, long time exercised with her colony, cannot but be injurious to Spain herself. He, therefore, who would warn her to escape from the artful snares of wily and selfish counsellors, and to listen to the wrongs and the distresses of her once beloved and favored Antille, is more friendly to her interests than those who, like Señor Collantes and his associates, would hurry her into new courses of injustice and tyranny.

V E S P E R S .

I.

*Ave Purissima !
Ave Sanctissima !
Ave MARIA !* our spirits are kneeling !
List to our evening prayer,
While through the twilight air
Solemnly, sweetly thy vesper is stealing.

II.

Ave ! the evening star
Burns in the sky afar :
Sweet is its smile from the bright verge of even :
So rise our thoughts to thee,
Angel of purity !
Plead for us, plead for us, *MOTHER IN HEAVEN !*

III.

Ave ! the slumbering
Night-wind is whispering
In its soft dreams ; and the waters are sleeping :
List while we kneel to thee ;
Keep us from danger free ;
Ora pro nobis, thou knowest our weeping !

IV.

Balm of the bleeding soul !
Bid thy pure waters roll,
Flooding with joy the heart burdened with sorrow :
Calm on the sighing breast
Let thy sweet slumber rest :
Ave purissima ! guard till the morrow !

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER SIX.

As we returned from our morning excursion, we encountered my cousin Ella, a little way from the castle, standing alone, as if waiting our approach. I at once dismounted and bade her good morning.

'Upon my word, Hubert,' she exclaimed, addressing her brother, 'this is a new kind of hospitality; to drag a visitor from his repose before daylight, the first morning of his arrival, to follow yourself and Christie wherever you choose to scamper.'

'Our cousin William St. Leger a visitor! Shame on you, Ella!' retorted Hubert; 'he is no more a visitor at Glencoe than I am; and as to my leading him a ramble, on my word, we have had hard work to keep up with him, either in the ride or the hunt. 'Visitor' forsooth! A lad that will do what St. Leger has done since daybreak, kinsman or no kinsman, is at home at Glencoe.'

'How you delight to turn every thing to my disadvantage,' replied Ella, good humoredly; 'I did but desire to show that I was mindful of our cousin's comfort, and you at once torture what I say into an appearance of inhospitality, or something worse.'

'Because, because, Ella,' said her brother, 'what you said was not heartfelt; you knew that St. Leger enjoyed such excursions. You knew that he would enjoy this; and yet, with the petty affectation of the day, which by the way is my especial abhorrence, you accuse me of dragging him out against his will.'

'Hubert!' exclaimed Ella, half reproachfully; and as she spoke, her brother at once dismounted, and running up to her exclaimed:

'Now don't be serious, Nell, for if you get into that strain I am done; but,' he added quickly, 'who did I see in the distance as we rode up?'

I had now an opportunity of coming to the rescue; and not waiting for Ella's reply, who was looking half indignantly at this last query, I turned to her, and said:

'Let me advise you to answer no question which is so unreasonably put. As for Hubert, I believe hunger has made him arbitrary. I would prescribe a hearty breakfast for him *instantly*.'

'That will I have,' said Hubert; 'and what is more, my physician is invited to partake of the meal. Good-bye. It shall be ready by the time you arrive; that is, if you come with Ella, for she has the art of making gentlemen walk very slowly in her company.' So saying, he mounted his horse and galloped rapidly on.

'Ella,' said I, when Hubert had left, 'let us become better acquainted forthwith; if your madcap brother is in the habit of teasing you, it is quite necessary that you have an astute champion.'

'I do not know what is the matter with Hubert of late,' said Ella; 'but since — that is, within a few days past, he takes occasion to criti-

cise every word I say, and to inveigh against French foppery, as if I were better pleased with it than any thing else : then he accuses me of being affected, and I do n't know what else.'

'And know you of any reason for your brother's conduct?' I asked. 'Hubert is a noble fellow, fond of fun, to be sure, but not so thoughtless as to hurt his sister's feelings by his nonsense. Really, Ella, something must be at the bottom of this; that is, if you are serious in what you say of him.'

'I am not mistaken, I assure you,' replied my cousin; 'and what vexes me more than all is, that instead of receiving his speeches with good humor, and so disarming him, I lose my temper at once. Surely I am changing too; but Hubert looks at me so sternly when he speaks, that I cannot help it.' And as she said this the eyes of the laughing, light-hearted girl filled with tears, and I saw that her feelings were touched. But I felt convinced that she could account for Hubert's conduct if she chose to do so. There was then something which she wished to keep back. My heart beat quickly but with steadiness as I mused upon what she said, and I felt that I was taking my first practical lesson in the knowledge of woman's nature. Eager was I to learn it, for my long and lonely studies had sharpened the desire. I paused a moment. I now saw Ella would not speak again, and that she seemed desirous to change the conversation. Looking at her with great earnestness, I said:

'If you are serious in what you relate of Hubert, let me warn you to do him no injustice. Are you not conscious of giving him some occasion for his conduct? In other words,' I added more playfully, 'do you not tease him as much as he teazes you? Confess, confess, cousin, before I give farther particulars.'

Ella burst into one of her merry laughs, which almost disarmed me of my suspicions.

'Behold,' cried she, 'my new champion! A moment since, ready to set his lance in rest against all the disturbers of my peace, and now that he has the field to himself, coercing his 'ladye faire' into a humiliating confession.'

'The reason then,' continued I, with mock gravity, and without noticing this last sally, 'why Hubert teazes Ella is — because Ella, with all proper perverseness, will laugh and talk, and walk, and look sentimental whenever she pleases, and as much as she chooses, with —'

'Count Vautrey,' you were about to say, interrupted my cousin, half angrily, and with a slight sparkle of her fine eyes; 'and if I do, is Master Hubert, a mere boy, to dictate to me on such a subject?' And the little beauty beat her foot upon the ground in all the consciousness of offended dignity.

'Count Vautrey!' returned I, with affected surprise; 'indeed you mistake me; I was going to name — the young laird of Glenross. But if you insist that it is Count Vautrey, I must not gainsay it.'

An impatient 'Pshaw!' rose to the lips of my cousin, as with mock seriousness I made my last response; but her good nature prevailed, and she replied with an excellent humor:

'Since, cousin William, you have discovered the cause of our bick-

ering, I will frankly tell you all about it. About a fortnight since, a foreign-looking personage made his appearance at Glencoe, bringing letters to the Earl, my father, which, whatever their contents might be, (and concerning this I have never presumed to inquire,) were sufficient to insure for him the hospitality of our house. He was presented to the family, my father announcing him as distantly related to us. More of him I know not; although Margaret, who knows every thing, can tell all about him, I believe, but I always tire listening to her genealogical stories; and about our present guest she has seemed to be particularly mysterious, so I have purposely avoided making any inquiries. Well, Count Vautrety remained. My father and mother treated him from the first with all proper politeness. Frank has done the same, although he seems to me to force it altogether. Maggie has been very reserved and very dignified whenever the count approached; and as for Hubert, he took a dislike to him the first day he arrived, for no other reason, I believe, than because Vautrety's servant lamed one of Hubert's dogs by throwing a stone at the poor creature, as it seemed out of pure mischief. Hubert was terribly angry, and the servant would have received a severe punishment had not Vautrety appeared and interceded for him. But he did it so haughtily, treating Hubert so like a child, that it only turned his resentment from the servant to Vautrety himself. Of course there were no words between them, for the count was our guest, and this was the first day of his arrival. Well, well; as the count had apparently fallen into disfavor with all the family, and as I was blessed with a fair share of benevolence and good feeling, and being quite a lone maiden beside, without a gallant to flatter or offend me, I could not help commiserating his unpleasant situation, and so concluded to be civil to him. He, on the other hand, seemed determined to make up in attention to me for his lack of general courtesy. So affairs have continued. Hubert grew daily more incensed against Vautrety; wherefore, he admits he cannot tell, and at the same time more out of humor with me. If the count's visit results in spoiling Hubert's temper, and my own along with his, we shall certainly have occasion to remember it.

'And do you like the count? Is he then so agreeable,' I inquired seriously, 'that you prefer vexing your brother to giving up his society, or rather foregoing this intimacy?'

'What would you have me do, cousin?' said Ella; 'shall I yield to the foolish humor of a boy, and act discourteously to a guest who claims our hospitality, and is entitled to it beside? Hubert shall not teach me what I am to say, and what not, when I am to walk and when to sit.'

'Pray, Ella, which is the elder, Hubert or yourself?' was my answer; 'and tell me truly who beside yourself calls him a boy?'

The young girl blushed to her temples at my last question, and I perceived that I had touched a sensitive point; but she answered with dignity:

'I hope you do not consider me on trial for any grievous offence; and if so, I shall insist upon the privilege of the accused, and refuse to answer questions. It is but natural,' she continued, 'that Count Vautrety should feel Hubert's daily conduct toward him, and if he alludes to

it when talking with me, it certainly cannot influence a sister in her feelings toward a dear brother.'

'Are you sure of it?' replied I.

'Sure of it, Sir Englishman.'

'Then am I content. But where is Vautrey, and why did he leave you so suddenly?'

Again the face of my cousin crimsoned; again her eye flashed, and again I knew that all was not told.

'William St. Leger, between Hubert and yourself, I shall be demoted, I am sure of it. Pray what have I done to excite your suspicions? What if Count Vautrey had been walking with me, and did leave me when you approached, or if you please, *because* you approached? Why should it excite your wonder or alarm, and why should you catechise me so closely? Is it courteous? Is it fair?'

'Neither the one nor the other, my dear coz, if you speak in *that* tone. Not a word more shall you hear from me; but I love Hubert as a brother; I could, nay I do, love you as a sister. I am young, younger than Hubert, whom you call a boy; but here, here works a brain mature beyond its years; and here throbs a heart whose restless pulsations beat with a manly force. Accuse me of no conceit for speaking as I do. 'Tis a word I care not for. I did but think that happiness was at stake between you two; but ——'

A loud shout from Hubert, bidding me hasten to breakfast, as he would positively wait no longer, prevented the conclusion of my sentence; and I was glad to be interrupted. I felt that farther intercourse would be awkward and unpleasant; so leaving unfinished what I was about to say, I replied to Hubert that he should not have to wait a moment on my account, and hurried into the hall. As we separated, Ella repeated in a low but distinct tone:

'*You do not know me, cousin William!*'

CHAPTER TENTH.

I *BEG* the reader, who has followed me thus far in my narrative, not to be impatient at this record of minute and apparently unimportant incidents which throw around my history more of the air of romance than of fact. I have before intimated the course I should pursue; namely, to put down *every thing* which operated upon me as determining influences; and who that has studied his own heart, and the several changes which come over his soul, as one period succeeds another in his existence, but must acknowledge how trivial are the circumstances which at one time or another apparently control our destiny. Again; if the mention of the fearful apprehensions which oppressed me, of the impending doom which seemed to overhang me, and of my severe religious experience, should appear inconsistent with the enjoyment of the stirring sports of the field, with the relish for youthful pastimes, and at variance with those feelings which had taken strong hold upon me, which youth ever produces and reproduces, and which have *sentiment* for their source—and by sentiment I mean that peculiar appreciation of the sex in man which nature has implanted, and which society with its refinements changes into almost every phase and shade of feel-

ing — if, I say, there seems to be an inconsistency in all this, I can only reply, 'The record is true.'

'T is true — true to the life — to myself. And I appeal to the experience of every thoughtful man, to say that I recount no peculiar history. Bare your own bosom, reader; have courage to tell the truth of yourself; confess every hypocrisy and every deceit; every secret sin and every error; publish the inconsistency of a life-time; out with the whole 'damning record;' and then say, if you can, that I have drawn a fancy sketch.

I have commenced my work. I will go on; I speak of vague fears; of religious superstition; of thoughts of God; of serious brain-tasking study, of relish for hardy exercises and the chase, of love of the sex, and of society and of the world; nay, every thing that tortured and perplexed my soul and made me what I was, and what I am, *and what I shall forever be!* Ha! — pause one moment ere we go on together: didst thou ever think that what thou art *now*, perchance thou may'st be always? Stop! catch thy shadow upon the wall and mark its outline; will that content thee for an eternal portraiture? And when with a strong brain, a healthful heart, with veins full of the best blood of youth, thou biddest defiance to the arch destroyer, and welcome every enjoyment of sense, every gratification which the world can bring; grim death grins a more ghastly smile at thy delusion! Satan himself smiles complacently on your fancied strength, and fain would he spare you a few more years of life, for more certain would be your endless destiny.

'*You do not know me, cousin William!*' The words rung in my ear. They were delicious sounds to me; they intimated a growing confidence, and they told of *heart*. I was thrown into the society of two beautiful females; one, just my own age, and the attractive promising beauties of the girl just ripening into womanhood. While I, a boy in years, had heart, and soul, and intellect beyond those years. I had no feeling for my cousin which a relative might not confess. I only sought her confidence and sympathy; the sympathy of a softer, gentler being than man; yet a sympathy different from a mother's feelings. I thought again of Vautrey. There was something in him that excited almost my detestation; something which made my blood turn, as it might, from sudden contact with a serpent. And the thought that he should so far insinuate himself into favor with Ella, as to be privileged to walk by her side and whisper confidentially in her ear, was to me horrible. I felt that there was danger in such intimacy. I felt that I *knew* my man. An instinctive aversion could not deceive me, for it never had. I determined to warn my cousin, but what reason could I give for my prejudices, as they would be called; beside, I had said enough to put her upon her guard, and any thing farther might be set down to malicious feelings. Moreover, I could not believe that her own good sense could be entirely overcome, although I knew that Vautrey employed that most resistless of all weapons with which woman is assailed — flattery. I resolved, therefore, to watch and wait; and I resolved, beside, that nothing should induce me to quarrel with Vautrey, so long as I could possibly avoid it with dishonor.

The time passed delightfully at Glencoe. Week succeeded week until midsummer had come. We rode and hunted, shot at target, and played at the sword exercise; made excursions of two or three days into the highlands; lodged out among the forests, and drank of the pure breath of heaven from the summits of the everlasting hills. In the more arduous excursions, Hubert and myself went alone. At times, Frank and Margaret joined us. Ella but rarely, and Vautrey never. His countenance wore the same ironical, heartless smile whenever we met, or exchanged the courtesies of the day; he had some excuse for declining every invitation; he occupied himself with an occasional stroll into the woods, where his servant always accompanied him, or he would sit with Ella in the drawing-room, telling her tales of foreign travel, and discoursing of the pleasures of a life spent under an Italian sun. Since the conversation between us on the day succeeding my arrival, she had carefully avoided any recurrence to the topic. This seemed singular, after what had passed us at that time. I felt chagrined; I accused her of fickleness, but I had too much pride to say any thing to her. We continued the best of friends; but confidence there was not between us; and while she *seemed* frank and open, I felt that she was not so. Still, what I had said was not lost upon her. She had a strong mind, as I have remarked, although assailable at certain points. I knew the part that Vautrey was playing. I knew he reported us as engaged in juvenile occupations, worthy of children only; that he attempted to act the man and the admirer, throwing around his character that appearance of mystery which always charms the sex. He spoke French and Italian fluently, which he offered to teach to Ella. How I began to *hate* him, that Vautrey! Hubert had managed very well to sustain his impatient temper, but daily he had to encounter new trials.

The Earl of Venachoir was obliged to leave for Edinburgh, and his absence naturally removed somewhat of the restraint his presence awakened. Public business of great urgency took him to the capital. He had a confidential conversation with his eldest son before he left, and giving us all a good humored charge to demean ourselves properly in his absence, he departed.

The departure of the Earl was an evident relief to Vautrey. In his presence only the latter could not maintain his sardonic character. Although the countess remained behind, and none knew better than she how to maintain the dignity of her station and support the honors of her house, yet she could, not from her position, exert the same restraining influence for which her lord was remarkable. Before this, between Vautrey and Hubert, intercourse had come nearly to an end, and the feelings of both were highly embittered; the more so, because there had been thus far no vent allowed to them. Vautrey in every thing treated Hubert as a child. He would show him marked respect, or disregard him, or, on occasion, yield to him as one would to an inferior, carefully abstaining from direct offence, which made such a course the more unbearable. Toward me, Vautrey pursued a course very similar, at times treating me with an air of pretended deference, when he was in a position where nothing else would carry him out. I had learned com-

pletely to look upon him as something beneath me; and I resolved to bear myself toward him with a calm and cold dignity, and my chief care was to avoid intercourse with him. Hubert, who though one year my senior, was much the younger in the feelings which the man alone attains, could not curb his impatient spirit. Several times he resolved to quarrel with the Count, when Frank and myself restrained him. Ella's conduct toward her brother had not improved, and she continued to walk and talk with Vautrey, although I believed that my first conversation had not been forgotten. Young, impetuous, gay, and full of spirits, and full too of that *deep* romance of which poets love so much to write, I felt, because something instinctively whispered it to me — for where had I learned experience? — that if she ever *loved*, she would stake her existence, her happiness here, and her hope of happiness hereafter, upon her love. I did not believe that Vautrey could compass this, but I feared. I gave him credit for more, much more than he chose to exhibit. His education was highly accomplished; his mind well stored with the lighter literature of the time; he had an ear for music, a fine voice, and the power of *seeming* to feel exquisitely when his feelings *should* be touched. He was insinuating and designing; a flatterer, who knew well when and how to act his part. I gathered thus much of Vautrey's character from close and unwearied observation of him when in Ella's society. Indeed, no one seemed to know him. Was I not right then in believing him to be a most dangerous person to associate with an innocent and unsuspecting girl? He was heartless, crafty, without feeling, subtle and remorseless; one who could smile on the desolation which he had himself produced: to whom the world was nothing, save as a minister to his own ends. And yet I could not perceive that he had any ends in view, or acted from any motive. He would have made a perfect hater, but he acted rather the character of the mocker and despiser; one who sneered at every thing, at goodness and at vice, at the pure enjoyments of the innocent, and the unhallowed pleasures of the vile. He affected to be beyond the reach of accident and of circumstance, of misfortune or favor, and cared not for censure or for praise. I say he affected all this; for I could not bring myself to believe him quite a devil. I gave him credit for *affecting* the peculiar attributes of a fiend, reserving my opinion as to any characteristics he might lay claim to, savoring of the human.

Not content with studying Vautrey's character, I applied to Margaret for positive information regarding him. With her I had become more and more pleased, as our daily intercourse elicited the higher traits of her character. Her native dignity of manner was so beautifully adorned with a genuine benevolence, that I both respected and loved her. What wonder then that she had won much upon my confidence, especially as she sympathized in all my purposes and plans, and seemed interested in my future. Yet in my intercourse with Margaret, there was none of that *super-sentiment* which invests woman with such peculiar attributes, invisible to the ordinary observer, but none the less real because invisible. She was agreeable, particularly so, and could appreciate the finer feelings, and understood every truthful emotion of the soul; nevertheless she was matter-of-fact in her character; and dealt with these feelings and emotions as one would deal with a truth in natural philosophy, or a

fact in history. They were analyzed and examined, and commented upon, until the gossamer texture in which they were woven was entirely dissolved, and nothing remained of the fanciful drapery but a few practical remnants. My cousin was unconscious of the ruin she caused. She understood not that she could express sympathy and yet give pain while she sympathized. I used to observe this almost daily in her intercourse with Ella; and almost daily would poor Ella exclaim, somewhat as she spoke to me: 'Margaret cannot understand me.' Yet Margaret did understand her sister, but each attached importance to different objects. To me, the former was a delightful companion, and I was careful, when I did soar in fancy to a wild world of my own creation, to remain its sole occupant. There can be no participation in the *deep romantic*, even with a kindred spirit. Into these high and inscrutable paths the soul must enter *alone*. They admit of no companion — no confidant. As our appreciation of the sublime is lessened by the presence of another — for the soul to be greatly impressed must be solitary — so the enjoyment of the *deep romantic* must be a solitary enjoyment, for the presence even of a loved one distracts and divides the attention, and we fall back to common ground. I hope I may not be misunderstood. I who speak, have loved; and not a thought, not a feeling of my heart, did I keep from my chosen one. But when I would summon the deep emotions which well up from the hidden springs; when I would survey my never-ending destiny, and thank my God that it was linked with hers, and pause and dwell upon the mysterious relation which unites two hearts, and calculate its effect upon all time and all eternity; in those sweet but solemn, those *deep romantic* moments, I would be *alone*. Oh! but how would I delight afterward to recount all that I had felt to *her*, and bless her as the inspiring cause of all!

But I digress. As I have remarked, I took occasion at a fitting opportunity to speak to Margaret of Vautre. 'Cousin William, she answered, 'I dislike the theme you have chosen, but I see no good reason why your question should not be answered. You must have patience with me if I go back a century to answer it. Your grand-father, Hugh St. Leger, had a younger brother, Wilfred, who was a wild and headstrong youth, impatient of wholesome restraint, and refusing all control. He did not possess a bad heart, but his violent and ungovernable temper led him always into difficulty. In consequence of some disagreement with his father, he left his home when he was twenty, and fled to Scotland. He there became acquainted with Julian Moncrieff, cousin to my grand-father the old Earl of Venachoir, who had been brought up at Glencoe, and passed most of his time there. This Julian was no fit companion for St. Leger. He was young, some three years only the senior of the other, and in disposition most tyrannical, yet subservient in his manner where he desired to make an impression. In person he was elegant. His features were regular and handsome, and were it not for the dark smile which at times played around them, a stranger would have discovered nothing in his appearance to indicate his true character, which in a word comprised all that was fiend-like and malignant. Dissatisfied with his own position, jealous of his cousin's rank and title, yet too crafty to make open quarrel with him, he remained at his castle

in the character of a near ally to the house, and professing faithful adherence to the Earl. His intrigues the while were remarkable. He was the cause of many a bloody feud between the highland clans, who were then open to the least occasion for a rupture. To the Earl he was in this way the source of constant uneasiness. The former would gladly have found a pretext for getting rid of so troublesome an adherent, but nothing could ever be proved against him. Satisfied only with causing all the mischief in his power, he took good occasion not to appear himself as its author. Before he reached five-and-twenty, he came to be extensively known, dreaded and hated.

Just at this time, Wilfred St. Leger appeared at Inverary, and Julian Moncrieff made his acquaintance in some accidental manner. Strange to say, an intimacy sprang up between them. I cannot account for such a connection. It is probable that Julian saw, in the hasty and uncontrollable spirit of the St. Leger, fit matter to serve his own plans and intrigues, and in the youth himself a ready (though unwitting) instrument of their accomplishment. St. Leger was brought to Glencoe, where he was made welcome, without question or ceremony. The two young men at length grew dissatisfied with the narrow range of the Highlands, and planned to leave the country together; but before this, Wilfred St. Leger had made an indelible impression upon the heart of the beautiful Isabella Seward, a young ward and relative of the Earl of Venachoir, an innocent, confiding girl, to whom the young Englishman confessed a powerful passion. I pass over particulars. Moncrieff and St. Leger left Glencoe together. A few days after their departure, Isabella not appearing at the breakfast table, a servant was despatched to her apartment, and found it vacant. She had fled to join her youthful lover; and soon the seas separated her from her home. The Earl, as may be supposed, was deeply incensed at this gross breach of the privileges of hospitality; but the fugitives were beyond his reach, and his anger was unavailing. Arrived in Paris, the friends of St. Leger's family, who were among the nobles of France, came forward and received Wilfred and his bride into their society. This was done no doubt through the influence of his father, who, although he refused all communication with his undutiful son, still felt a parental anxiety in his career, and had without his knowledge bespoke for him the favor of his friends abroad. For a season, every thing passed off happily, and it seemed as if young St. Leger was about to redeem his character, and become worthy of his race. Julian Moncrieff, in the mean time had been absent from Paris, and he was left free from his pernicious influence. After the lapse of nearly a twelve-month, Julian returned, bringing with him a young and beautiful bride. She was an Italian, and possessed all the warmth of feeling, all the passion, all the imaginative fancy, which the soft sun of Italy gives to those who dwell under its influence. The return of Julian was an unhappy circumstance for Wilfred St. Leger. The effect was at once perceptible and most lamentable. Soon he came to neglect his his wife, and report whispered that he was seen too often in company with the wife of Moncrieff. If this was the case, it was passed unnoticed by Julian. Time rolled away. The story is a long one; it is the record of unfaithfulness on the part of man toward woman, who clings

to and loves him; of infidelity on the part of a passionate woman toward a husband who loved her not; of bitter jealousy and of broken hearts; of quarrels between friends; of strife unto blood; of a too late repentance; and of *death*. I will not go over the history; some other time you may learn it all.'

'Julian Moncrieff had one child, a daughter. That daughter lived, grew up to womanhood, and married Henri Laurent de Vautrey, the father of the individual of whom you question me. At present I can tell you nothing more; you have heard enough, I am sure, for one sitting, and Hubert has been inquiring after you half a dozen times since I commenced. Let us go and find him.'

So saying, my cousin arose, leaving me half stupified at her rapid narration, which although entirely new to me, did not appear unfamiliar. But there was no room for farther remark at present; and as Hubert was not within call, I left Margaret and proceeded toward 'The Old Tower,' a spot where the young men staying at the castle usually congregated when nothing more agreeable called them elsewhere. Here they were accustomed to jump, leap, pitch the bar, wrestle, fence, and go through every species of gymnastic exercise. On the present occasion there were assembled several young men, friends of the Moncrieffs, and the sport went on with great spirit. A young Highland laird seemed about to carry the day with the bar, which at the last throw had fallen full a foot beyond Hubert's cast, though the latter was not willing to yield without another trial. At this moment Vautrey was observed emerging from a thick copse, and coming toward the old tower on his way to the castle, his servant following him. As he passed the spot where we were, he cast toward us one of his most contemptuous looks. In so doing, his eyes rested a moment on Hubert, who, nettled perhaps at his late failure, was more ready to take offence than usual: 'You are particularly gracious this morning, Count,' cried Hubert: 'I feel flattered by such a mark of (I may say) royal favor; that you should deign to pass so near us. Perhaps you will condescend still farther, and consent to take your turn at the bar.'

'When I try my strength, I prefer to select the place and opportunity for so doing; and then my antagonists must be *men*,' replied Vautrey, slowly.

'Now by the best blood that ever ran in your veins, or in any of your race, I will not bear such insolence!' said Hubert, firmly. 'Count Vautrey, what mean you by saying that your antagonists must be men?'

'Simply, that in age, in temper, and in character, you are a boy, if you must know,' retorted the other, coolly.

'No more of this to me, Count!' said Hubert, in a changed tone, and with a great deal of dignity. 'I have borne with you too long already, and were you twenty times the guest of my father, I would not hesitate to call you to an account.'

'Well, what do you wish?' asked Vautrey, in an affected tone.

'Wish!' sternly demanded Hubert. 'Wish? I wish for satisfaction

for repeated insults ; and after that is afforded, I desire that you would rid my father's house of your detestable presence.'

'The former, I suppose, there may be no objection to,' said Vautrey ; 'the latter may be more difficult of accomplishment.'

Frank now came forward, and taking his brother by the arm, endeavored to appease him.

'Do not,' he said, 'forget the Count's position with us. Bear with him, therefore, for that reason, if for none other. And, Count Vautrey, I appeal to you,' continued Frank, 'not to put my brother in a situation where his feelings as a man conflict with the conduct due to a guest under our roof. In the absence of my father, I control ; and there must be no strife between you.'

'Who was the aggressor?' replied Vautrey, sneeringly. 'I do not meddle with the young man, but he must keep clear of my path, that's all.' And so saying, he turned and went his way.

'Brother,' said Frank, 'you have been over hasty in this matter. I regret it. Do, I beg of you, make amends by a considerate forbearance. Let us have no brawls while the Earl is absent.'

'Be it so,' answered Hubert, deliberately. 'You may be in the right. But we must not meet. My friends,' he continued, addressing the young men near him, 'which of you will call me your guest for a few days, and thus relieve me and our house from this dilemma ?'

There was a most hearty response to this appeal from the lips of every one present ; but the young Highland laird, who had come off conqueror in the last trial of strength, insisted on his right to a preference.

'Moncrieff,' said he, 'it is no weary way to Kilchurn Castle, and 't is mony a day sin' the banks of Lock Awe ha' seen us in company ; and — and — My bluid is up, and I canna say more. I ken your position, my lad, but ye shall not be bearded in your ain castle, your hands tied the while, and your true friends ganging their ain gait as if nothing had happened. By the tartan I wear, na 'ne shall control me, and I'll question nabody of what I'll do ; so you will gang with me ?'

'On the instant, Glen !' cried Hubert ; 'here is my hand on it ; only let it suffice that I become your guest ; forget the causes, together with the prime mover in this matter,' added he, fearing from what the young laird said that he intended to take up his quarrel : 'come, let us mount directly.'

'Stay but a moment,' answered Glenfinglas, for that was his name, (called familiarly by his companions 'Glen,') 'I have a little business at the castle, but I will soon join ye.'

'Follow him, Hubert,' said Frank, 'and prevent farther scandal in the absence of our father.'

'T is of no use, Frank,' said his brother. 'You may try your hand if you like ; but Glen, with a generous, honest heart, is as obstinate as a goat. You can do nothing with him. I would rather undertake the Count.'

'That will I never do !' said Frank, sternly, and in a tone which surprised us. 'It is enough that I have interfered as my father's repre-

sentative, when interference was a duty. I would still preserve peace, but not by asking a favor from him.'

'That may I do, nevertheless,' said I, 'and without dishonor.' For I felt really alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, not that I cared for Vautrey, but I apprehended danger in some way to the honest-hearted fellow who had so promptly stepped forward to cover a friend's insult. So leaving the group—Glenfinglas had previously departed—I directed my steps toward the quarter where Vautrey was last seen, thinking that he might not have entered the castle, in which case I should see him before the former would arrive.

I was not mistaken. Among a clump of trees, in the rear of the castle, I discovered the Count in close conference with his servant. The conversation was carried on in a low tone, but seemed rather animated, at least on the part of the latter. Disliking to appear as having stolen upon them unawares, I put myself in view as soon as possible. As I came up, the servant disappeared. Vautrey for a moment regarded me with surprise, but quickly regaining his usual sardonic manner, bowed slightly, and looked as if he would ask, 'Well, what is coming now?' I spoke at once:

'Count Vautrey,' said I, 'we do not profess to be friends; indeed, we are not; but I have taken almost a friend's liberty in saying to you in a word, that a young laird, by name Glenfinglas, angered at what he considers an insult from you toward Hubert Moncrieff, is determined to seek you and make it a cause of quarrel. I have come, unrequested by any person, to desire that, while you remain at Glencoe, you will avoid any encounter with him. This is all I would say to Count Vautrey.'

While I was uttering this sentence, I could not discover that Vautrey's countenance changed a muscle. One of his habitual sneers played over his face, as I concluded, and then he asked:

'May I inquire the reason of Mr. St. Leger's solicitude in such an affair?'

'Because,' I replied, 'under the circumstances it would prove particularly disagreeable to the Earl of Venachoir, now absent, as well as to every member of his family.'

'And is *that* all?' said Vautrey.

'Plainly, no,' I continued, deliberately. 'In the event of an encounter, I fear, for the honest-hearted Glenfinglas, your superior skill and experience in the use of deadly weapons.'

A grim smile played across Vautrey's features, showing that he acknowledged this doubtful compliment, while my avowed anxiety for the young laird carried with it such an indifference toward himself that it filled his bosom with rage.

'Boy!' he exclaimed, 'you have come on a simple errand; simple every way. I am no brawler. I seek not to quarrel on slight occasion, much less would I bicker with children. But let them beware how they put themselves in my way! I shall not turn aside; *they* must—or be gored. And, William Henry St. Leger,' added Vautrey, coming close up to me, and speaking between his teeth, 'you who assume to be more than the child you are, know that henceforth I will

take you for what you wish to be — a man. You said that we were not friends. I say more than that. I tell you something you will have cause to remember your whole life time, and therefore forget it not : **WE ARE ENEMIES !**

‘ Fool !’ replied I, indignantly ; ‘ you forget that you are not practising a part to overawe some thick-skulled clown, or astonish a young girl, grown romantic but not sensible. Bring your wares to a market where they will serve you.’

At this instant, and before Vautrey had an opportunity to reply, Glenfinglas came up, and in considerable haste, exclaimed :

‘ Now, St. Leger, if you anticipate me, it will na be the handsome thing. Count Vautrey, I ha’ the honor to wish your lordship gude morning, and to say, sin’ my young friend, Hubert Moncrieff, is not at liberty to answer you as he would, I claim the privilege of standing in his place.’

‘ You may stand where it pleases you, Sir,’ retorted Vautrey, sneeringly, ‘ so long as you stand not in my light.’

‘ Na, na, Count ; you canna misunderstand me, and you *shall* na. I ask satisfaction of ye for the insult which ye ha’ given to Hubert. I ask it, and ye shall *grant* it.’

‘ Children, all of you !’ said Vautrey, impatiently, using his favorite term of opprobrium ; ‘ I have no cause for deadly quarrel with Hubert Moncrieff, and you I know not except as a stranger ; therefore beware how you seek to put me at bay.’

Thus spoke Vautrey, evidently vexed at the serious complexion matters were taking. He was doubtless surprised at Hubert’s sudden outbreak. Knowing that he had borne so much, he had come to mistake his character, and treat him really like a child. He gave Hubert no credit for the consideration which he really possessed, and he was consequently the more vexed by the incident at the old tower, which certainly took him by surprise ; although his imperturbable indifference of manner had brought him thus far out of the difficulty. But here was another obstacle, in the shape of the honest and determined, not to say obstinate Glenfinglas. Although too scornful to admit it, Vautrey was nevertheless desirous to get off without farther quarrel with the laird. The latter, on the other hand, began to mistake the character of Vautrey. Incensed at his insulting manner, he was ready to charge his desire to avoid a rencontre to a lack of courage. He changed his tone somewhat, as Vautrey concluded his last sentence, and said :

‘ I dinna understand such excuses, Count. In the Highlands they do not pass for ready siller. In a word, will ye gi’e me the honorable satisfaction I demand, standing in the place and stead of Hubert Moncrieff, or will ye not ?’

‘ I recognise no right which you claim to represent young Moncrieff, and it will be time enough to answer you farther when I am satisfied of it. I shall not say more at present ;’ and with this, Vautrey turned to depart.

Glenfinglas, doubly incensed by this last response, stepped toward him, and laying his hand lightly upon his shoulder, said :

‘ *I did na think Count Vautrey was a coward !*’

Rapid as lightning, Vautrey drew his dagger, which was concealed under the folds of his vest ; rapid as lightning, and almost before Glenfinglas had uttered the last word, did the blade descend into his breast, and he fell at full length, carried down by the force of the blow.

Astounded as I was by the rapidity of the occurrence, I sprang forward, and bent down over the prostrate youth. At the same moment Vautrey coolly drew his weapon from the wound.

‘An escape, after all!’ he muttered; ‘my hand is out. Six months ago my weapon would not have served me thus.’ Turning to me, he added: ‘Remember, young man, that I was not the aggressor;’ and disappeared among the trees.

Glenfinglas had fainted. I immediately gave the alarm, and he was conveyed to the castle. On examination, it was found that the blow was planted so as to penetrate the lungs, but was turned aside by a large buckle which the young laird wore, and which served him for various uses when sporting. It had served him now. The weapon of Vautrey had glanced from the outer edge of this buckle, making a deep though not dangerous wound in his breast and shoulder.

The whole house was in commotion. I related the occurrence calmly and minutely. The youth who were present were for instant vengeance, but Frank and Hubert both interfered:

‘He shall leave the castle,’ said they, ‘instantly; but he must leave it unharmed, and without danger of harm, while in this vicinity.’

This was finally agreed to, and Frank went to carry the resolution into effect. It was unnecessary; Vautrey had left; his servant remaining behind only long enough to announce his departure and secure his luggage.

So the day closed. It had been an eventful one to me. I had witnessed the strife of human passion for the first time; I had myself participated in it; I beheld upon how slight a cause blood *could* flow; and I trembled in the sight of my God when I considered what my own thoughts had been, and how envenomed my own feelings had for the moment become; and I murmured to myself, ‘OH, MY FATHER, *are we made for this!*’ I could not control myself. I hastened to my chamber, and there in its solitude I prayed once more. It seemed as if I was launched upon life; breakers were before and around me; I could not recede; on, on I must go; and again I prayed — and was comforted.

Had I found abiding peace, or was it only the first recoil of the heart’s emotion upon itself, before the untried world of strife on which it had entered? Had Faith led me to prayer, or did Conscience, tremblingly alive to the realities of existence, flutter like a scared bird, and seek to return its trust to God?

TO RUBETA.

If dulness makes a poem long,
Rubeta, then are you
Long as the Mississippi river,
And quite as dirty, too.

L I N E S T O A N O Y S T E R .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

'Never can we forget the tender moment when we scraped acquaintance with that illustrious bivalve.'—*CHRISTOPHER NOBLE.*

I.

WITH feelings strange and undefined,
I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen
Of an ill-fated race!

II.

How calmly and how meekly
Thou reclinest in thy shell;
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are,
Man may conjecture well.

III.

For thou hast life, as well as he
Who recklessly seeks thine,
And, could'st thou speak, might draw forth tears
As briny as thy brine.

IV.

For thou wert torn from friends and home,
And all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, hopeless, innocent,
Mute, persecuted fish!

V.

Perhaps thou wert but lately joined
To some plump loving bride,
Who oped her mouth for food with thee,
When flowed the rising tide.

VI.

Perhaps thou hadst a family,
From whom thou hast been torn,
Who sadly wail for thee, alas!
Who never shall return.

VII.

Thou wert happy on thy ocean bed,
Where blithesome billows play,
Till the cruel fisher snatched thee
From thy 'home, sweet home' away.

VIII.

He stowed thee in his coble, and
He rowed thee to the strand;
Thou wast bought and sold and opened,
And placed in this right hand.

IX.

I know that while I moralize
Thy flavor fades away;
I know thou shouldst be ate alive,
Before thy sweets decay.

X.

I know that it is foolishness,
This weak delay of mine,
And epicures will laugh at it
As sentimental whine.

XI.

Well, let them laugh ! I still will drop
One tear o'er thy sad fate,
Thou wretched and ill-fated one,
Thou sad and desolate !

XII.

O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs
One all-consuming doom,
To die a slow and lingering death,
Or living find a tomb.

XIII.

Like the Indian from the forest,
Like the roebuck from the glen,
Your race is passing silently
Before the arts of men.

XIV.

You are passing from the river,
From the sea-bank and the shore,
And the haunts that long have known ye
Shall know ye soon no more !

XV.

The Bluepoint and the Shrewsbury
Are vanishing away ;
And clamless soon will be our streams,
And oysterless our bay.

XVI.

Rapacious man, before your prime
Ordains that ye shall die,
And drags ye from your cool retreats,
To broil, and stew, and fry !

XVII.

Why were you made so racy, rich,
And luscious to the taste ?
'Tis this has stripped your grandest banks,
And made your beds a waste.

XVIII.

Your virtues have proved sanctified
And holy traitors to ye ;
And what should be your proudest boast,
Have proved but to undo ye.

XIX.

Even I, the friend of all thy race,
On thinking what thou art,
On pondering o'er the melting joys
Thy swallowing will impart ;

XX.

Can delay thy fate no longer ;
One look, it is my last !
A gulp — one more — a silent pause,
A sigh — and all is past !

LETTER FROM BEAVER MEADOW, PA. .

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

HERE is a meadow on the top of a mountain ; a hollow, 'scooped out,' (to be poetical,) like a crater ; a shallow one, however, and emitting only the civilized smokes of dwellings and steam-engines. It is more like a great saucer, which, when filled with water, must have made as pretty a *larn* as need be, before the beaver-dam across the outlet was destroyed. One finds it hard to realize that such a basin makes a part of decided mountain scenery ; for the gentle pine-clothed rise, on all sides, seems to contradict the impression of the endless winding road by which we ascended to it. Commend me to the taste of the beavers !

That road makes a picture, or a succession of pictures, of its own ; looking down upon the broad Lehigh, now glassy and lake-like, now ruffled and turbulent ; winding on and on, between banks a thousand feet high, or divided into many rippling channels, by islands loaded with verdure to the very edge. It was a glorious morning, of the softest summer warmth, and the gentlest breezes, when I ascended that long, long road, and watched the kindling East for the sun, which was even then lifting the white mists from the river and its tributaries. Such is the steepness of the ascent, that the rocky way turns almost back upon itself, in some places ; so that a carriage a mile in advance would seem within hail above ; and yet the panting of our horses showed how toilsome was still the task, and we were obliged frequently to turn them aside upon some fortunate level, to get new breath for a new effort. But this only allowed time for a more satisfying gaze upon the ever-varying scene below ; the mists lying like lakes in the deeper hollows, and curling like smoke-wreaths around the tall pines, or floating far above them in white, downy clouds, golden on the side next the sun ; the maple already tipping its leaves with flame in these high cool regions ; the rhododendron, glossy and luxuriant as the foliage of the tropics ; and the evergreens taking every sombre shade of green, as if to give the picture its last and crowning grace—contrast. One cannot describe such things, but one never forgets them.

This little village of Beaver-Meadow is one of the many which have sprung from the great coal-mines of this rich region. But it is far enough from the mines with which it is connected not to partake of that ever-gathering blackness which characterizes such places generally. The village of Mauch Chunk, (*Anglicé* Bear-Trap,) through which we pass in coming hither, looks as if it might be the abode of all the hammering demons of the Harz. It is built directly *under* Broad-Mountain, so shaded that the sun can scarcely reach it before noon, and so filled with coal and engines, and all black things, that any thing white surprises you, making 'a sunshine in a shady place.' Not but there *are*

people there with white faces, and pretty ones too ; all the prettier, perhaps, for contrast with grim miners, and for the exclusion of the too ardent sun ; and neat dwellings and comfortable hotels, and many other things which make life desirable. But the general aspect of the place is the wildest and the blackest that I ever saw. But, as I was saying, Beaver Meadow has none of this shadowing, but stands out clean and white, beneath the bright sky, pretty and primitive as a young Quakeress, and, like her, breathing more of utility than ornament. One long irregular street, with a fine back-ground of dark pines which clothe the declivities on each side, comprises nearly the whole strength of the place, gentility and all. No West End excludes the modest cottage, no suburban obscurity shields a slovenly *ménage*. The houses stand in and out, shouldering each other, without any great pretensions to rectilinear exactness ; and rocks remain where nature left them, and coal-piles lie where wood-piles generally lie in ordinary villages. The hotels have pictorial signs, which seem like reflections of the surrounding scenery, and the long-porches are garnished with whole files of loungers ; while immense wagons, with high arched covers, and three stout horses a-piece, fill the wide space near the pump, not unpicturesquely.

Every thing in Pennsylvania looks more substantial than elsewhere. The bridges are all of stone ; the houses, the fences, but above all, the barns, have an enduring dignity of aspect, which one may look for in vain in the western part of New-York, or any other region settled by unadulterated Yankees. The barns of this part of the country are absolute rural temples. One can hardly conceive utility to have required their majestic size and stability. They look as if they might have been erected in honor of the tutelary genius, which is certainly an agricultural one. Such harvest fields as one sees ! and such hay-stacks ! One nice Dutch landlady, at whose house we stopped on the way hither, was very handsomely dressed, to attend a 'harvest-meeting ;' a meeting for prayer and thanksgiving to the great Author of all this abundance ; a fine custom, which we understand to be generally observed here. But harvests make not the wealth of Beaver Meadow.

This region forms part of what is called the 'middle-field' of the magnificent coal-country. Immense mines are opened near Beaver Meadow, in various directions, under the auspices of a 'Company,' who are looked upon somewhat as the East India Company may be in Bengal ; as the source and controlling power of every thing and every body who breathes this coal-dusty air. These mines are entered not by perpendicular shafts, but by long drifts or slopes, upon which cars, drawn by means of a stationary engine at some distance, are continually ascending and descending, tended by such black caricatures of humanity as one could hardly find in Congo or Ashantee. It is considered almost too dangerous for pleasure, to attempt to visit the interior of these dens ; as the snapping of the immense chains is by no means very infrequent, and such accidents are dreadfully fatal to the unfortunates who happen to be near. Beside this, the mines drip so incessantly, that the use of steam-pumps is requisite night and day, to keep them in working order, and this is scarcely *walking* order. You tread every where in the vicinity on a deep loose layer of small coal, that might do for gravel on

the shores of Phlegethon ; and you see, all around you, faces of inky blackness, set off with eyes that seem to roll preternaturally white, from contrast with their surroundings. Yet, spite of their demoniac outside, the miners are a quiet, orderly set, amenable to Sunday-schools and temperance societies ; ambitious to see their families rise in the world, like other people ; and setting the same estimate upon the advantage of removing from a half-dollar-a-month house to a six-shilling one that we white upper-air people do. There are houses of all grades provided, from the slab shanty to the comfortable frame-dwelling ; and this creates constant emulation and effort among the sooty papas, doubtless somewhat incited thereunto by their Mrs. Caudles. What I thought quite surprising, was to see any of the children with clean faces ; since the geese and chickens were all slate-color, with black pantalets ; and the children have very little to play with except blocks of coal, broken pieces of cog-wheels, and the like ; and there are no nursery-maids to run screaming ' Master Johnny ! you 'll spoil your new jacket ! ' ' Miss Bella ! you 'll have that apron as black as — ! '

I believe few of us would be brave enough to attempt keeping the little folks nice under such difficulties. That the trials of the mining mothers are sore, I cannot doubt, since I heard one of them tell the doctor, ' Och ! doctor, my young 'un 's been very bad indeed, for this two weeks, but I could n't get time to come after ye ! '

On the summit of the ridge, north of the village, is a spot from which Brainerd is said to have preached to the Indians ; and a few miles farther, on the road to Wyoming valley, is a place pointed out as the scene of a dreadful massacre by the Indians, of a party of troops with whom Brainerd was travelling, on a missionary enterprise. These reminiscences of Indian murders are rife every where in this region, and it is said that the hatred of the aborigines is no where so intense as in the valley of the Susquehanna. Not an Indian is ever seen in these parts, once their favorite hunting-ground, and still crossed and re-crossed with their well-worn paths, which wind around and over the interlocking mountains from river to river.

Some years ago, an Indian from one of the tribes in Western New-York came with his family, in a bark canoe, which they carried round locks and across other obstructions, quite down the Lehigh, to a village not very far from this place. There he settled himself, built a house, cultivated land, learned to speak English, and conducted himself *en bon citoyen* for some years, his wife, as is usual with the whole race of squaws, scorning to learn even one word of our language, but not refusing to allow her children to do so. When they were apparently almost completely naturalized, another family from the same tribe, coming in the same manner in a bark canoe, made their appearance, inquiring for our red citizen. They were supposed to have come on a visit ; but it soon appeared that their business was more important. They had been sent as a deputation from the tribe, to inform the first comers that some good fortune had befallen them ; it was not distinctly understood whether an inheritance in mere worldly goods, or the more exalted bequest of chieftainship. Be this as it might, after about a week's stay, the two families went quietly off together, and nobody has ever heard a word of them to this day.

Within the entrance of one of the mines are strong and valuable mineral springs, such as have made the fortune of several places in Western New-York, and such as might make the fortune of any place accessible to the great cities. Who knows but the day may come when these mountain echoes may ring responsive to the sweet song and merry laugh of such fairies as now haunt Kaatskill and Saratoga? No lovelier nooks ever sheltered such visitors; and the exhausted mines, then silent and deserted by their Cyclops, will afford grottoes cool and shadowy as the caves of the sea-nymphs; fit scenes for stately courtship or bewitching flirtation, while the healing waters will keep *mammæ* and *chaperons* good-humored, with the hope of renewing their youth. Should all this happen in my time, as is not unlikely, I trust mine host of the first pavilion will reserve me a chamber looking out upon the valley, in consideration of having originated the idea.

Nothing about the village looks so like aboriginal wildness as the burying-ground; an enclosure of sufficient size, but completely overgrown with bushes, and broken with ridges of rock. Here and there, where a grave was to be made, the bushes have been removed; but it is as if Death had been an unexpected guest, for whom no provision had been made until his shadow was within the door; and although a few graves are neatly enclosed, or furnished with well-carved stones, the aspect of the whole is unpremeditated, as it were, and singularly wild, when contrasted with many things to be found here. The place is said to be very healthy, which may perhaps in part account for this seeming neglect of the departed. Where all is so full of busy life, it is perhaps difficult to recollect that Death only bides his time.

A thunder-storm in these heights is something to be remembered. The 'answering' of mountain to mountain—the rattling leap of the 'live thunder' from crag to crag—prove, if proof were needed, the exquisite truth of Byron's description. Thunder on the plain is simply terrific; among mountains it is sublime. We seem so near the storm clouds, and their fiery reservoirs, that we can almost fancy that we sit amidst the dispensers of terror, rather than among those who are to tremble under it. Then the rain! with what earnest good will does it come down, as the heavy clouds tear themselves to fragments on the pine-covered heights! What music it makes on the broken rocks, and in the rushing rills by the road-side! And when the shower is over, and the sun shines out again, and every stone is washed white, and every hollow full to overflowing, how the young fry swarm from every door, to wade, to splash, to sail chip-boats, to make mud-pies, to sprinkle and duck each other! And how the stately geese waddle to the nearest pond, and fancy themselves swans, as they disport themselves on its surface! And there is our good old neighbor, with her gown tucked up into the 'long-short' so much worn among the thrifty American-Germans, wading among her cucumber vines and squashes, and even venturing into the tall corn, which sends down a shower at every step. She is going to have a famous supper after the storm. Her 'old man' sits smoking his pipe in the porch, waiting until it is ready; seeing his liege lady go backward and forward to the well and the coal pile, without a suspicion that his reputation for gallantry may suffer through the report of a pry-

ing neighbor; and Hans, the son, whittles and whistles, himself evidently a chip of the old block. And in the midst of all the new life and animation, the mists have been gathering again upon the tall pines, and now they hang swaying and swinging in the light breeze, now fairly lying on the ground, now only veiling the topmost branches. The sky will be down again in earnest directly. (I should love to see it come from a full spout upon Hans, first and second!) This would be no place for professor Espy to thrive, if he can do nothing but make it rain. The ridges do that, and so thoroughly that one almost wonders that such 'perpetual droppings' do not 'wear away stones,' which, however, still seem very abundant here.

The society of a place like this, is of course quite different from that of a mere farming village. No business requires more of skill, intelligence, and enterprise, than that of the higher details of mining. The genius of a Watt or a Ferguson might find employment in the various emergencies that arise in the course of an enterprising prosecution of mining on a large scale. Theoretical knowledge and practical skill, moral power and mercantile acumen, are all almost equally requisite. The management of an extensive business connection is only second in importance to the judicious treatment of the hundreds of human beings through whose half-blind agency these momentous concerns are to be carried on. The education of the young, the religious and moral instruction of the elder, must not stop because business presses; and steam power, which does almost every thing else, will not do this. So that, 'the Company' must be the nurse of what is needful for mental and spiritual growth, as well as the provider of bodily nourishment and shelter; and much depends on 'the company's' agents, that this thing be done faithfully and well. The station, then, of the gentlemen who have charge of all these weighty matters, is one requiring no common traits of character; and the families of such persons would naturally present quite a different aspect from that of common village society. Accordingly, one finds in this remote region, in addition to the most generous hospitality, a degree of refinement and intelligence which must strike every stranger. Social meetings vary the monotony of country life, and music gives its inexhaustible charm to these reunions. Clubs and lodges sometimes steal away the gentlemen, but they more usually unite with the ladies in these conspiracies against dullness. Statuary is not abundant, and even of pictures, there are few except those which come in the monthlies; but where nature has done so much, perhaps art is the less needed. There are substitutes for these things; and—not to betray secrets—I must break off this very instant, in order to dress for a *tableaux* party! I wonder what yon rugged pines think of such doings in their shadows!

THE SURPRISE: AN EPIGRAM.

WHILE in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered—I was cured.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

BY E. GALLAUDET.

I.

'WHEN life was new!' — will it be new again?
 Will the warm feelings to the breast return?
 Will the bright hopes, that long have smothered lain,
 Ever revive, with former light to burn?

II.

Will the green earth and waving trees once more
 Fresh and inviting as in youth appear?
 Blossoms and flowers that with their fragrance bore
 Romance, will they again that magic bear?

III.

Will Nature's music heard in all her ways
 From humble insect, bird, stream, rushing wind,
 Or measured strains of art, subdued or raised,
 Soothe or enliven more the spell-bound mind?

IV.

Will Love and Friendship warm again the heart,
 Add to its joys, or lessen its distress?
 Will Science bring her stores and yet impart
 Pleasures to cheer the hour of loneliness?

V.

Cease thy lament! thy hopes shall yet revive,
 The earth once more for thee in charms be drest;
 Nature again for thee shall be alive,
 Teeming with all that makes her children blest.

VI.

Some transient grief or settled sorrow weighs
 Thy spirit down, and chains it to the ground;
 Or guilt unhappily shuts out the rays
 Of beauty, beaming from the world around.

VII.

Yield not to sorrow; active be thy mind;
 So shall thy gloom pass with each passing day;
 Or thou for sin a remedy shalt find
 In help from HIM who bade the sin-veiled pray.

VIII.

Cease thy lament! youth's joys shall yet be thine:
 Like the great TITIAN, who though old was young,
 Whose canvases glowed with Beauty's form divine,
 When ninety years their frosts had on him flung.

IX.

Thou shalt admire and love the young, the fair,
 Though Time with white thy temples shall have crowned,
 If but activity thy spirit share,
 And thou in Virtue's paths art always found.

'A P R O P O S D E S B O T T E S.'

BY A. C. ALMSWORTH.

TOM TARLETON was an amateur in boots. Not strange this, since the world is full of monomaniacs. There are men who class beetles according to the sizes of their wings, and some, with a loftier genius, put mountains into alphabetical order, using miles as letters of altitude.

There is a kind of homely poetry which man has discovered in a shoemaker's shop. To be sure, the uses of his daily life are plain and practicable, but they contain a subtle spirit and an agreeable essence. It is something to find out this, to enjoy it, more.

Most quiet boys, at about the age of thirteen years, discover the leather 'epic' which lies in the volume of a shoemaker's life. If you doubt, recall the days of your *own* youth: but if you had no youth, there being some children who jump over youth into Manhood's breeches, look into some lowly cordwainer's shop on a rainy Saturday in November.

As you open the little half-glazed door which separates the shoemaker active from the ready-made goods of the shoemaker speculative, you inhale the fragrance (they call it *tannin*, now,) of leather. The fog which fills the little room is composed of the latent perspiration of animals long since departed into the sleep of death. You peer through the gloom, and discover the 'boss' and two or three 'jours,' each seated on a low form, and half sunken in a basin of polished leather. The first impression is one of slight wonder on your part, how men with legs of decent length can consent to brave the risk of rheumatism in the knees. 'You take it they can,' since they do, and then proceed to a leisurely survey.

In a shoemaker's shop there are always two windows, and these generally 'give,' as the French say, upon a low, muddy, dock-weeded garden—a welcome place for caterwauling felines, and where the family next door hang out their Monday's washing. A few broken blacking bottles, and glass bodies whence the spirit of ale hath departed, fill up the picture far more effectually than they fill low places in the soil.

Of the cordwainer's shop itself, the paraphernalia is simple: against the wall hang divers strips of lightish brown paper, whereon the silent mystery of notches and rough figures has chronicled the outward proportions of many a dandy's pedal. On a low, mutilated and waxed-up counter, lies a sort of manuscript—an album of leather—the depository of all sorts of chirography, from the butcher's apprentice who wears 'pot-metal brogans,' to the *élégant* who makes it his aim to pump the side-walk in dry weather: The lap-stone, the strap, the hammer, and general 'kit,' and particularly that low tub of dirty water, wherein float the waxen dumplings for the week, are doubtless present to your mind's eye. So also is the little sheet-iron stove and its tin cup with

water on the top, and the pyramid of leather chips and antiquated 'taps' and heels which lies at the base ; a kind of cordwainer's 'burnt-offering.' You can fancy, too, the whistle of the light-hearted 'jours,' as they 'peg away ;' now and then broken in upon by the rat-te-tat-tat of the hammer, or a verse snatched at random from 'Cherry Cheeked Patty.'

But my purpose is mainly with the boy you will find snugly ensconced in one corner. A placid youth, with blue eyes and pale hair. Too fragile to royster with rough boys, and anxious often to have a ceiling between him and heaven. There he sits on an upturned candle-box, with a cutting-board on his lap, with a short, sharp, old, pointed knife, eliminating shoe-strings from a circular piece of calf-skin. He has not been home to dinner. A cake of gingerbread hastily purchased a street or two off, in the rain, has 'stayed his stomach' effectually. During all this time, he has watched the 'last' of the workman opposite, as it grew big with the importance of 'that boot,' which has been 'promised' on every Saturday night for nine weeks : nay more ; that boy has heard a dozen songs, several miles of continuous whistling, beside stories of love, roguery, temptation and travel.

Unknown to himself, until in years afterward, he has been drinking in a practical wisdom of the world : for no wisdom is more practical than that bestowed by experience, and by travel : and as for journey-men shoe-makers, every body knows they are the original 'cosmopolites.' Ne'er a village nor a city in the land they have not 'occasioned' at, nor a mile of road between Kennebec and California which they have not wandered over, with the 'kit' at command.

TOM TARLETON had been the idolater of a shoemaker's shop, at the age of nine years. All the 'oil of strap' and 'essence of whetstone' that he had been by jokish 'jours' sent to procure, had failed to wean him from the beloved haunt. He sold his skates in winter, and gave away his hoops and marbles in spring, and acted the devotee toward leather, every Saturday during his school-life.

Tom's first advantage from this attention to the shop, resulted in the beguiling one of his favorites to make (by mistake) his shoes 'rights and lefts,' after his father had ordered them with 'straight soles,' so that they could be changed every morning.

Facilities increased with perseverance, until he not only wore *boots* instead of shoes, but succeeded in having the heels made as high and as small as he pleased. From this moment, Tom Tarleton became an amateur in boots. As he grew, and as pride in personal appearance evolved from the pin-feathers of boyhood the plumes of the gallant, his heart was set upon sporting a boot, than which none other *élégant* could expose a neater specimen. His foot *was* delicate, I must say, with a high aristocratic instep, and a spring near the centre of the foot, as though it had caught the emphasis of the floor at Almack's. It was just such a foot as might be *excused* by a poetess for kicking purple-tinted shells at sundown, upon the shore of the *Ægean*.

Previous to my residence in the South, Tom Tarleton was the exquisite *par excellence* of Broadway. His boots had 'made him,' and it was by his feet he stepped into the fortune of an heiress.

In 1834 I passed a week in Gotham. The city had changed much in the six previous years. My old companions had chosen to marry, to die, or to emigrate promiscuously; and so, after running the gauntlet of theatres, gardens, Hoboken, billiard-rooms and the Battery, I commenced in earnest to find some one with whom I could recall the olden time with a 'Velveto' cigar, over a bottle of dark 'Beaune.' The first familiar face I met was that of Tarleton. Tom had just emerged from his barber's in Nassau-street, and was strolling leisurely. He was scrupulously dressed. His chapeau was smoother than the brow of Adonis; his cravat as unwrinkled as the cheek of Venus; his vest was perfect; his coat without a fault, and the slightest possible suspicion of *milles fleurs* lingered around him.

I was ready to pronounce his 'outer man' reproachless, when I looked at his *boots*! No clod-hopper ever *struck dread into a community of red ants* with boots which had thicker soles, or coarser leather, or broader heels. Willis at 'Glenmary' tried the 'hob-nailed' supporters, but he never dreamed of that hyperbole of ugliness which made the eloquent expression of Tom Tarleton's 'understanding.'

He saw my glance at them, and a shade of sadness passed over his features. We took an omnibus (there were no cabs then) and were dropped at his house in East Broadway.

'AND now,' said I, after the dinner had mainly settled into *débris*, and we were together over our wine, 'let me know the wherefore of those *awful* boots.'

'When you knew me six years ago,' replied Tom, 'I was a dandy. Be sure, the classics had been infused into me, and travel had done something in the way of worldly lore; but the spirit of strong sense had no abiding place in my bosom. When I was introduced to a gentleman, the thing I first noticed, was his boot. Did that suit me, I affected him; if not, I turned him off as coldly as Christian charity would an erring woman.'

'Few boots caught my fancy. No boots I ever saw rivalled my own. The result was an ordinary one from vanity, and I despised the world. I was then married, and twin children bloomed on my tree of life: but it was not a 'boot tree,' and so they were left neglected.'

'I hardly know how it was, but on a misty morning in August, as I stepped out of my carriage, a sharp twinge which *felt* very much as a needle *looks*, punctured the joint of my little toe. I went to bed with inflammatory rheumatism and a swelled foot, and arose three weeks thereafter, a perfect skeleton, with a full crop of corns.

'The 'admirable boot' business was over!'

'Stilton made me ten pairs of 'clumpers,' and I went for my health to England. My letters carried me into the best circles. In these my now anti-bootism was fully developed and sustained. I soon found that whenever I lost at cards or billiards, my antagonist wore a delicate boot. At the clubs, the greatest blackguard invariably had the smallest foot, and on the race-course, most flashy 'swells' were the elegant *chaussés*.'

'I soon dropped the boot as being an unmistakeable mark of a gentleman. The Earl of Yeast, who *rose* from nothing, and whose brain

was 'light' as sponge-cake, wore a paragon of a boot; while the Duke of Longitude, whose line of ancestry, like that of a laundress, went from pole to pole, had a boot whose area would shame the bottom of an oven. He was a learned man, and president of the Cork Circle. In the Commons and House of Lords I found that the ablest men had the broadest feet. Feet began to be my *standards*, and to teach me character; and I aver, that from the moment I donned my own lumbering Stilton's, my brain and heart were strengthened. Therefore, I wear them yet. They cost me a double set of Axminster carpets each year, but I am compensated for this by my moveable love for wife and children, and a freedom from corns in toe-tality!

Tom's idea of his mind being strengthened by the width of his boots is correct. I should like to know why were the ancient Romans so intellectual, save that they wore sandals the size of snow-shoes?

New-Orleans, July, 1845.

'I N C R E A S E O U R F A I T H.'

SAINT LUKE, XVII., 5.

I.

INCREASE our Faith, increase our Love,
Till every thought, blest LORD, be Thine!
Open the Gates of Heaven above,
Descend in Love, in Light Divine!

II.

IN THEE we breathe, and move, and live,
Our Fountain, Atmosphere, and Joy!
Increase our Faith, fresh being give,
Nor let one doubt that Faith alloy!

III.

THOU art the Truth, the Life, the Way;
Direct, convert, confirm, receive,
Encompass us within Thy Ray
Of Grace, that so our souls may live!

IV.

Our souls desire to dwell in THEE!
Cast us not off, accept the tears
That half in Hope, in Agony,
Express alike our Faith, our Fears!

V.

Increase our Faith, increase our Love,
That every thought, blest LORD, be Thine!
Our only Wish be Heaven above,
Our only Life, The Life Divine!

JOHN WATERS.

T U R K I S H S K E T C H E S .

BY OUR EASTERN CONTRIBUTOR.

EASTERN ETIQUETTE AND GOOD BREEDING.

THE hospitality of the Arabs has become quite proverbial, and is the trait in their character best known to Europeans. The Persians are remarkable for their duplicity and knavery, though it is believed that among their higher classes there are some redeeming characteristics, such as civility to strangers, and occasionally hospitality. The Turks have heretofore been regarded as barbarians, and are commonly accused of being ill-bred toward strangers, and uncouth and rude among themselves.

The Christian has at all times been regarded by Orientals, both in religious and genteel society, as an alien, and a Ghiaour, who could only be treated with respect and civility in the ratio of his utility. Islamism forbids their treatment as an equal before the law, or in society, and though, from one circumstance or another, its followers may act toward him politely, a distinct code of etiquette governs their conduct.

The people of the East must therefore be judged in two different lights: the one as among themselves, and the other in their intercourse with their non-religionists. In reference to the former, no where have I met with more gentlemanly individuals than the Turks — the people of whom European opinion generally has been so unfavorable. Their dress, with the difference of a standing coat-collar, and red cap with a blue tassel and no rim, is quite that of Paris, London, or New-York; the *manière propre*, the self command, the quiet, easy good breeding, so popular in the best society of Europe and America, are natural to them; for cleanliness of person and dress they are superior to any Christians; and were it not for the indomitable disdain — to give it no harsher appellation — which they, in common with all other Islamites, both Arab and Persian, high and low, possess for all who are not believers in their own prophet, no change could be desired in their deportment generally. Their own code of etiquette, as relates to themselves, is founded upon even more than respect, and is closely allied to fear. 'Civility' and 'good breeding' they are attentive to, but of what we call 'gallantry,' they have no conception: it is a word which, to my knowledge, does not exist in their language; and it is common to observe a man conduct himself before a female of rank, whom he does not know, in a manner which he would be most careful to avoid in the presence of a superior. Of their external form of salutation, to wit, lowering the hand toward the earth, and then twirling it toward the mouth and forehead, signifying that, by that they kiss the dust of the feet of the person saluted, and strew it on their head in humility, is not more unmeaning than ours of touching the rim of the hat, or baring the head to the elements; and still greater respect is shown by kissing the hand of the superior, the

hem of his coat, the fringe of the sofa on which he sits, his feet, or even the sill of his door. The latter I do not remember ever having witnessed, but it is however often done. The highest dignitaries of the court kiss the Sultan's feet, and always stand in his presence; and through all the different ranks of life, the inferior never feels himself degraded by waiting on his superior, or by performing menial services for him.

When a visitor of equal or superior rank is announced, the host's attendants all rise as he passes, and follow him into the presence of their master, where they wait his orders. The host meets him at the door, or in the middle of the apartment, rises from his seat, returns his salutation, and does not resume his place until the guest is seated. Then the host inquires after his guest's health, pipes and coffee are handed; what news? is the next question, though indeed none are ever mentioned; reproaches for absence ensue, with common-place remarks until the end of the visit, if one of ceremony. On parting, the guest rises in haste, and so as to prevent his host from rising, hastens out of the apartment. The guest's servants have in the mean time been treated with pipes and coffee by those of the host. The custom of handing pipes is only now reviving from a prohibition which it received during the life of the late Sultan, who, on visiting the admiralty, became offended at the costly show made by the Capudan Pacha, in splendid amber and jewelled 'mouth pieces,' and commanded that thenceforward every guest shall be served only with his own pipe. It had also been usual, on the guest's drinking his cup of coffee, to touch the mouth and forehead with the right hand in thanks; but this also was, about the same time, forbidden by the late Sultan, on the plea that it was an unnecessary adulation.

The seat of honor in every apartment is that facing the door, from whence the occupant can catch the first glimpse of all who enter. On either hand as you enter are piles of chairs or settees, and the side before is lined with a broad and low Oriental sofa. On the latter a square wadded spread is laid, about four feet square; on this the host, or superior officer is always found seated; sometimes an arm-chair is placed for him between the angle of the sofa and the settee; and if the guest is of a superior rank, he takes a seat on the sofa. Should he be an equal, he sits on the settee beside the host; if an inferior, he occupies a seat opposite him, when asked, or stands; and it is not uncommon to find a Mussulman of low condition, or a Rayah (Christian subject,) be he ever so wealthy, and otherwise worthy of respect, seated on the floor before the host. The greatest mark of respect which can be offered to a guest, is to serve him with sherbet, next a pipe and cup of coffee, and the lowest, coffee alone.

These distinctions are observed between co-religionists, but the Mussulman makes his religious prejudices to enter into all his intercourse with the Christian. The lowest, most ignorant, and uncivilized Turk not only deems himself superior to the highest born, most learned, and wealthiest Christian, but he is also compelled by his religion to treat him as such, and make the difference felt. There are many Mussulmans, however, who neglect to observe this, and treat the non-religionists, *en*

égal, but the number is limited to a few. By the stranger, who is both indifferent to and ignorant of the Turkish code of etiquette for Christians, the reception which he receives passes unobserved. He would not generally remark that he was announced by the host's servant of the lowest order; that the remainder seated chatting in the hall did not rise as he passed them, or out of respect for him, conceal behind them the pipes which they might be smoking. The curtain hanging before the door of the apartment would, unheeded by him, be barely shoved aside sufficiently to let him pass; the host would be found seated in the seat of honor, fronting the door, and not rise from it as he welcomed his guest with expressions particular for Christians, and pointed out to him a seat opposite him; he would in the same spirit be helped — not the first — to pipes and coffee, or the latter only — the servant using the left hand instead of the right; and the warmth of the host's conversation and entertainment would be graded by his fears of the guest's power or influence with his own superiors, or by the need he might have of his services; for use or power are the only arguments which have strength over the mind of the Mussulman, be he Arab, Persian or Turk, in his intercourse with Christians, and his religion permits him to take them into consideration when brought in contact with the infidel.

The reception of foreign representatives, and Christians of official rank, is an exception to the preceding. This is however induced by an apprehension lest a deviation from what has become a code of etiquette, for such individuals might prejudice their interests. There is a sentiment of good breeding growing among the officers of the Sublime Porte, which inspires them with the ambition not to appear less well bred than their Christian guests. Some few of the public functionaries observe the European code of etiquette, when they are in Christian society; but these are few in number. A compromise is made in the mode of receiving the foreign representatives, of which the latter cannot complain, so as to prevent the necessity of the Mussulman rising to do honor on seeing his infidel guest; such as to be found already in their seat, and sit down, and be served to refreshments at the same moment with him.

The people of the East are most correctly described by their own writings; and a casual visitant seldom gives a faithful idea of their domestic usages. Of the numerous tourists and book-makers who visit Constantinople, very rarely are any acquainted with the Turkish language, and consequently able to hold intercourse with the people whom they have come to see or describe: their books are sealed books to them; they find but few of the foreign residents willing or disposed to present them to their Turkish acquaintance, and serve as their interpreter to ask questions, often unpleasant to the Mussulman to answer; and are thus dependant upon the more marvellous than true accounts palmed on them by the Franks whom they may chance to meet with in Pera, or copy, with a little fanciful variation of their own, what they find written in the books of those who preceded them. A little book published within the last year contains some suggestions on etiquette and good breeding, which are suitable to the lower classes of the Turks. I do not believe that a regular 'Code' for the more refined exists, though there are scattered through their books in moral ethics

many apothegms on general deportment and conduct. On manners, the author of the little work alluded to remarks :

‘ Let your footsteps be noiseless, and when you walk in the streets, do not rock your body, like the proud. Much conversation wearies the listener ; let yours therefore be varied, and in small portions. To ornament your conversation, never condescend to make use of falsehood, nor self-praise. When in company, do not elevate your voice as if you were conversing with the deaf, nor use signs, as if you discoursed with the dumb. Never relate any story, which, though true, is strange, and may not readily be believed by your hearers. Be not seated while others stand ; sit on your toes ;* keep your hands open ; do not amuse yourself with any part of your person or clothes, when engaged in conversation. When you relate a *bon mot*, never tell of whom you got it. Make small presents to your friends ; it increases their affection ; and receive theirs, even if not a proper exchange.’

‘ Always commence your meal with a ‘ Bismillah,’ (in God’s name,) and close it with a ‘ Harud ul lillah,’ (God be praised,) for they shed a light over it. When invited to a meal, be satisfied with a little ; and make no criticism on it, or between it and others. While in your host’s dwelling, refrain from casting your eyes about his premises, and from letting your tongue speak of what you may hear. Before commencing the meal, wash your hands, and repeat the same after it, for it prevents poverty, and strengthens the intellect. Too much food hardens the heart, and inspires indolence. Do not cut your bread with one hand, as it is a sign of pride. It is better not to cut either your bread or meat. To serve your guest in a large plate is productive of blessings. Should a piece of food fall from your hand, raise it up, and after cleaning it, eat it, for it will prove a blessing to you, and bring upon you good health and a long life. Before drinking, look in your glass ; draw your breath three times, and do not say *uffe* afterward. Converse cheerfully at your dinner, and occasionally hand your guest a choice portion from your own plate.’

‘ Turn your face from the direction of the Kibleh† when you expectorate ; abstain as much as possible from gaping, and when you must gape, cover your mouth with your hand, lest the devil enter it and trouble you. After performing your ablutions, pour the water in your court yard, for it will draw a blessing on your head. Speak favorably of those who die before you ; never inhabit a house situated among rivers ; never have your dwelling swept at night ; never look at a mirror at night ; never extinguish a candle out with your breath ; never gaze at stagnant water, for they are all productive of ill luck. Fear God on dry land in the same manner that you would upon sea. Never read sepulchral inscriptions ; walk to the mosque with a grave demeanor ; never eat with your left hand, nor do any thing impure with your right. Refrain from laughter in a cemetery ; never sleep until the flavor of your meal is out of your mouth. Whenever you behold any thing strange or beautiful, exclaim Mashallah ! (what God has willed,) lest your eye be envious, and affect it injuriously. Qualify every promise with an Inshallah ! (if God wills,) and always bear in mind the hereafter.’

* THIS refers to sitting ‘ cross legged.’

† Toward Mecca.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

Two old ladies, world-famous for their romantic friendship, are buried in the village church-yard of the beautiful vale of Llangollen. Above their remains rises a triangular monument, on two sides of which are inscribed their respective names, descents, and something of their history; while the third bears a record of the name and virtues of the faithful maid-servant who accompanied them in their flight, and who, having devoted her life to their service, is allowed, in death, to repose with them.

QUIET within the church-yard
Those good old maidens rest,
Who left the world, where once they shone,
For the valley's sheltered breast.

They had a dream of friendship,
Of beauty and of life,
Of virgin spirits closely blent,
Where thought takes thought to wife.

Then, from the tide of conquest,
In the full bloom of youth,
They turned to build their fairy shrine
To that which they deemed Truth.

The sighing host of lovers,
The feast, the dance, the court,
They left, to roam the dew-wet fields,
And see the lambskins sport.

And who shall harshly blame them
That they turned from empty show,
For the quiet joys that sympathy
And nature can bestow?

Their shining tresses faded,
And snows came in their place;
The limbs that bore them o'er the hills
Lost their elastic grace.

But the eye still glistened kindly,
Though its sunny light was gone;
The cheek still glowed at the voice of love,
And the heart forgot to mourn.

Youth and its visions vanished,
But they thought of others then,
And bore relief and gentleness
To sick and suffering men.

Their wanderings wild were ended,
And their feet could fly no more;
Yet came they to the village church,
And the lowly cottage door.

Then thoughts more wisely chastened,
And good deeds, filled their days,
Until the humble villagers
Grew earnest in their praise.

They left the page of romance
For graver prose and rhyme,
And yet how fondly looked they back
Into the olden time!

Thus hand in hand descending
With life's descending wave,
They reached, by pleasant steps and slow,
The borders of the grave.

And happy she who soonest
Her withered petals shed,
And mournful she who closed the eyes,
And smoothed the narrow bed.

I stood within the church-yard
Beside their funeral pile,
And offered there a fitting gift,
A tear-drop and a smile.

For there, sweet words were written
Of love, unquenched by death,
And gently had their lips breathed forth
The parting word and breath.

And even if the lines betray
Some old ancestral pride,
Their aged servant has her place
And record by their side.

And the sunlight shone so brightly,
And the little birds did sing;
And the grave that held three faithful hearts
Was a fair and holy thing.

Yes, pluck a parting flower,
For fragrant is their dust;
Even the cold earth is glad to hold
The gentle and the just.

Valley of Llangollen, Wales.

VOL. XXVI.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-HUMBUG.

LECTURE I: TREATS OF TOURNURES, WITH A DISSERTATION ON WALKING.

WHEN I, the Arch-Humbug, penned the words 'positively, positively, positively!' in my last lecture, it was my serious determination to fulfil punctually the promise therein expressed. But divers strong and cogent reasons have since conspired to change my purpose. Gentlemen perhaps expect an apology. I will *not* apologize; but I will give 'reasons, reasons;' I will explain. Mark me the difference, Sirs; if you insult a man, to 'explain,' is honorable; to 'apologize' is disreputable; and sooner than thus disgrace myself, I will stand up at ten paces, and fight you all, one after another, if you are not satisfied, even as I have seen a game-cock encounter a flock of turkeys. So now for my reasons:

I. I am a humbug; more — *the Arch Humbug*. As such, not only privileged, but absolutely required not to keep my promises, inasmuch as it would not be becoming in me to set so bad an example to my inferior humbugs.

II. A writer should not deviate too widely from the practice of the age in which he lives. Now every one knows that 'promises to pay' mean any thing else in the world rather than actual payment; that a manager's 'positively Mr. So-and-so's last appearance,' signifies a continuance of an engagement. It would therefore not be *respectful to the public* to fulfil my promise.

III. My *reputation* demands this uncertainty. That the true test of greatness in every age has been the practice of disappointing others, the experience of Gil Blas de Santillana sufficiently proves.

IV. Rumors of a sudden and strange revolution in what was intended to be the subject of a future lecture, have reached my ears. Now, being an indifferent shot, I choose rather to kill my bird sitting, than to run the chance of hitting on the wing. I prefer, after the example of all sensible men, to fire at the full rather than at the waning moon.

Now, if after giving four such excellent reasons for my change of purpose, I am to be condemned; if I alone am to be exempted from the universal prerogative of all men; then will I sheathe my pen, and wield it in behalf of mankind no more.

Rumors, I have said, of the fall of the empire of the tournures have crossed the water; yet do I notice that in this land they still battle stoutly for their usurped rights. And shall I, a reformer, now in this crisis of their fortunes, refuse to lend my potent aid to their destruction, when the very suspicion of my intention to treat of them hath caused them to tremble on their thrones? Shall I be so mean as to wait till they have 'got no friends,' and then, 'kick them when they are down?' No! I will come forth boldly now, while they are still strong in their iniquity; I will be in the first rank of the assailants; I will

bear my part in promoting this new French revolution of 1845 ; I will add my voice to this cry of 'Egalité,' or rather of the old English watch-word, 'Down with the Rump!'

And if they fall, shall these great articles which have played such a conspicuous part in the world's history ; which have exercised such a controlling influence on the happiness and character of many millions, go down to the place of departed absurdities, without a single funeral oration, without one to sing their requiem or write their eulogy ? Not so ! I myself will undertake it. I will compose something good, bad, or indifferent, in their praise or dispraise, and that forthwith. Harken unto me.

In my physiological researches, I chanced one day to light upon that enigmatical tale in Mother Goose's Melodies, which treats of some portion of the life of the shepherdess Bo-peep. It may be remembered that this lady lost her sheep, had a deceitful dream about them, and found them at length again ; but alas, tailless ! Now mark the end of the story, and ponder it well :

'It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Under a meadow hard by ;
There she esp'y'd their tails side by side,
All hang on a tree to dry.'

Does Mother Goose, in this singular and mystical passage, allude to Tournures ? Have we not all seen, depending from back windows, things which give some show of probability to this supposition ? But for the anachronism, there could be no doubt that such was the intended reference

It may be set down as a fundamental principle in my philosophy, that women have a natural propensity to alter the centre of gravity by dress, whether through the means of monstrous bonnets on their heads, or high-heeled shoes on their feet ; whether by stomachers before, or tournures behind. Tournures are the offenders now ; accordingly I shall consider them in their physical, moral, and mental bearings, and their consequences.

But before I proceed farther, I must give, for the benefit of future ages, a definition of the word. It signifies, then, a semi-circular bag, resembling in form the new moon, filled with bran, flour, feathers, hair, wool, cotton, rags, felt, bits of carpets, dry leaves, straw, or wind ; in short, of any thing that can be contained in a bag ; or, it is formed of a curious net-work of wire, which it is difficult to describe. The object of this apparatus is to increase the size of the body, at the — the — (confound it ! how shall I indicate the part, without being indelicate ?) in short, at that point which any but a negro savage would suppose to be the last that any human being would think of enlarging with such an excrescence. There — I have got it out at last ; but my face is as red as fire, as I can see by my looking-glass ; even the ink in my pen hath blushed a blooming rose-color, and the extremity of my quill hath actually turned itself away from the paper !

We have read in travellers' tales, of a sort of sheep somewhere in the East, whose tails are so enormously large that the owners are obliged to furnish them with wheel-barrows, or rather small carts, to transport

these appendages. Some eccentric lady undoubtedly, having read this strange story, has been smitten with an insane desire to rival those sheep. Hence the invention of tournures. May I never in my life-time behold them carried on small carts!

What doth the tournure indicate, in my glorious science? Want of taste, ought I not rather to say, of delicacy of feeling. If there be any truth in phrenology, then will the craniums of the ladies of the present day be found lamentably deficient in the bump of taste; and if the phrenologists discover this to be the case, then will I endorse my sister science; then will I proclaim phrenology to be without doubt true.

Beside the deleterious influence which the tournure exercises upon the moral faculties; beside the injury which many sensible physicians suppose it does to the physical system, by creating an undue heat in one particular part of the body; it destroys all ease and grace in walking. Perhaps, if the truth could but be known, it is the invention of some malicious, envious woman, who being unable to walk gracefully herself, was determined that no other woman should, or of some diabolical old witch, who, having given up pedestrian excursions, and taken to riding on broomsticks, discovered this method of revenging herself on her younger and handsomer neighbors.

The poets tell us of women sailing along like the swan; women, easy and graceful in their motions as Hebe; majestic, and yet gliding along like Juno; or passing over the sward, and scarce leaving a print upon the grass, like Flora; but, wo is me! these are for us dreams, even as the classic Hebe, and Juno, and Flora were the dreams of an earlier age. When shall we see them realized?

The ladies of this country have never been celebrated for the gracefulness of their walk, but now it is really shocking to look upon them. Some have the uncouth tramp of the dromedary; to these, when in motion, not even a monkey could cling. Some emulate the awkward motions of the mighty elephant; any poor fly that lights upon the bonnet of one of these must experience, I am sure, the same unpleasant sensation in the stomach, which attacks a stranger in India, on his first ride in a howdah. Some travel along with the rolling gait of the restless polar bear in a menagerie; slamming their limbs about, this side and that, as if it were a matter of total unconcern to their ladyships, or others, what became of them.

Have any of you, ladies and gentlemen, ever been walking on the Battery, and seen a big, burly negro put out in a yawl from some vessel lying in the stream, and scull himself ashore; working his single oar in both hands, leaning first this way and then that, to give greater power to his stroke; his boat meanwhile swashing in the water, now on one side, now on the other? If you have, then you possess a perfect idea of the mode of progression in vogue among the great majority of the ladies we see in the streets of our great cities.

Now to my eye there is as wide a difference between this system of walking, and that easy, gliding, and almost imperceptible step so rarely seen, (for there are some exceptions, even here,) as wide a difference, I say, as there is between that detestable fashion of sculling, and the graceful sweep of the accomplished oarsman. Now it is not given to

every man who can row a good, strong, powerful oar, nor to every professed waterman, to row gracefully. No man who rows with a jerk, can be graceful. No woman who walks with a jerk; no man who rows irregularly, can be graceful; no woman who walks irregularly; no man who splashes with his oar, can be graceful; no woman who scoops up the mud with her toes. But as there is in rowing a sure, silent, unpretending, and regular stroke, which enters the water lightly and leaves it lightly, as does the Indian's paddle, so is there in walking its counterpart, and that also the savage Indian often exemplifies. As I am a philanthropic gentleman, one who wishes well to the whole human race, I do declare that I am marvellously inclined to import a Professor of Walking from among the Indians this side the Rocky Mountains. We have professors to teach ladies to waltz, and to dance the polka; why not instruct them in the art of walking gracefully?

I scarcely ever walk down Broadway behind a lady, without being inclined to exclaim with Fulton, (when he first beheld the so-called perpetual-motion machine,) 'It is a crank motion.' The truth is, there is some mistake in the situation, or some defect in the application of the machinery. Perhaps the system of tight lacing has something to do with the matter. However this be, it always seems to me as if the driving power were situated where Ericsson's Propeller is usually to be found. The motion very much resembles that of one who, in playing 'base,' screws his ball, as the expression is among boys; or of a man rolling what is known among the players of ten pins as a 'screw-ball;' a sort of Great Britain manner of getting along. To speak metaphorically, some of their engines seem to work perpendicularly upward and downward, like the old-fashioned cross-head engine; excellent when power is the desideratum, not so much to be desired where gracefulness and ease in motion is to be the criterion. Some, like ill-made machinery, seem ever ready to go to pieces; the beholder expects every moment to see (in surgical phrase) 'a solution of continuity.' Some ladies, like the globe we inhabit, have a compound or double motion; one entirely confined to the individual, being a sort of *wabble* from side to side, like the head of a Chinese mandarin; the other, relating altogether to the space in which she moves, being an irregular surge from one side of the pavement to the other, much like the eccentric pitches of a badly-proportioned kite in a high wind. The orbit of these ladies I defy any one to calculate or trace out; Newton, Laplace, Herschel, or any of the rest, living or dead.

I am well nigh convinced, after mature consideration, that the tour-nure is in some way connected with these defects in walking. Perhaps mother Nature, in revenge for the insult offered in them to her judgment and taste, hath sent this curse upon the present generation. I am rather inclined, however, to suspect that it produces the effect I lament, on another principle; namely, the unphilosophical distribution of *ballast*! It is a fact well settled among nautical men, that a ship will not sail well if her ballast or cargo is stowed too far forward or aft; and it is a recognized principle among them, to avoid placing any thing very heavy at either of the extremities. Now the laws of nature act always in the same way: These general rules run through the whole frame

and fabric of our universe. Gravitation affects the fly as well as the elephant ; attraction regulates the motion of the planets and the cohesion of matter. May we not then apply the same principle to ladies that we apply to ships ?

If ladies will persist however, in spite of my animadversions, in wearing this article of dress, they will allow me at least, I hope, to give them a few hints and cautions as to the constituent parts thereof, and as to the shoals and quicksands, and ' lower deeps,' to which every woman who bears one about her, is exposed. I am a bachelor, and therefore write feelingly on this subject ; as a bachelor and a philosopher have I considered the matter.

Any lady who wears a tournure composed of feathers, or in which feathers are to be found in any proportion, acts injudiciously. There is one property in the nature of feathers, which should forever condemn them as connected with the tournure in the eyes of every wise woman. Under certain circumstances, they will expand ! Every one must have heard, in some shape or other, the misadventure of a lady, who was so ignorant of Natural Philosophy as to go to a party with a tournure stuffed with eider down. She was moreover so unfortunate as to take up a position near the fire ; and soon, to the astonishment and dismay of the spectators, she began to amplify, and amplify, and amplify, in the most portentous manner, like the king in *Mazulme* upon drinking the enchanted liquor, until all the beholders were ready to ejaculate with *Dominie Sampson*, ' *Prodigious !*' The wonder was increased, by seeing her afterward relapse into her original dimensions in a cooler part of the room. Some such story floats about in every large city ; whether it be the invention of some mischievous wit, or no, I am not able to say ; but this I know, that it is in accordance with the laws of nature — that it is not impossible. Beware then, ladies, of feathers ; discard the treacherous allies !

To employ air, is not only injudicious, but positively dangerous. By the way, whoever originated this idea, whoever suggested this application of the ethereal element, must have been a poet, thus to give to an airy nothing ' a local habitation and a name.' Air-filled tournures are liable to the same accidents which sometimes happen to the flue of a boiler — a collapse. A bare bodkin, or the pin of a rival, may let out the vital air, and lo ! it shrinks and shrivels like a bursted foot-ball, and fades away,

' Like the baseless fabric of a vision !'

It therefore is an indication of want of judgment to make use of such. But farther, they are dangerous. No lady who values her personal safety, should venture upon the water with one ; she should not even permit the introduction of the Croton into her house, lest she fall into a bath, and perish there. Ladies should never wear them at sea. I caution them against such an indiscretion : if they fall overboard, they will be drowned, to a moral certainty, for the lightest part comes uppermost, and the consequences are fatal. Any man who will place a life-preserver round his hips, and try to swim, will at once understand the danger : he will find that it requires no ordinary exertion to keep his head

above water. To be sure, ladies will have this consolation, in such cases, that as they cannot actually sink, their bodies will probably be recovered, and they will be sewed up in sail-cloth, and dismissed to their ocean-grave with a couple of forty-two pound shot, or any other bit of old iron that may be lying about, or perhaps be reserved for christian burial on shore.

Whale-bone and steel springs are perhaps the safest materials to use in the construction of a tournure. Yet are they also subject to some disadvantages. There is to every thing some point, beyond which its powers of resistance should not be taxed; whale-bone and springs in a crowded room are not exempted from severe trials in the way of compression, and if that compression be carried to a certain extent, they will resist no longer, but give way with a crash. Such fractures have before now occurred; and it is a source of astonishment to me, that no lady has as yet been slain with the splinters of this fabric, as was Henry the Second, with one from Montgomery's lance. It certainly looks a little singular when one sees a lady returning from a ball with a back as perpendicular as a wall, who went thither with one as *convex* as the outside of a sugar-kettle.

Does any one recollect a story of a man who, being persuaded (on account of his thirsty nature, and the means he made use of to gratify it,) that he would one day perish of spontaneous combustion, invited his friends on one occasion, when he thought there were indications of such a result, and that speedily, to come and see him burn? Singular as it may appear, (and I myself cannot account for the fact,) I invariably am haunted with the recollection of that story, when a lady with a large tournure gives a party. I know not why; I am sensible that there is no real danger, yet am I always afraid that on a sudden there will be a great explosion, as on the Mississippi among the steam-boats, and that no vestiges of the lady will remain, save a few thin rods of iron. I am inclined to give her a wide berth, as a man treats a cannon about to be fired for the first time.

I have declared that the wearing of tournures indicates a want of taste. Am I not borne out in my assertion by the display of finery we see in the streets of our large cities? I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions, but I truly think that as a general rule the ladies here do not dress tastefully, particularly in the morning. Orange, crimson, sky blue, pea green, thunder and lightning, black and red, (the devil's mourning,) scull and cross-bones, are all the rage. I went up the river last autumn, on one occasion, and when I saw the pirate's flag streaming from the scow anchored where Kidd's vessel is supposed to be sunk, I will be shot, without benefit of clergy, if I did not take it to be a dress belonging to one of my nieces! So impressed was I with this conviction, that I wanted to go ashore and see about the matter, until a gentleman assured me that it had hung there for several weeks. The ladies here dress in the same style, whether young or old; the truth is, it is a very difficult thing for an old lady to find a modest, sober color. Well doth Mitchell, in the character of a dapper shopman, affirm that he dressed all the ladies last summer in sky-blue stockings, and that this year he intends to put them all in pea-green. A winter

or two ago, and every thing was orange ; orange hats, orange feathers, orange shawls, orange gowns, orange gaiters, orange sun-shades ; you might have fancied you were wandering in Italy or Cuba, but for the north-easters. Yet did not I, to borrow Shakspeare's most villanous pun, find the ladies more 'civil' than usual ; on the contrary, I could not help taking several very small ladies for relations of the crusty little yellow dwarf, of the fairy tale, and was almost afraid to pass by them without presenting a cake ; while the tall ones looked as if they were suffering under a dreadful attack of jaundice ; with which savory comparison, I will dismiss the subject of this lecture, only expressing the hope, that as hoops fell, so may tournures fall also, and be doomed for ever to utter oblivion ; failing which desirable consummation, I do in all seriousness propose, that this word tournure, which is of foreign extraction, and moreover inexpressive, and not sufficiently specific and topographical, be discountenanced and cast away, and that in its stead we assume as the representative of the same idea, the appellation 'Mac-wheelies.' Now this, being derived from the Baillie of that name in a novel which all classes read, (which aforesaid personage was, as may be remembered, remarkable for a similar peculiarity in figure,) would at once convey the desired impression ; whereas I am assured, that many persons in out-of-the-way parts of the country are now living in deplorable ignorance of the signification of *tournure*.

But no ; not even in exchange for the honor of giving a new name to this illustrious article, would the Arch-Humbug take upon himself the awful responsibility of extending the knowledge which might so be disseminated ; not for an empire would he subject himself to the pangs of conscience incident to such a course !

And this happy state of ignorance and innocence, oh ! may it long continue, undisturbed by the baleful influence of this or any similar fashionable folly !

Such is the nature, and such the prayer of the Arch-Humbug !

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAIT.

So beautiful a portrait, and so true,
No hand of flattering artist ever drew.
That noble brow, with nobler fancy fraught,
Seems to expand with the expanding thought.
And those mild eyes with brightly beaming ray,
Reveal the source of intellectual day.
E'en the closed lip is eloquent of mind,
And there sits firmness visibly enshrined.
No borrowed lustre, and no added grace,
Illumes that purely intellectual face.
So beautiful a portrait, and so true,
The hand of mortal artist never drew.
No longer let me marvel at the sight,
It is the matchless workmanship of Light.
Unrivalled here, but yet shall meet my gaze,
Enlightened by Eternity's broad blaze,
Where the glad waters of salvation roll,
A truer portrait still — the portrait of the soul !

J. A. S.

T H E O L D E A R T H .

'The earth gives signs of age, disease and fickleness. It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has ill turns, or paroxysms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the shore with the wrecks and carcases of men. It rocks a continent or sinks an island; shaking massive cities into countless fragments, and burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin: anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying cities and villages in burning graves. The earth is old and feeble, and must needs groan on, until it renews its prime.'—'MISERIES AND LIABILITIES OF THE PRESENT LIFE.'

OLD Mother EARTH is wan and pale,
Her face is wrinkled sore;
Her locks are blanched, her heart is cold,
Her garments stiff with gore;
With furrowed brow and dim sad eyes,
With trembling steps and slow,
She marks the course that first she trod,
Six thousand years ago!

The Earth is old, the Earth is cold,
She shivers and complains;
How many winters, fierce and chill,
Have racked her limbs with pains!
Drear tempests, lightning, flood and flame,
Have scarred her visage so,
That scarce we deem she shone so fair
Six thousand years ago!

Yet comely was the youthful Earth,
And lightly tripped along
To music from a starry choir,
Whose sweet celestial song
Through Nature's temple echoed wild,
And soft as streamlets' flow,
While sister spheres rejoiced with her,
Six thousand years ago!

And many happy children there
Upon her breast reclined,
The young Earth smiled with aspect fair,
The heavens were bright and kind;
The azure cope above her head
In love seemed bending low;
O happy was the youthful Earth,
Six thousand years ago!

Alas! those children of the Earth
With hate began to burn,
And Murder stained her beauteous robe,
And bade the young Earth mourn.
And ages, heavy ages, still
Have bowed with gathering wo
The form of her whose life was joy,
Six thousand years ago!

Williamstown, (Massachusetts.)

Old Earth! drear Earth! thy tender heart
Bewails thy chosen ones;
Thou look'st upon the myriad graves
That hide their gathered bones;
For them, by day and night, thy tears
Unceasingly must flow;
Death chilled the fountain-head of life
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! old Earth! above thy head,
The heavens are dark and chill,
The sun looks coldly on thee now,
The stars shine pale and still;
No more the heavenly symphonies
Through listening ether flow,
Which swelled upon creation's ear
Six thousand years ago!

Weep not in bitter grief, O Earth!
Weep not in hopelessness;
From out the heavens a 'still small voice'
Whispers returning peace.
Thy tears are precious in the sight
Of ONE who marks their flow,
Who purposes of mercy formed,
Six thousand years ago!

Thy days of grief are numbered all,
Their sum will soon be told;
The joy of youth, the smile of God,
Shall bless thee as of old;
Shall shed a purer, holier light
Upon thy peaceful brow,
Than beamed upon thy morning hour
Six thousand years ago!

Thy chosen ones shall live again,
A countless, tearless throng,
To wake creation's voice anew,
And swell the choral song.
Go, Earth! go wipe thy falling tears,
Forget thy heavy wo;
Hope died not with thy first-born sons,
Six thousand years ago!

L. E. S.

NED BUNTLINE'S LIFE-YARN.

AN 'OWNER TRUE TALE.'

IN an elegant mansion on Girard-square, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, on a chilly morning in November, 1834, in a room lined with shelves bending under the weight of yellow-backed folios, betokening it a lawyer's 'study,' stood Father and Son: the one, a man whose appearance told of forty winters, with a pale, lofty brow, a cold gray eye, and a lip which curled in haughty expressiveness, was speaking in that low calm tone wherein ANGER in its most fearful moods loves to be heard. The other, a young, pale, light-haired child, with large, mournful-looking blue eyes, stood, with form slender and fragile, yet proudly erect, his lips close-compressed, brow darkly knitted, and eye of fire; all indicating too plainly the excited passion which was raging in his breast.

The voice of the elder was fearfully low and deep, as he said:

'Edward, I will endure no more trifling! The choice of your profession is mine by right, mine by custom; and I will *exercise* it.'

'Father,' answered the boy, in a tone earnest and deep for one of his years, 'that right I deny; that custom is nothing to me. I will not be a lawyer! I will yield to your wishes in the choice of any other profession. Much as I love the glorious ocean, I will forsake all hope of enjoying its pleasures. I will turn to *any* profession, but that of law. Make me a physician; let me have the glorious privilege of relieving the anguish-stricken and distressed; of lengthening the days of my fellow-creatures; let me enter the pulpit; make me a tiller of the soil; a hewer of wood or a drawer of water—*any* thing, father—any thing but a lawyer!'

'To your books, fool!' was the angry response of that cold, stern man.

'The books to the fire, Sir!' was the answer of the passionate boy; as, suiting the action to the word, he cast a new set of 'Blackstone,' with its Commentaries, into the lighted coal-grate before him. A moment, and while the burning volumes cast a lurid light over the pale faces of the two, '*Silence slept.*' Meanwhile, the father gazed upon his son with a look which combined in one thrilling expression anger, surprise, and a deep determination to punish the wilful child. As you have seen a fleecy fore-running cloud, before a storm, linger an instant, then give place to one dark and ominous, so that first look left the father's face, giving place to one as black as the veil of Envy's soul; and his up-raised hand came crushingly down on the youth's cheek, as falls the gardener's mattock on the fragile wild-flower. The boy tottered and fell at his father's feet, the blood gushing from between his pearly teeth, like the red wine from a marble press.

A minute later. Slowly, calmly, deliberately, that pale child arose to his feet, and his dark blue eyes opened on his father's face. Oh,

GOD ! that look, so sorrowful, so forgiving, so eloquent of patient suffering, sent an arrow to that parent's heart which rankled *then*, rankles *now*, and will rankle *for ever* ! One word, one low-spoken word, was breathed to that father ; then, all was still save his own sighs. The boy was gone — to return no more ! The single word which had fallen like a knell upon that father's ear, was ' *Farewell* !'

—
'O'za the glad waters of the dark blue sea.'

THE captain of a West India fruit-schooner was pacing up and down his deck rapidly, awaiting the return of his mate, who had gone to the owner's residence for the final orders of the vessel. The craft lay at Race-street wharf ; the hands were aloft, ready to loose the snowy canvass to the wooing breeze ; and every thing was ready for her outward-bound trip.

Reader, let me introduce to your more familiar acquaintance, Captain FRED. SKINNER, the skipper whom, a moment ago, we pointed out to you, impatiently pacing his quarter-deck. There he stands, a weather-bronzed, ruddy-cheeked, well-made-up specimen of mortality, with a heavy quid of tobacco in each cheek, to keep his head from being lopsided. His eye, the color of the sea when off soundings, is large and clear, with a well of good humor in it large enough for ten landsmen's souls to swim in, although *his* noble spirit has barely sea-room enough in its deep clearness. His lip, over which curls a luxurious red moustache, expresses resolution and firmness by its down-drawn corners ; and, to sum up the description *in toto*, you find in Captain Skinner a true portraiture of a real 'out and out' American sailor ; a fair picture of a regular-bred Baltimore sea-captain. Every time he turned in his walking to and fro, he would cast his eye up the straight street, and not seeing the mate, would exclaim : 'Blast the blink-eyed, bow-legged snail ! why don't he heave ahead ?'

Just after one of these hasty ebullitions, as he was starting at double-quick-time, heading toward the fore-castle, he heard a light step behind him. Veering round, he saw the boy whom we have described, springing lightly over the bulwarks.

'Pretty good jump that, youngster, considering the lubberly cut of your toggery ; if your pantics weren't sheeted home at the bottom, you'd out-jump a monkey on a swinging back-stay.'

'Sir, I wish to see the captain of this vessel,' said the boy, in a hasty tone, not noticing the address of the sailor.

'Well, little one, do your blue-eyes the honor ! Here I stand on my own deck.'

'You are commander here, Sir ?' asked our young acquaintance.

'I ain't nothing else.'

'Then, Sir, my business is with you. I wish to go to sea with you.'

'The devil you do ! Why, what in the name of fried ratlines do you think you can do at sea ? Can you reef, hand, steer, or heave the lead ; splice, or knot ? Do you know how many tails a man-o'-war's cat wears ?'

'I can learn my duty, Sir, and do it. I can take a joke, or resent an insult,' replied the boy, firmly.

'By the beauties! I like your spunk, youngster! Give's your flipper; come down below, and let me hear your yarn, for you ain't no milk-sop, you ain't.'

The two turned down the companion-way and disappeared in the cabin. What ensued there, need not be placed before the reader; let it suffice to say, that when the two reascended to the deck, the boy was rigged up in a regular sailor's suit.

'Aloft there!' hailed the captain; 'come down, every mother's son of ye!'

When all the crew had reached the deck, the skipper addressed them:

'My lads, here's a young friend of mine, NED BUNTLINE; he is to *mess* with *me* in the cabin—he is to *work* with *you*, forward. Show him his duty, and be kind to him. I want to see him a first-rate sailor. That's enough, now; you all know my will. Lay aloft and loose all!—sheet home and hoist away; stand by the spring-line; take the helm there, one of you; let go all!—up with that flying-jib!'

Another minute, and the schooner 'Mary C——' was on the calm bosom of the Delaware, scudding seaward before a spanking breeze. Swiftly she glided along the rippling waters, while from the royal yard, where he had perched himself, young Ned gazed upon the shores which he was leaving, as he sadly hoped, for ever. Wilmington, the sacred plains of Brandywine, Newcastle, all were quickly passed; and at last the light-house on Cape May lay off the lee beam. Then came the heavy swell of the sea, that long, steady roll, which a sailor's heart up-raises to meet and joys to feel. And now, out upon 'old ocean's gray and melancholy waste' that vessel sped, *alone* to all save the chainless hearts that throbbed beneath her flag.

CHAPTER SECOND.

FOR eight days the 'Mary C——' flew lightly on before the foam-bedewed breeze, and gained that lovely latitude where the cool soft airs of the temperate zone mingle and unite with the warm spicy breath of the tropics. Meanwhile 'Ned,' petted by all on board, active, enthusiastic and willing, had learned to furl the royal, take 'a trick at the helm,' and began to be useful in various little ways. On the morning of the ninth day out, Captain Skinner came on deck at day-break, according to his usual custom, and with his glass proceeded to scan the horizon in all directions. Long and steadily he gazed around; but ever and anon his glass would return to the northern water-line, where it would rest longer than elsewhere. At last the skipper laid his glass down on the edge of the companion-hatch, and sending his arms elbow-deep in his pea-jacket after a 'jaw-load of tobacco,' cast his eye aloft as if to scan spars and rigging, while he deposited 'the weed,' in two cargoes, on each side of his mouth. This done, with another hurried, anxious glance toward the northern offing, he stepped down into the cabin. A few moments afterward he returned to the deck with his dress so altered that one could have scarcely recognized him. An oiled canvass hood, known as a 'sou'-wester' by seamen, covered his head; a short close jacket of the same material fitted his body; huge sea-boots, also

of the same material, came clear up to the hips, meeting the bottom of the jacket. The hat hid all of his head save his eyes, nose and mouth. The crew were sitting around the fore-castle when he came on deck, eating their breakfast ; but as his head loomed above the hatch-rim, they sprang to their feet and looked hastily around the horizon. They knew that he never dressed for a storm unless one was coming ; but now all looked clear and bright, particularly in the north. It seemed as if the eye in that direction could cool itself in the clear blue distance, yet this very clearness was the surest sign of what was brewing. The men hastily gathered about the lower rigging, for they knew that work was to be done, though they knew not its nature or its cause. Again he raised the spy-glass to his eye ; and now, through its aid, one might see a low thread-like line of black-cloud, lying on the very edge of the distant horizon. To the naked eye all was clear. How often is it thus in the course of human affairs ! Behind the clear sky of seeming prosperity, how quickly forms the cloud of ruin, how swiftly rushes on the storm of destruction and despair !

When Captain Skinner laid the glass down, he raised the speaking trumpet to his lips and commenced the work of preparation. 'Lay aloft there, lads, and in with the fore-to'gallant sail and royal ; down with that main gaff-topsail ; get up the top and mast-ropes, and stand by to house top-masts ! Mate, clear away both cables ; see them bent to the anchors, and clinched around the fore-mast. Screw that chain bob-stay tighter ; get up preventer-stays for the lower masts, and pass fresh lashings over the long-boat and cook-house. Bear a hand, my lads ; let's have all snug ! A norther on the banks is no play-thing !'

All was now ready for the storm, ere yet its cloud-heralds had bestrode the sky. The tall masts that had tapered far upward toward the blue heavens, had, as if by magic, disappeared, and the stumpy lower masts, with thick heavy cordage, bracing and supporting them fore and aft, was all that met the eye. The broad flaunting banner had been lowered from the gaff-peak, and in its place hung the narrow storm-pennant.

I love to look upon a vessel stripped for action, with all the ornamental cast aside, while the useful only is retained ; then it is that she seems indeed 'a thing of life,' born to struggle and to conquer. But there is an indescribable *something* in 'housing all' for a storm, a kind of chilly awe, that one never feels when awaiting the approach of mere mortal enemies. When a storm breaks forth upon the ocean, heaving its black waves into rolling, broken mountains, one knows that God is there ! One feels too as if Hell's demons rode forth shouting on the storm. Sounds strange and fearful fill the ears ; sights wild and terrible dim the eyes ; thoughts dread and awful fill the soul ! Majesty, the majesty of the world, rests in a storm at sea. I love, oh ! how I love to stand at the helm of a noble vessel in such a storm ; to see the winds bend her tapering masts ; to feel her vast hull tremble in the combined war of elements ; and then, with a single turn of that helm, to send her dashing, swift as the flashing lightning, before the gale ! Oh it is glorious ! One then feels as if all the elements were battling with *him*, and as if he was indeed a king, whom they cannot harm or overthrow.

But what is all this yawing from my course for? To my yarn again. The schooner, as I have said, was prepared for the storm before it arose from its chilly bed in the north. Thus it came forth: first, along the horizon-line lay black clouds, tinged on the uppermost edge with fiery-red; then these red tinges shot athwart the sky above, close followed by the black clouds, in long dark flakes; below these, came a disorderly array of heaped-up murky vapors, which followed fast in the wake of the fore-runners. At last the sun was hid and the blue sky covered by these veils of the tempest! Still, the ocean slept, and the winds seemed to be drawing in their breath, as if to prepare for one mighty earth-shaking blast. Then, over the still, slow-heaving waters came a long thrilling sound; it was low, but it filled all the air; a sound unearthly, like a prolonged shriek dying away into a moan; and before it had passed, the sea seemed, with a heavy wave or two, to rise and give an accompanying evidence of solemn import. Then, where the eye cast its farthest glance toward the distant horizon, could be seen dancing the trembling green caps of white foam, looking like figures in snowy robes, glancing about a dark-shaded meadow. Soon on they came — the white-caps of foam, and the demons of the storm! The sea, late so blue, boils milky white; the silence, but now so solemn, echoes with the shrill, deafening burst of the tempest-band!

The storm reached us; and while the schooner felt its first force, she bent over till the heads of her short masts were buried in the snowy spray; then, as if in anger, her bows inclined to leeward, her masts sprang upward like the bow suddenly unstrung; and before the flapping wings of the wind she darted off without one stitch of canvass extended on her spars. She seemed to be a mad monster; on, on she swept, sometimes dashing over the very crests of the waves, leaping like a winged spirit each deep abyss; then, buried in foam of her own creation, darting through their very hearts, clearing a way with her wedge-like bows. Distance was uncounted — time was unknown. All, all was buried in this wild chaos.

Upon the deck, near the helm, stood the captain, singing for very joy. The wind bore him on the course of his destination; the storm scared him not, for he knew his vessel. She was stout and ready. At the top of the main-mast, clinging in the cat-harpings, with his long fair locks streaming like so many thin pennons out on the storm, was seated 'Ned Buntline,' his very soul enwrapped in the grandeur of the scene. This was his first storm at sea.

'Main top there!' hailed the captain.

'Ay, ay, Sir!' answered Ned, aroused from his dreamy mood.

'Keep a bright look-out, youngster, for land on the lee-bow!'

'Ay, ay, Sir!' was the response of our young sailor, as he clambered a ratline or two higher, and 'setting his eye' in the prescribed direction.

For an hour or more, no other sound was heard, save the whistling storm; but at length the shrill voice of the look-out man from aloft hailed the deck.

'What say you, youngster?' shouted the captain through his trumpet.

'I see something like land right ahead, Sir.'

'What sort of a look does it wear?'

'It looks to be a long black rock, Sir, half covered with surf, and right in the middle of the rock there seems to be something white. It looks like a hole through which one can see the foam from the other side.'

'All's right!' shouted the captain; 'it is the east end of Abaco, and that's the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' which you see, youngster; if we have luck, we will be in Havana in sixty hours.' Then turning to the helmsman, he ordered him to 'luff up half-a-point,' so as to clear the reef to windward of the island. In one hour more, the schooner dashed by the point of Abaco, passing almost within hailing distance of the lighthouse on the rock. She was now skimming over the green waters of the 'Banks' at a rate that only Baltimore clippers can hold in a storm. When night came on, she was far in among the islands, under very little sail, striking through the Gun-key channel, amid the most beautiful phosphorescent spray, but entirely safe under the pilotage of her experienced commander.

CHAPTER THIRD.

On the morning of the second-day after the storm, the American Union-jack, floating from the central telegraph-staff on the Moro-Castle, informed the Habaneros that a vessel, wearing the star-spangled and *universal* passport at her peak, was off their harbor. Soon thereafter, close in under the land of 'Las Montes del Hierro,' fanned slowly along by the first gentle breathings of the young sea-breeze, could be seen *our* schooner. As the breeze freshened she gathered head-way, and by the time she had reached the point of rocks beneath the Moro, her speed was increased so much that she passed by the Buoys* at the rate of nine or ten knots. Our young friend Ned was again perched at the mast-head, regaling his eyes with the beautiful, strange and stirring scenes before him. First, as the schooner entered the harbor, he gazed with astonishment at the frowning battlements of the Moro, on the left, with its thousand black-muzzled war-dogs looking down on the schooner's deck, at an angle of forty-five degrees; while from the opposite side of the harbor looked forth sternly and menacingly the heavy water-batteries of the Punta. Then again on the left, beyond the Moro, stretched the immense fort Cabanos; while below, under its very shadow, lay the suburban village of Casa Blanca, where was formerly landed the line-freight of the Guinea-men, and where they still fit out for their nefarious cruises, in spite of English interference and Spanish law. Beyond all this, at the upper end of the harbor, lies the Regulus, where the Spaniards go every Saturday to see, at the Plaza del Torres, the bull-fight. To the right of the harbor, all higgledy-piggledy, rusty and musty, bright and gleaming in spots and patches, like an actor's old spangled robe thrown down in the middle of a flower-bed, lies the town, the city of Havana, with its stone houses, and churches with gilded and

* THESE are buoys made fast over the wrecks of several English ships of the line which were sunk while attempting to enter the harbor during the war between England and Spain. They were sunk by shot fired from the Moro.

cross-crowned spires ; its huts and its palaces, all scattered about in the most glorious disorder. One-half of the old-time-worn habitations resemble Dutch prisons more than dwelling-houses. There is about as much difference between the exterior and interior appearance of a Spanish house, as there is between a silken shawl and a horse-blanket. Outside, all is rough, ' grand, gloomy and peculiar ;' inside, all is elegant, refined and luxurious.

As the schooner swept up into the bay, with every stitch of her thin white canvass bellying from spar and yard, the citizens gathered down on the wharves, and gazed at her with admiration. Soon the Quarantine-boat pushed out, with its yellow flag flying, and with her fore-top-sail hove aback, and the jib-sheet hauled to windward, the schooner lay calm and still on the glassy bay. The boat boarded us, the captain showed his bill of health, and received a pass from the quarantine. Then came the custom-house boat, and after the manifest was examined, a bribeable soldier was put aboard to keep passengers and crew out of contraband amusements. Then permission to haul into the wharf was given, and the cargo having duly been entered, the duty of discharging, preparatory to relading, commenced.

The hands had made the craft all fast and snug alongside of the wharf, when the Captain, turning to Ned, said :

' Youngster, you may rig yourself in your shore-going togs, and stand by to take a cruise ashore with me !'

' Ay, ay, Sir,' was the cheerful answer ; for the boy's heart yearned to spring out among the strange and beautiful sights which had crossed his vision. Oh ! what a zest has youth for the enjoyment of the *new* ; let it be what it may, so that it is *new*, strange, or wonderful, youth feels in it a charm which age never experiences. To the young, the whole earth is a garden ; flowers grow every where ; and though on some the grief-dew is cast, or the sorrow-blight has fallen, the sun of youth's *thoughtlessness* soon sends the sad drops shivered into a mist of nothingness ; and this is happiness.

It was dark before the Captain and Ned were ready for their land cruise ; but when they landed, they found no difficulty in traversing the town, for every window was lighted up. It was the eve of some holiday in the church. They first made their way to the Plaza Publica, in front of the Governor's palace, where for a moment they stood and listened to the music of the military band, and gazed on the gay groups of fair donnas and gentlemen who were promenading up and down the shadowy walks, or lounging on the seats around the fountain, which threw its sparkling jet high in the air, whence it came down in glittering drops, which in the bright moonlight looked like showers of many-hued gems chasing each other. The Captain and his little companion stayed only for a moment to gaze on this fair scene, but crossed over into a narrow street that led on to a cathedral, toward which the crowd poured, a steady wave of pedestrians.

They entered the vast building, and doing as they saw the rest do, knelt for a moment at the door, and then advanced toward the altar. A priest, evidently pleased to see the respect with which they regarded the building, advanced and politely offered to show them through it. It

was indeed a vast edifice, and one of the first erected in the city: its exterior, moss-covered and green, showed its age; but within, all was grand and magnificent. Rich paintings overhung the walls; along the niches on either side were the ornamented shrines of saints; and the altar itself was a pile of perfect gorgeousness. In a niche in the wall, close to the altar, the priest showed them a marble urn; within it was one of silver, and within that rested the dust of COLUMBUS. The shackles which bound his noble limbs, when he was sent home in disgrace by the brutal Bobadilla, and the sword which he used to wear, are placed in a casket by the side of the urn. There is no doubt but that the ashes of the Discoverer do rest here, for years ago they were removed from Seville to this place, with great pomp and ceremony. These relics are seldom exhibited, except as a mark of favor, and as a favor they were now shown to Ned and his companion. Soon they left the sacred edifice, and once more walked out into the narrow streets of the city.

'Now, Ned,' said his companion, 'we will go and see an old friend of mine, Mrs. Boyd; she has a pretty daughter: mind you do n't fall in love, my boy!'

Mrs. Boyd was a Spanish lady, who had married an American sea-captain, who had died soon after, leaving her one daughter. She kept a boarding-house for American officers; and here was a kind of general rendezvous for all the American captains.

They soon arrived at her door, for it was but a step from the cathedral, and found a ready admittance and a hearty welcome. The Captain introduced his young protégée to the lady and her daughter; and taking a cigar, was soon engaged in a con-fab with a group of captains who were holding a discourse over a can of punch, on some part of the tariff which little suited their ideas of 'free trade and sailors' rights.' Ned's genteel demeanor evidently pleased Mrs. Boyd and her daughter Carolina, the latter particularly. He was of the same age as herself; and then to her he did not seem so rough as the other sailor-boys whom she had seen. And of her the Captain had lied not, when he said she was pretty. Carolina Boyd was *beautiful*. Even then, at thirteen, her little figure was full and perfect; every limb, rounded and finished, swelled into a perfection almost of womanhood. She had eyes of witching hazel; dark, deep and liquid; full of soul, full of expression, now of joy, now of sadness — now of mirth and now of mischief. Her hair was brown, and fell in rich clusters down her neck and shoulders, far below her tiny waist. Her eyebrows were thin, and arched over her eyes delicately, and her forehead was moderately high — high enough for the general contour of her face. Her lips — oh! those sweet lips! They looked like a rich, ripe pomegranate, cleft gently in the middle, with pearly seeds bursting out. They were ever pouted out, as if loaded too heavily with sweets, that needed kissing off. Ah! she *was* beautiful! What wonder then that Ned fell in love, for in love he *did* fall, and that instant. And from the way that her large eyes looked on him, and hid themselves beneath their long silken lash-veil so quickly when she caught his blue orbs fixed on her, one might judge that *she* was but a little better off. Cupid had made quick work with their young hearts; for before the Captain was ready to go aboard the schooner that night,

the twain had lived a life-time of happiness. Ned, blunt and plain, had told her that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen ; she as plainly, in the sweetest broken English he had ever heard, had told him that she loved him ; and now, they had promised to love each other forever. I need not say how wildly happy those young creatures were, when they sought their respective beds that night. Indeed, it would be hard to tell the feelings which throbbed and thrilled through their joyous bosoms. In a few hours the Captain and his comrades separated, and he and Ned went aboard the schooner.

During the entire time the vessel remained in Havana, unloading her old cargo, and taking fruit aboard for the return trip, Ned was at Mrs. Boyd's. He was happy ! Oh love, *young love* ! There is something pure and unselfish in our first love—'*boyish* love' it is sometimes called—the loss of which one feels sadly in adult life. There is a feeling of awe and adoration *for*, a continual thinking *of*, the loved object, which a *man*, let him love as ardently or passionately as he may, feels not, when years have cast their sinful weight upon his heart.

At last the schooner was ready for sea : her papers were taken from the custom-house, and every thing was made ready to hoist the canvass and be off. Then the light-footed tars went aloft ; the halliards and sheets were stretched out ; another moment, and the white sails dropped from their fastenings, were sheeted home and hoisted away ; the wharffasts were cast adrift, and at first slow, then swiftly, parted the schooner from the shore. Among the anxious few who stood on the wharf waving their adieus, was little Carolina, whose dark, tearful eyes were fixed on Ned, as he stood poised on the fore-topgallant yard, gazing at her till the blue distance intervened between their aching eyes.

Young hearts part sadly, but recover sooner from sad partings, than elder ones do. So it was with Ned. Although he thought often, *very* often, of his little lady-love, yet soon the bustle of his sailor-life took away his sadness, and his song was as cheery as ever.

A storm was brewing when the Captain left the safe harbor ; but fruit is a perishable cargo, and he was anxious to make a quick and saving trip to his owners. The schooner was scarce out of sight of the Moro light-house, before the Captain began to reduce sail, and prepare for a blow. The wind came from the south-east fitfully, in squalls, which required a constant watch and care. The craft was close-hauled, with her starboard tacks aboard, so that she might weather the Florida reefs, and lay out through between the Cape and the Banks. She weathered along, making some headway in the heavy sea, but as night approached, the storm seemed to rise. The waves, in consequence of the gulf-current being against them, were short and very heavy, and broke wildly over the sharp bows of the vessel, making her tremble from head to stern with their weight. Night came on, and with it still increased the storm. All the schooner's light spars had been sent down ; sail after sail had been gathered in ; till now she only had her storm-jib and balance-reefed fore and main-sails set ; still there was too much for her, and she was hove-to under her storm try-sail, with her head to windward. It was a bad chance for her, for the Florida reef was under her lee, and if she drifted much, she must inevitably strike it.

The watch forward was crouching down, trying to shelter himself a little from the spray under the flare of the bulwarks, when, as the craft rose upon a huge wave, he thought he saw some dark object ahead; another moment, and he was *sure*; and with a startling shout he cried: 'Sail ho!'

'Where away?'

'Dead ahead, Sir! here she is! port hard! port!' And even while he spoke, a large dark hull came sweeping down right on to the schooner. One moment she seemed to hang on the next wave, right over the little vessel, like an eagle poised over a sparrow; the next she dashed by close enough for the crews to have touched. She was a brig, with every spar swept clean from her deck, and on that deck stood a frightened crew. Their vessel was beyond their management. Another moment, she was past out of view in the gloom to leeward. No sound was there now, save the dash, the eternal dash of mighty waters, and the shrill shriekings of the tempest. Strange are the voices of a storm! At times like a living thing in pain, it seems to moan and groan, and then to shriek in agony; again, it sings cheerily, like a thing of joy; and then, like deep heavy bell-tones, it seems to knell those whom it has sent to a blue shroud and winding-sheet of foam.

At last, day broke, and well was it for the schooner's crew that the blessed light came when it did. One hour more of darkness, and that darkness would have been to them eternal. Within one short mile under their lee lay the Florida reef, boiling with foam, and the schooner was drifting bodily down upon it. In a moment the Captain was at the mast-head. There was but one chance: he must make sail, pick a channel, and run inside the reef.

'Stand by to hoist the jib, Mr. Hill!' said he to the mate; then to the helmsman: 'Ease her off two points; there—steady! By Jove! there is the brig that passed us last night, fast on the reef; she'll go to pieces, sure! Hard up the helm there, boy; let her run dead before it. Hold hard, boys, as she goes through the breakers!'

The schooner was now put dead before the gale, and rushed down toward the reef, like winged, hissing lightning! But she had an experienced eye at her mast-head to guide her; and soon, right through the white and bubbling mass, trembling in every timber, she pressed into smoother water. As soon as he had passed the last breaker, the Captain shouted:

'Stand by both anchors! clear away the full scope of cable! look out!—out the stopper!—let go! In with that canvass!'

For a few moments it was doubtful whether the anchors would hold; but at last the vessel pitched less heavily; her bows swung fairly head to wind, and she lay easier. The crew now had time to look about them, and could see the brig lying broadside to on the reef, washed fore and aft by every surge. Her crew seemed to be huddled up on the weather side of the vessel, where they were partly protected by the bulwarks. Among them, it could be seen by their dresses, were females; and the sight of a female in distress is to an American sailor as the sight of perishing gold to a miser. There was no boat aboard the brig,

and it was evident she could not long stick together. Captain Skinner looked inquiringly at his crew ; his answer was in their eyes.

'Man the boat, boys !' said he ; ' it's a hard chance, but they must n't perish before our eyes, and women among them, too.'

The best boat was manned at once with six sturdy oarsmen ; the Captain was in its stern-sheets and Ned at the tiller.

'Shove off, boys, and try your best now ; this is no child's play : a long stroke with your oars, and all together : keep her head to windward of the wreck, Ned !'

'Ay, ay, Sir ; but don't you see there is a little smooth place just to leeward of the brig, that we can get almost up to her stern in ?'

'Ay, you are right boy ; steer for it.'

The boat labored slowly on, but at last got within hail of the brig. She was found to be the 'Experiment,' of Baltimore, bound to Galveston, Texas, and dismasted in the late gale. The boat was hauled close to her counter, and the perilous trial of disembarking the ladies commenced. Ned was sent up a rope which dangled from the cabin-windows, and hunting around among the dunnage, he soon found an accommodation-ladder, which was made fast to the taffrail, and one of the ladies, the youngest, was passed along to it by those in-board. She was weak, wet, and chilled through with the cold and spray ; and they had just got her on the taffrail, when a tremendous surge struck them. For a moment they clung to her, but the next instant she was swept from their grasp, and plunged into the boiling waters below. Ned was by her side when she was swept overboard, and scarce had she touched the water, before she was in his arms. He rose with her above the water, and a moment after both were in the boat. Dangerous, dangerous to him was the look of gratitude which beamed out of the large black eyes that opened on him as he arose in the boat. The boat's crew now succeeded in getting the other two ladies, sisters of the first, from on board the brig, as well as the crew of the wrecked vessel, and care was taken at once to get them aboard the schooner, and make them comfortable.

Ned was praised beyond his merits for his part of the adventure ; for adventure it was, and one that seemed likely to get his susceptible young heart in a love-scraps again ; for a more beautiful creature than the maiden he had plunged into the ocean to save, never blessed a sailor's eye-sight, or trod a good ship's plank. She was a Jewess, and all of her famed nation's beauty seemed combined in her. We will leave her, however, and her sisters, in comfort aboard the schooner, and, as the gale is somewhat abating, we will, if you please, close this chapter.

'MI NUEVE DULCE, QUERELLA.

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret love is thrown ;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus, like the spark, whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

M I D N I G H T M U S I N G S .

BY JAMES KENWARD, JR.

In at the open window shine

The far-off solemn stars of Heaven :
With sleepless eyelids, I recline
Upon my couch, to musing given.

A holy silence fills the air ;

In sleep repose Earth's sons and daughters ;
One voice alone is heard afar —
The rushing ' sound of many waters.'

Piscataqua ! I know full well

Thine old familiar tones, dear river !
To thee, as by a mighty spell,
My inmost heart is bound forever.

In boyhood, while life's morning dew

Soft moistened Hope's delusive blossom,
In sail-boat, or in light canoe,
I loved to sport upon thy bosom.

And when the summer sun sank down,

At eve, among his gorgeous pillows,
Far from the hot and dusty town,
I've bathed amid thy cooling billows.

Full many a river may, I fear,

In point of length, be ranked before thee ;
But thou art broad, and deep, and clear,
And blue as are the heavens o'er thee.

Of Mississippi, they may speak

Who find t' explore him time and season ;
But I have pierced thy every creek,
And love thee for that very reason.

No mighty common-sewer thou,

To do the drainage of the nation,
But thy pure waters ebb and flow
With Ocean's every heart-pulsation.

Oft sound the echoes on thy side,

With music, song, and laughter hearty,
As o'er thy breast, at eventide,
Floats the returning water party.

And oft, as now, when summer night

The harsher din of day-light hushes,
I listen to thy voice of might,
As seaward thy strong current rushes.

Portsmouth, (N. H.) July, 1845.

Anon, above thy solemn bass

A sound like Fate's dread step approaches,
As o'er thy bridge, at hurrying pace,
Come tramping steeds and rumbling coaches

That midnight train hath come and gone,
From silence sprung, in silence ended ;
But farther, nought to me is known,
Or whence it came, or whither tanded.

From voiceless gloom, thus suddenly

Emerges man — a solemn marvel !
From mystery to mystery,
Thus o'er the bridge of Life we travel.

Oh ! what a bitter mockery

Were this brief span to mortals given,
Had we, oh God ! no faith in Thee,
No staff on Earth, no hope of Heaven !

Oh, no ! there lies beyond the tomb

No ' silent land,' awaiting mortals ;
A land of melody and bloom
Spreads out behind Death's gloomy portals.

Then bravely bide the doom that waits ;

Bear all of Earth, for all of Heaven ;
Step, like a conqueror, through those gates,
Not like a captive, chained and driven.

Oh River ! rushing to the sea

With eager and impetuous motion,
Soon thy pent waters shall be free
To roam the deep and boundless ocean.

Then, while thou murmurest in mine ear,

Let me accept the lesson given :
Dost thou pant for a wider sphere ?
So should my spirit long for Heaven.

Though in the silence of the night,

I thus discourse with thee, dear river !
Though flowing almost in my sight,
Loved stream ! we meet no more forever !

Forever ! When the ties which chain

My soul to clay, kind Death shall sever,
Free as the wind, I'll roam again
Along thy banks, delightful river !

KNICKERBOCKER 'MEN AND THINGS.'

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

THE ancient edifices of our renowned city have rapidly fallen before the barbarous and unrelenting hand of Improvement. In this war of the Present against the Past, they have sustained a siege which has proved as terrible and disastrous as that of any of which we have record in the history of either ancient or modern warfare. One after another they have perished, until but few are left to remind us of the humble character and moderate pretensions of our virtuous and temperate-minded progenitors. There are yet a few that have escaped the devastations of the war; thanks to the tenacity and sturdy prejudice of the heirs and successors of that noble race, who, holding in utter abhorrence the example of many around them, have refused to yield to the temptation of alienating or destroying the homes that have descended to them, with all their pleasant associations of peace and contentment that cluster around their fire-sides! Immortal praise be to their memories! Their dwelling-places shall for ever stand, as the proud memorials of their unyielding virtues and sturdy, honest prejudices! I honor every evidence of this feeling. It speaks well for the character and pride of the descendants of our fathers. It is the true preserver of all that a Dutchman reverences; the scenes of his childhood and his happiness.

I have a friend who has stood for fifty years, like a brave soldier in the battle, breasting the storm that sweeps around him, with indomitable determination. He changes not. The fashion of his desires are the same now that they were half a century ago. He is a most jealous observer of all encroachments upon the habits and tastes of his ancestors, and reverences the lessons of antiquity with a catholic devotion. Upon the front door of his house hangs the same stupendous knocker that announced the visits of his grand-father's friends. It is a ponderous affair, representing the head of a lion with a shaggy mane, and looking terrific enough to frighten away an army of modern visitors! Raise the huge hammer that hangs suspended by a ring from his nose; its thunders shake the very foundations of the contiguous walls, that rise in slender weakness to the sky, looking scornfully upon the humble pretensions and proportions of their Dutch neighbors. Talk to *him* of removing this ancient announcer of family visits, for the more modern and effeminate bell, with its brass or silver button, at the door, and he would deem it an unpardonable insult to his good taste. He loves the very sound of that huge hammer. Before its echoes die away into silence, the friendly smile of hospitality is at the door, with an honest and hearty earnestness of welcome, which proves the sincerity of his Dutch heart.

Every thing within, too, proves the consistency of his ancient prejudices. He abominates Croton water, and gives his preference to the delectable Manhattan, which his forefathers drank before him. How

prim and methodical the old leathern buckets hang in his wide hall, ready for use in case of any accident by fire! He could not sleep in security, without these faithful sentinels being at all times at hand. What a feeling of safety is there in these immemorial fixtures! He burns wood; coal makes him dull, and fills his brain with much blood. His wide chimney-pieces and high mantels glow cheerfully with the light and warmth of his winter's fire. His wood burns with a crackling sociability, that makes it as familiar as one of the household. If you go into his cellar, where his winter logs are piled, you will find their smooth ends outward, and as orderly and regular as if arranged with a plumb-line. He is the truest specimen of a Dutchman, with all his loves and prejudices, that ever descended from the first settlers of New-Amsterdam. I must tell you more about him, some day or other.

It was my intention at the beginning to have introduced you to my old school-master, and the little school-house which still stands in Temple-street, in the rear of the City Hotel. How it has managed to escape the demolition to which the ancient city has been subjected, passes my comprehension. It is sadly altered, however, and has answered various purposes since the classic days of my youth. It fell, some years since, into the ownership of a strange being, of some wealth and many eccentricities, who resided in it, and suffered it to go to decay. When the City Hotel was offered for sale, he determined to purchase it and tear it down, because, as he declared to me, it intercepted his view of the Broad Way! Only think of it! It was a low, two-story, wooden shanty, which, owing to the accumulated weight of almost a century of years, leans like one of the towers of Pisa; nevertheless, it is as tenacious of its integrity and uprightness as was ever the soul of the architect who built it. Once upon a time it was a pretty affair. I remember it as such; and it makes my heart mourn to see it so miserably neglected. The associations which centre about it are connected with the sunny hours of my boyhood; and there it stands, in the dreamy atmosphere of my memory, a cherished and dear object of veneration.

The old school-master! God bless his honest face! May his setting sun be as bright and glorious, as his life has been placid and beautiful! A more amiable, child-loving being never nursed into affection the susceptible nature of children. He loved them for their innocence and purity; and albeit now far sunken in the twilight of old age, no day of his life is passed without mingling and associating with these dear objects of his love; 'for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' If man on earth ever had a foretaste of Heaven, it is thou, honest, full-souled C —! the very gem of school-masters and christians; the placidest and most amiable of mentors. Thy gray hairs are a crown of glory to thy manly, cheerful face.

With what tender solicitude didst thou watch the dawn of our young intellects, and lead them, with accents of sweet and eloquent persuasion, to the love of books and learning! How kindly and gently didst thou smooth the rugged journey of school-boy life! There was no harshness in thy commands; no austerity in thy rebukes. They fell kindly upon our hearts, stirring them into a generous and manly emulation. I love thee for the recollections of honest and hearty earnestness with

which thou enterdest into the very delights of our childhood. Thou didst breathe, with refreshing exhilaration, the sunny atmosphere which encompassed those about thee, and with a susceptibility as tender as theirs whose hearts clustered around thine own, partook in child-like simplicity of their innocent sports and pastimes.

If ever this humble tribute, from one who owes to thee all that he possesses that is worthy of preservation in this rude world, should reach thy dim eye, and enter with grateful pride into thy heart, let it be a blessing and a praise, to follow thee all the days of thy life.

Such was the character, dear KNICKERBOCKER, of one, of whom in the beautiful language of WORDSWORTH :

'Some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good,
That shall survive his name and memory.'

New-Amsterdam, October, 1845.

J. H. G.

'L I V E T O D O G O O D.'

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

I.

LIVE to do good; but not with thought to win
From man reward of any kindness done:
Remember HIM who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected ONE;
When HE was slain, for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

II.

Do good to all; but, while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppress,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

III.

Still do thou good; but for HIM holy sake,
Who died for thine, fixing thy purpose ever
High as HIS throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall HE own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to HIS conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the SAVIOUR'S bitter cup.

IV.

Do nought but good, for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

Philadelphia, 1842.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM UNDER THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC. BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D. In one volume. pp. 166. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

NEXT to journeying by one's self in foreign lands, and amidst the sublimities of God's mightiest works, is the pleasure of accompanying an intelligent observant traveller in his progress through and among the 'great fastnesses of Nature.' Mr. CHEEVER is such a traveller. Such is the freshness, the vividness of his descriptions of mountain and cloud scenery; such the naturalness of his emotions at beholding the marvels which are spread around him; that we seem to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, and almost to feel with his heart. We can call to mind no work which has afforded us so clear an impression of the scenery of the Alps, as the interesting volume before us. Mr. CHEEVER writes from so full a mind; so thick-clustering are his illustrations of thought, moral, religious or imaginative, that we never tire of what might in other hands prove monotonous description; just as one is fatigued in listening to a discourse which is intended by the speaker to be *all* eloquent, as that term is generally understood. We give, with regret that we can give no more, a single passage, describing the 'Pass of the Col de Balme,' and especially that most sublime of all mountain aspects, the rolling away of 'mist-land' from vast and boundless mountain-scenery:

'Ours bitter disappointment in the fog was hard to be borne, and we sat brooding and mourning over the gloomy prospect for the day, and wondering what we had best do with ourselves, when suddenly, on turning toward the window, Mont Blanc was flashing in the sunshine. Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendor, we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this, the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeur, was disclosed; the snowy monarch of mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles, and rough enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long beautiful Vale of Chamouny visible from end to end, far beneath us, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially veiling, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations.

'Far down the vale floated in mid air beneath us a few fleeces of cloud, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Shortly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the whole body of them gradually retreating over the southwestern end and barrier of the valley. In our position we now saw the different gorges in the chain of Mont Blanc lengthwise, Charmoniere, Du Bois, and the Glacier du Bosson protruding its whole *carcass* from the valley. The Grand Mulet, with the vast snow-depths and *crevasses* of Mont Blanc were revealed to us. That sublime summit was now for the first time seen in its solitary superiority, at first appearing round and smooth, white and glittering with perpetual snow, but as the sun in his higher path cast shadows from summit to summit, and revealed ledges and chasms, we could see the smoothness broken. Mont Blanc is on the right of the valley, looking up from the Col de Balme; the left range being much lower, though the summit of the Buet is near ten thousand feet in height. Now on the Col de Balme we are midway in these sublime views, on an elevation of seven thousand feet, without an intervening barrier of any kind to interrupt our sight.

'On the Col itself we are between two loftier heights, both of which I ascended, one of them being a ridge so sharp and steep, that though I got up without much danger, yet on turning to look about me, and come down, it was absolutely frightful. A step either side would have sent me sheer down a thousand feet; and the crags by which I had mounted appeared so loosely perched, as if I could shake and tumble them from their places by my hand. The view in every direction seemed infinitely extended, chain behind chain, ridge after ridge, in almost endless succession.

'But the hour of most intense splendor in this day of glory, was the rising of the clouds in Chamonay, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon, and floated over, the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blessed, anchored in mid heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look as through a telescope, down into the vale, and along to its farther end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains, and reflected in these fleecy radiances, almost as so many secondary suns, hung in the clear atmosphere, was well-nigh blinding.

'The scene seemed to me a fit symbol of celestial glories; and I thought, if a vision of such intense splendor could be arrayed by the divine power out of mere earth, air, and water, and made to assume such beauty indescribable at a breath of the wind, a movement of the sun, a slight change in the elements, what mind could even dimly and distantly form to itself a conception of the splendors of the world of heavenly glory.'

We cannot regard with favor our author's 'forced constructions' against the observances of the prevalent religion, in the regions which he traversed. It seems not a little ungracious, in the midst of the enjoyments of benevolent and kindly offices at the hands of monks and other Catholic devotees, to interpolate animadversions, not to say anathemas, against the faith in which they were educated, and the only influence of which, at least in our traveller's case, was a result of admitted 'good works.' This error of taste constitutes, to our mind, the only defect of the volume before us; a book which we can cordially commend to our readers as a work of rare interest, well sustained from the beginning to the close.

THE SONGS OF OUR LAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY E. HEWITT. In one volume. pp. 156. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

In looking over this volume we encounter many charming poems with which the reader has already been made acquainted through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER; but this circumstance will only serve to enhance the anxiety which will be felt to possess the remainder of our fair and gifted correspondent's collection. Mrs. HEWITT, or (as we cannot help calling her, after her tasteful *nom-de-plume*), 'JONE,' has an uncommonly masculine force and vigor of style, united with unusual feminine sweetness and grace; attributes that do not always accompany each other, in the writings of many of her sex. Whether she illustrates human passion or affection; describes the beauties of nature, or arouses emotions of patriotic ardor; she has the faculty of taking her reader with her. She secures a 'fitting audience' always, and we can only hope, not less on behalf of the public than herself, that that audience will not hereafter consist of 'a few.' We have little space for extracts; and yet, with a vivid remembrance of the impression which the Green Mountains of Vermont made upon us, when first we caught their pale blue-green summits rising in the clear summer air, while passing in the rail-cars toward Saratoga, we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following spirited lines to those bulwarks of Nature:

STRONGHOLD of Freedom's stalwart band!
Firm as when to the all-forming hand
Your peaks from chaos rose;
Piled not like Atlas in its might,
Nor Alps, nor Andes in your height,
Crowned with perpetual snows.

Proud cradle of the Vermentese!
Where healthful foats the mountain breeze,
Oh! give me but again
To track that valley green and fair,
By soft Winoski wandering there
In beauty to Champlain.

Oh! glorious first when morning bright
Lifted the mantle of the night
From off your glittering sides,
Ye broke upon my raptured view;
In robes of mist, and pearls of dew,
Bedecked like Eastern brides.

Upflowed your veils of gauzy shewn;
There lay your pastures, all in green,
Outspreading 'neath the sun;
Nor toiled your husbandmen in vain,
For wide the yellow, ripened grain
Waved o'er ye, every one.

The kine lowed on each grassy steep,
There, in your shadows browsed the sheep,
And winged the laden bee;
All flashing welled the mountain springs,
The sparkling rills, like living things
Leaped downward, joyously.

Short time I breathed your mountain air,
Or lingered 'mong your valleys fair,
Or by that winding river;
But oh! your loveliness to me
Is pictured bright in memory,
There to endure for ever.

We thought of the pretty and graceful lines 'To MARY of Kentucky,' a few days since, when we saw that fair and amiable young lady bestow her hand and heart upon the near kinsman of an old and valued friend; and we invoked for the lovely 'ROSE-MARY' the happiness which our authoress herself would have implored of Fate for the fair bride. One word as to the externals of the volume before us: it is the most admirably-executed book which we have encountered in many months. Its smoothly-pressed sheets, clear type, and broad page with ample margin, make it not less pleasant to the eye than the contents are to the mind.

MARGARET. A TALE OF THE REAL AND IDEAL, BLIGHT AND BLOOM. Including sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi. In one volume. pp. 460. Boston: JORDAN AND WILEY.

THERE was a brief hint in the 'Gossip' of our last number, that we had read with not a little pleasure the volume whose title is given above. We *had* perused the book, but 'by parcels' only, as *DESDEMONA* first heard *OTHELLO's* story, and 'not intently.' We are now however possessed of the contents of the work; and although we have encountered, in a deliberate consideration thereof, many things, the omission of which would not in our judgment have detracted from the merit or interest of the performance, we are yet confirmed in our opinion of the numerous beauties of the volume. And among them we reckon conspicuously, a sincere love of nature, on the part of the author; a keen observation of human character; a genuine hate of shallow pretence and pseudo-piety; and a love of, and capacity for, true humor and trenchant satire. But we wish rather to let the author represent his own characteristics, than to set them forth by any words of our own. In his 'phantasmagorical introductory' he places before us the *nucleus* of his future heroine, in the person of an infant: 'We behold,' he says, 'a child eight or ten months old; it has brown, curly hair, dark eyes, fair conditioned features, a health-glowing cheek, and well-shaped limbs. Who is it? whose is it? what is it? where is it? It is in the centre of fantastic light, and only a dimly-revealed form appears. It may be Queen Victoria's or Sally Twigg's. It is God's own child, as all children are. The blood of Adam and Eve, through how many soever channels diverging, runs in its veins, and the spirit of the Eternal, that blows every where, has animated its soul. It opens its eyes upon us, stretches out its hands to us, as all children do. Can you love it? It may be the heir of a throne, does it interest you; or of a milking stool, do not despise it. It is a miracle of the All-working, it is endowed by the All-gifted. Smile upon it, and it will smile you back again; prick it, and it will cry. Each child on this terraqueous ball, whether its nose be aquiline, its eyes black and small, its cheek-bones prominent, its lips large, or its head narrow; whether its hue be white, olive, or jet, is of God's creating, and is delighted with the bright summer light, a bed of grass, the wind, birds, and puppies; and smiles in the eyes of all beholders. It is God's child still, and its mother's. It is curiously and wonderfully made; the inspiration of the Almighty hath given it understanding. It will look after God, its Maker, by how many soever names he may be called; it will aspire to the Infinite, whether that Infinite be expressed in Bengalee or Arabic, English or Chinese: it will seek to know truth; it will long to be loved; it will sin and be miserable, if it has none to care for it; it will die.'

We follow the little MARGARET on through her childhood and youth to womanhood, and trace in each phase of her career the growing up in her soul of a sense of the mysteries of nature, and the power of human passions and affections. Nothing can be more pleasantly described than the home-scenes of her early life. It is delightful to go with her in search for the dandelion flower, or sit by her side while she watches the yellow and brown chickens bobbing in and out of the smart-weed, or chirping on the grass; or hear with her in summer the murmur over head of the insects which people the sunbeam, and the chirping of crickets in the grass and under the decaying sills of the house. Pleasant

is it to go forth with her, and OBEY her companion, into the old woods to dig the 'sax-fax,' that is so 'good teu chaw,' as 'good as nut-cakes,' together with the beautiful but 'orful burnin' Indian turnip; to stand with her among the children, as 'the master' goes by, 'the boys folding their arms and making short quick bows, the girls dovetailing their fingers, and squatting in low courtesies.' Lean over the little bridge with her, for a moment, reader, you who remember the deep thoughts of the days of your youth, and say whether these sentences touch not the electric chain wherewith you are bound: 'The shadow of GOD was about her, but she knew Him or It not; she was ignorant as a Hot-tentot. She came to the bridge; the water ran deep and dark below her. Who will look into her soul as she looked into the water? Who will thread the *Via Dolorosa* of her spirit? For the music, the murmurs of that brook, there were no ears, as there were none for hers. Yet she looked into the water, which seemed to hiss and race more merrily over the stones, as she looked. She heard owls, frogs, tree-toads; and she might almost have heard the tread of the saturnine wood-spider, at work in his loom, with his warp-tail and shuttle-feet, working a web which the dewa were even then embroidering, to shine out, when the sun rose, in silver spangles and ruby buds; and her own soul, woven as silently in God's quilt, was taking on impressions from those dark woods, that invisible universe, to shine out when her morning dawns. Alas! when shall that be; in this world, in the next? Is there any place *here* for a pure beautiful soul?'

We can say but little for the creation of 'MR. BARTHOLOMEW ELLIMAN,' the school-master, a sort of diluted DOMINIE SAMPSON; and yet he is not amiss as a foil, and is useful, moreover, as a prompter to the thoughts of our friend MARGARET. We shall 'stick to her,' however; and ask the reader's attention to the following dialogue between 'MISS AMY,' a Sunday-school teacher, and our little heroine; premising only that 'HASH' is a poor unfortunate inebriate, whom the minister, according to 'MISS AMY,' says 'the devil will burn in hell-fire' hereafter, and that the little boy who is so 'wicked' on the Sabbath, is a deformed child, who has excited the sorrowing sympathy of little MARGARET:

'THE Minister is a holy man, a good man I mean; he is converted, he repents of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked.'

'Don't he keep a being wicked? You said he was wicked.'

'Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ he will save you. The Holy Spirit that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?'

'Yes, Ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash, and I want to go and see that little crooked boy too.'

'It's wicked for children to see one another Sundays.'

'I did see him at Meeting.'

'I mean to meet and play and show picture-books, and that little boy is very apt to play; he catches grasshoppers, and goes down by the side of the brook, before sun down; that is very bad.'

'Are his eyes sore, like Obed's, sometimes, so that the light hurts him?'

'It is God's day, and he won't let children play.'

'He lets the grasshoppers play.'

'But he will punish children.'

'Won't he punish the grasshoppers too?'

'No.'

'Well, I guess, I an't afraid of God.'

A most exquisite description succeeds, of a quiet rural scene in New-England, which we regret is too long to be quoted, and too complete to be marred by segregation. We can only spare space for the subjoined, which includes a sketch of children let loose from the restraints of a Puritan Sabbath, and illustrates somewhat, we think, the remarks of a contributor in a late number of this Magazine, upon what constitutes the 'keeping of the Sabbath day,' according to the true intent of its great Founder:

'MARGARET sat attentive to all this; what were her feelings we know not now, we may know hereafter; and clouds that had spent the Sabbath in their own way came with her to behold the sun-

setting; some in long tapering bands, some in focky rosettes, others in broad, many-folded colls. In that light they showed all colors, rose, pink, violet and crimson, and the sky in a large circumference about the sun weltered in ruddiness, while the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. There were clouds, to her eye, like fishes; the horned pout, with its pearly iridine breast, and iron-brown back; floating after it was a shiner with its bright golden armory; she saw the blood-red fins of the yellow-perch, the long snout of the pickerel with its glancing black eye, and the gaudy tail of the trout. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon, then all his round red face go down; and the light on the Pond withdraw, the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. A stronger and better defined glow streamed for a moment from the depths of the sun into the sky, and flashed through the atmosphere. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went to rest up in the dark unfathomable chambers of the heavens. The fishes swam away with the sun, and plunged down the cataract of light that falls over the other side of the earth; and the broad massive clouds grew darker and grimmer, and extended themselves, like huge-breasted lions couchant which the Master had told her about, to watch all night near the gate of the sun. She sat there alone, with no eye but God's to look upon her; he alone saw her face, her expression, in that still, warm, golden sun-setting; she sat as if for her the sun had gone down, and the sky unloosed its glory; she sat mute and undisturbed, as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature.

While at the Pond, the birds were closing their strains, and Margaret was taking her parting look of the sky, in the village at the same moment broke forth the first song of the day, and was indulged the first unembarrassed vision. When the last shimmer of blue light vanished from the top of the mountain beyond the River, whither tenscore eyes were turned, there exploded the long twenty-four hours pent up, and swollen emotion of tenscore hearts and voices. 'Sun's down!' 'sun's down!' was the first unrestrained voice the children had uttered since the previous afternoon. This rang out in every family, was echoed from house to house. The spell was broken, the tether was cut, doors and gates flew open, and out the children broke into the streets, to breathe a fresh feeling, clutch at a tantalizing and fast receding enjoyment, and give a minute's free play to hands, feet and tongues. An avalanche of exuberant life seemed to have fallen from the glacier summits of the Sabbath, and scattered itself over the Green. The boys leaped and whooped towards the Meeting-house, flung their hats into the air, chased one another in a sort of stampede, and called for games with all possible vociferation.

Our limits forbid farther consideration of the volume before us; but we trust we have given such a taste of its quality that our readers will be induced to purchase and peruse it. We can confidently assure them that in so doing they will find much cause for felicitation.

BIG ABEL AND THE LITTLE MANHATTAN. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. Number Five of WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of American Books.' In one volume. pp. 93. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

MR. JOHN POVEY, of the New-York Park-Theatre, is a worthy man, in all the relations of private life. This is conceded by a great number of persons in this town, whose earliest memories, like our own, are associated with theatrical performances at our chief dramatic temple. As an actor, MR. POVEY has never aspired to any thing beyond the legitimate reach of his histrionic abilities. His rôle of characters is not extensive, nor does it embrace those exalted creations of the great dramatists, the personations of which have given fame to so many master-minds. Now what would 'the people of America' think, if MR. POVEY should set up as a theatrical 'star,' of the first magnitude? As a 'pecuniary transaction,' would managers in general regard an engagement with him as 'first tragedian' in a favorable light? Would there not be a general guffaw, to see him attempt the higher walks, and claim the higher honors of the drama; to see him, in a play of his own writing, fileh 'a point' from the style of the elder KEAN, a 'great hit' from MACREADY, or a 'passionate burst' from FORREST; interweave them with a subordinate tissue of *mere Povey*, and by such means, aided by a small clique-system of predetermined and reciprocatory puffery, endeavor to take the admiration of 'the States' by storm? We suppose there would be but one answer to this query, could it be audibly addressed to every person who has ever seen or heard our respected friend MR. POVEY upon the boards of the Park-Theatre. MR. CORNELIUS MATHEWS, the author of the long-in-coming thin pamphlet-volume before us, sustains, like MR. POVEY, the character of an amiable (and harmlessly-egotistical) person in private life. This we believe to be generally conceded; but here the similarity between the two gentlemen ends. Indeed, the dramatic category which we have assumed, becomes a 'clear case' when applied in a literary sense to the 'writings' of MR. MATHEWS, and in an especial manner, to the volume under notice. Take away from its pages the

mere external resemblances, the ridiculous verbal imitations, of DICKENS and CARLYLE, and answer us—O! honest, candid reader of the little booklet in question—and what remains? ‘Marry this:’ a *bold inventory* of every thing which strikes the eye of the writer, (who, you cannot help thinking, has ‘a screw loose’ somewhere in his mental machinery,) as he goes out of town, or wanders about the metropolis; visiting the Battery, Chatham-street, the Five Points, the wharves, the Tombs, the Croton Reservoir, the Shot-Tower, and for the second if not the third time, Washington Parade-Ground, in character of the old Potter’s Field; with other the like familiar places and scenes. There is no ‘plot’ to the story. ‘Story! God bless you! he has none to tell, Sir.’ There is nothing but a foolish fancy (‘convenient,’ as the Irish have it, to disguised imitations of the ‘Christmas Carol’ and ‘The Chimes’) of two boys wandering about town, each claiming an equal share of ‘property’ in all that they come across. But such straining after *bizarries* of expression; such struggles to avoid saying plain things in a plain way; such kaleidoscopic views of natural and artificial objects; such far-fetched and dissimilar similes, the very perfection of catachresis; we ‘rather suspect’ our readers have seldom encountered. Streets ‘shake hands’ with each other; there are ‘well-behaved little cottages;’ we have a ‘Silence that walks about and wears a cloak;’ there is a shot-tower that ‘winks with his iron top at the stars;’ a negro, who is a ‘great black earthen jar, with wide ears;’ another, with ‘a trombone in his chest;’ a rain-bow that ‘makes a leap into the sky for another set of colors;’ and other similar attractive and unique ‘things and deeds, set forth and recorded.’ But we must let our ‘author’ speak for himself a little, lest we be thought to do him injustice. Hear ‘LANKEY FOGLE’ (surely there was no need, even for Mr. MATHEWS, to borrow names from Boz’s *Alsatian catalogue*) what he saith to BIG ABEL, as they go out of town, through Chatham-street and the Bowery:

‘STRETCHING—stretching:’ this was what Lankey said to himself. ‘Always stretching. Will he never be still, and stop growing!’ He meant the City.

‘Big Abel gave them a good-morning; and seemed, by the cheerful look he wore, to send his heart along with them as they hurried on.

‘There was a pause between Lankey and Big Abel; when Big Abel spoke up; his mind, somehow or other, went back to it.

‘You met a man on the Avenue, yesterday?’

‘Was it a man with a nose like a pink?’

‘That was the man: and he told you I was waiting!’

‘He had: accosting Lankey by Big Abel’s appointment, it seemed, to jog him on his way to the Tower.

‘There was another; down the Square,’ Lankey said, ‘in front of the little Franklin Theatre, who knocked his hat on his head, after a strange way!’

Very vivid and exciting, this; almost as much so as the writer’s picture of his two heroes at the Reservoir:

‘WITH their backs against the city—as they looked abroad toward the unhousted country—a man in a woollen cap, and, lame withal, hobbled out of the little box at the middle of the wall, and shouted after them:

‘Ay, ay, there; what do you want?’

‘It was a gruff voice; and Big Abel and Lankey halted.

‘What do you want, I say?’

‘Big Abel looked into the Reservoir, then down the wall, fifty feet or so, and made answer:

‘We’re here to look after our property!’

‘The woollen cap went away with great speed, and closing the door of the box, mounted a chair inside and looked through a window over the door.

‘Madmen no doubt, got away!’ he said.

‘He watched till he was quite weary in the leg: and nothing came of it: except that Lankey and Big Abel rambled the wall: then he unchained himself and went to bed, making up his mind as well as he could to have to drag the Reservoir in the morning.

‘Without reference to the woollen cap they got to the ground, and made for a little public house they knew of.’

Isn’t this uncommonly natural and pleasing description? Does it not establish ‘Mr. JONES’ position, that the writer ‘has a comic fancy almost unrivalled?’ Our author is a lawyer; ‘that,’ to use a thread-bare term of his own, ‘is clear;’ else how should we have been favored with the following sparkling gem of legal humor? Speaking of courts, judges and attorneys, BIG ABEL observes:

‘Isn’t it wonderful, now, there never was a lawyer to be found among all them hungry, starving, trotting, dancing fellows, to take up our cases—cases involving the Property and Buildings of all this

City; there was a chance for 'em, I should say, to make a figure in! Nobody for Plaintiff, in *Fogle* versus the *Corperations*; or, as I thought it ought to run, *Corperation* at the suit of *Abel Henry Hadson*. The Bar has been in fits ever since our case was first opened in the offices. That's clear; and they'll never wake up or come to, I'm afraid. We are to make a verdict for ourselves. Is that it?

'Lankey Fogle took his hand again. That was it.

'We are friends?'

'I hope so,' Lankey made answer. 'Big Abel—we are!'

One admires always the few words spoken *plainly* by a parrot. With a kindred feeling, it was our intention, had we not been anticipated, to quote with 'compensating commendation' a pretty though broken-up picture of kite-flying in the suburbs of the town. We desire too to thank Mr. MATHEWS for leaving his inventory long enough to *think*, one night, 'of turbulent rivers, swelled by the heavy fall of rain, and the roar of the angry Bay, stretching far out at sea.' These, with one or two vague, pieced passages of pathos, will perhaps escape the indifference or the condemnation of whoever shall find patience, as we have done, to possess himself of the entire contents of 'Big Abel and the Little Manhattan.' We have seen or heard the work described as possessing a 'deep under-current, not readily apparent to the general reader.' This may be true; the last branch of the proposition is at least undeniable. To us the book seems about as 'deep' as a thimble. It requires no thought from those who read it, for the simple reason that it made no such demand upon the author who wrote it. Indeed, regarded in no higher light than as a production of the author of 'Puffer Hopkins'—a work characterized by the 'North-American Review' as 'an elaborately bad imitation of DICKENS,' and its attempts at humor as 'inexpressibly dismal'—we cannot help giving it as our settled conviction, after a careful perusal, that 'Big Abel' is a dreadful failure; that, in short, 'to compare it with a bottle of small-beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid.'

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the October Quarter. pp. 271. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY: New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

A VERY excellent number of the best quarterly journal of literature that has ever appeared in this country. We always open to the fair broad pages of the 'North-American' with the certainty of being instructed, entertained or amused. We can scarcely recall a single issue of the work in which we have been disappointed in either of the qualities we have enumerated. The present number opens with a review of the Marquis de CUSTINE's 'Russia in 1839,' and BARROW's 'Life of PETER the Great.' It is an admirable paper, from the pen, as we have heard, of the eminent historian, PRESACOTT. It has been justly designated as a spirited and rapid biographical sketch of the wondrous Muscovite who dragged his immense empire, as it were by main force, the force of his own vigorous and gigantic will, from the depths of Asiatic barbarism, to place it almost side by side with the most enlightened nations of Europe. We make two extracts from this able paper, giving a 'picture in little' of the character and exploits of its subject:

"In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like painted balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the *facades* of the three extending more than a mile; in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world; from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets, lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals, which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac's Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

'This equestrian statue has been much admired; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapor from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of

a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism, which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death.

Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labor thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labor he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do every thing himself, and he did every thing. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties, — wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church, — models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand. — regulates the treasury of his empire and the account books of his shop-keepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater, if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labor of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the law-giver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder.

The article upon the 'Military Affairs of the Nation,' an elaborate tract upon our army and public defences, we have not yet gained leisure to read, nor have we found time to compass the perusal of the review of 'MILL'S System of Logic,' nor the paper upon 'BORDEN'S Survey and Map of Massachusetts;' but we have perused, and greatly enjoyed, the articles on Lord BROUGHAM'S 'Lives of Men of Letters,' 'HORACE WALPOLE'S Letters and Memoirs,' and 'The British Critics;' the last-named, a paper based upon JEFFREY'S articles in the Edinburgh Review, which have recently been collected. These articles are written with force and ability; and we shall doubtless have occasion hereafter to advert more particularly to their themes, and to illustrate their characteristics by some at least of the numerous passages which we pencilled as we read. Among the 'Critical Notices' is one of 'LYELL'S Travels in North America.' The reviewer, we perceive, adverts to the geological tendencies of the traveller, to which we took exception in a recent notice of his book. 'Mr. LYELL'S work,' says the critic, 'to borrow a term from his favorite science, may be likened to a pudding-stone, in which the geological plums are thickly set in a thin paste of travel. We may try perhaps to extract the kernel from some of the geological speculations. The peculiar reminiscences of Bunker Hill are all unnoticed, but an ambiguous allusion is made to some terribly hard scratches on the rocks.' 'We have taken care not to venture beyond our depth, lest we should be swept out to sea, with only a slippery geological hypothesis to cling to;' and so forth. Great credit, however, is very justly awarded to the author for the liberality of his views, and the frankness and candor with which he has recorded them.

THE ELEMENTS OF READING AND ORATORY. BY HENRY MANDEVILLE, Professor of Moral Science and Belles Lettres in Hamilton College. In one volume. Utica: NORTHWAY AND COMPANY.

A WORK of this kind, for the use of our schools and colleges, was much needed; and we are gratified to find that Professor MANDEVILLE has supplied this desideratum in a very able manner. The rules laid down by him in this valuable treatise strike us as judicious and useful, not only for the study of young men, who are desirous of acquiring the art of elocution, but those also who, having finished their education, and launched forth into the active scenes of life, are still deficient in so important an accomplishment. We commend this treatise of Professor MANDEVILLE to our academical and collegiate institutions, as a most valuable text-book, guide and instructor in reading and oratory.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE WAR SPIRIT, DUELLING, AND SO FORTH. — A correspondent, who is kind enough to speak in terms of commendation of the few observations upon war which we ventured to offer in a recent notice of Mr. SUMNER's excellent oration on '*The True Grandeur of Nations*,' among other corroborative remarks advances the following: 'We may safely calculate,' he writes, 'that the last great sweeping wars in which Europe was engaged by NAPOLEON, cost the human race three millions of victims. The narratives of these butcheries, spread over every page of history, are the reading of our schools, and public and private libraries; while the pages which record negotiation and legislative procedure, and the progress of the arts, and the extension of the boundaries of human knowledge, are hurried over, as dull and tiresome reading, the eye of the reader brightens, and his interest warms, the moment the story returns to the narrative of battles. Strange infatuation! Melancholy proof of a physical and animal education! Many painful reflections were raised in my mind, by witnessing the impressions of the people, where I happened to sojourn, at the time a fatal duel occurred. A young man of my particular acquaintance had been called out by a practised duellist, and had been severely wounded. After some weeks, which were required for his recovery, the young man repaired to the battle-ground again. His cool and practised antagonist shot him to the heart; and then ran and squared himself in Chesterfieldian attitudes before the expiring sufferer, embracing him, as he weltered in his blood, and begging his forgiveness for what had been done. When this fact was related, it was generally viewed by the community as a circumstance most honorable to the slayer, as evincing his possession, along with perfect intrepidity and coolness, of the most accomplished traits of gentlemanly manners. Such was the general impression, against which it was in vain to contend. To me, the latter act was more unforgivable, more diabolical, a thousand times more wanton and outrageous, than the shot. In the one case, there was excitement, danger, revenge. The other was cool, wanton, sarcastic outrage, the dissembling exultation of a fiend. I give the following record of a duel, at once as a powerful comment upon this horrible custom, and for the forcible and impressive manner in which it is related. It is only necessary to premise, that the duel is stated to have been occasioned by a dispute commenced jestingly, which of the two had the fairest claims to be considered the elected favorite of a country belle:

"CAPTAIN," said Mr. TREVOR, firmly, extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly toward him, with a furious scowl: 'I am told you are a dead shot, eh?'

"Well, Sir, and what of that?" inquired the Captain, haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well versed in shooting matters."

"Every one present started, and looked with surprise and displeasure."

"Why, what do you mean by all this?" inquired the Captain, with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh! merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms; do you think, my good Sir, that I will stand to be shot, without having a chance of returning the favor? I have to say, therefore, that

since this quarrel is of your own seeking, I shall insist on our fighting breast to breast, and muzzle to muzzle, across a table. Yes,' he continued, elevating his voice nearly to a shout, 'we will go down to hell together! That's *some* consolation.'

'Infamous! monstrous!' was echoed from all present. They said they would not hear of such a thing; they would not stand by to see such butchery. Eight or ten left the room abruptly, and did not return. The Captain made no reply to TREVOR's proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

'Now, Sir, who is the coward?' inquired TREVOR, sarcastically.

'A few moments will show,' replied the Captain, stepping forward with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; 'for I accede to your terms, ruffianly and murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family forever!' faltered the Captain, who saw of course that certain death was preparing for both. The preparations were soon made, and they consisted, by mutual agreement of the seconds, in loading the pistols with blank cartridges. As the principals were impatient, the pistols were placed in the hands of each in dead silence.

'Are you prepared, Mr. TREVOR?' inquired one of the Captain's friends. Being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached each other. Though I was almost blinded with agitation, and in common with those around me, anxious respecting the success of the scheme of loading the pistols with blank cartridges, my eyes were rivetted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanor. Though stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible; no swaggering, no affectation of a calmness they did not feel. The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp, but not a muscle trembled.

'Who is to give us the word?' asked the Captain, in a whisper, which, though low, was heard all over the room; 'for in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer.'

At that moment a noise was heard. It was the surgeon, who had arrived, and now entered breathless.

'Step out, and give the word at once,' said Mr. TREVOR, impatiently.

Both the Captain and Mr. TREVOR returned, and shook hands, with a melancholy smile, and then took their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped toward them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said in a tremulous tone, 'Raise your pistols!'—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breasts—'and when I have counted three, fire! One, two, three!'

'They fired; both recoiled several paces with the shock, and their friends rushed forward.

'Why, what is the meaning of this!' exclaimed both, in a breath. 'Who has dared to mock us in this way? There were no balls in the pistols!' exclaimed TREVOR, fiercely.

The seconds explained the well-intended artifice, and were cursed by both for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate his honor. TREVOR almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish, I thought, in the expression of his countenance. It is easily remedied,' said the Captain, as his eye caught several small-swords hanging in their view. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly. 'There can be no deception *here*, at any rate,' said he.

Each put themselves in posture. We fell back, horror-stricken at the relentless spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman. I only recollect seeing a rapid glancing of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments, when one of them fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of TREVOR had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven. The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan. His sword dropped from his grasp. He pressed his right hand to his breast, and with a quivering motion of the lips, as if struggling to speak, expired.

'Oh! my great God!' exclaimed TREVOR, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon him. 'What have I done? Can *all* this be real?' He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hands clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upward for several minutes. The unhappy survivor lingered an exile in a foreign land five years, and died of a broken heart.'

'What admirable characters,' adds our correspondent, 'these young men would have formed, had their noble stamina been developed under a right education, and trained to true views of moral greatness! As it was, it were difficult to tell whether such a quarrel,

for such a cause, and terminated in such a way, was the conduct of maniacs or fiends. To me it seems fairly divided between the two. It is gratifying to be enabled to believe that the war-spirit and the duelling spirit are on the decline, throughout the civilized world. The Duke of WELLINGTON himself is represented as having lately said, in reply to a toast which referred enthusiastically to the laurels he had gained, that 'he could not deny the possession of them; but while he did not underrate their value, it was his earnest prayer that the world would never again behold such a wreath; purchased with so much misery, so much anguish to the great family of man. In every leaf of the soldier's laurel were blood and tears. He had seen a great deal of the horrors of conquest, and it was his prayer that his country, at least, would for ever be spared a renewal of the misery.' In a word, he trusted that war had had its day.' And as to duelling, it is now abolished, by penalties of utter disgrace, from the British army and navy; while the social position of the officer who may decline 'making haste to shed blood' is protected against animadversion or evil-speaking, by positive enactment; and this example, I have no doubt, will at no distant day be followed throughout the United States.'

THE TRANSCENDENTAL OR 'ORPHIC' STYLE, THIRTY YEARS AGO. — Style is a word which can hardly be predicated of the multitude of writers. The throng of those whose lucubrations are perpetually passing in review before the public; who have 'trained themselves to do service in various books, essays, etc., no doubt *meaning* well and *hoping* well,' (yes, but we *hope*), are undistinguishable as to that quality. They are like a common face, seen in the street or elsewhere; it may be a well-whiskered countenance, tolerably free from any objection as to nose, or other architecture; but gone once, it is gone forever; we see nothing in it 'very peccoliar'; we are conscious of its impress no longer, nor in a different manner, than the mirror before which your common-place gentleman may chance to stand. Even quietness and correctness are devoid of character, unless there be a super-added charm, we know not what, for it is so subtle as to escape analysis. A style in writing may be so good that it is bad, or so bad that it is good; even as some virtues may run into a fault, and some countenances are so ugly that they are handsome. There is the style Pharisaical, which is too scrupulous in its cleanness; balanced, rotund, exact; like personal manners, fashioned on all occasions according to fixed and unyielding rules, and altogether forgetful of the fact that 'circumstances alter cases.' Here a bow beautifully performed, by reason of a previous study; there a graceful flourish of the arm, and many particular observances. Such etiquette is sometimes apt to make the possessor ridiculous. A style may be eminently bad as a model, yet considered with respect to its inventor, its author and his occasions, and because originality is identical with genius, in the one instance it becomes good. When the servile herd of imitators have taken it up, its delightful peculiarity assumes a harlequin aspect. Dr. JOHNSON wrote all his essays in the 'Rambler' with the like pomp which marked the opening of 'Rasselas.' The progress of his thoughts was like the tramp of a grand and mighty march. His cheeks might have been puffed up with the sounding and sesquipedalian words which his pen wrote. He moved always with dignity and a sort of triumph. This was becoming. The mode was good, as appertaining to the man. It was equally agreeable, whether he railed out with a dogmatic 'No, Sir!' in conversation, or whether he spoke in the ex-cathedra terms of a moral essay. He had a right to use big words. The Dictionary of the English language was *his*. We could but expect his step to be elephantine, for he was *great*. As he did not descend to trivial things, his speech was always in character. There was something beside words. He *thought* somewhat. It was admirable, the consistence of his thoughts, words and bodily aspect. He was known at the first glance, 'Prince-of-Abyssinia-JOHNSON, Dictionary JOHNSON, Rambler JOHNSON.' That he wrote with a strong and lusty nerve, all allow. Lord CHESTERFIELD could not deny it. His place among the British

classics is secure and established as the divine right of kings. But because he was able to stand up with such airs, shall a puny or dwarfish intellect arrogate, and make itself ridiculously pompous, piling up words on the back of a weak and impotent idea, but above all, imitating that which is abstractly bad in the original? The one secret of the success of it is because it was original. We make allowance for the very faults of a man, if they are his own. It is possible that they may render him more loved and illustrious, for they illustrate his true character amiably, and serve to set off his virtues in a clearer light. But would any ninny praise the intrinsic faults, for their own sake, and add them to his own, which Heaven knows are enough already to weigh him down with responsibility? Lord BYRON's genius was both good and bad, for he opened a new vein, which many poets after him have endeavored to work, with no success at all. He threw around poetry, which had hitherto for the most part come with music and flowers, and the gay dance, the pall of melancholy. The harp of Innisfail prevailed with its sadness. The culture of Babylonish willows increased. We might mention a great many bad things which are good, owing to their connexion. Could any thing be more outrageous than much of the lingo of CARLYLE, queer hybrid that it is; the germ of one kind, the luxuriant foliage of another. Yet it is a luxury, a delight. Its picturesque descriptions would any one forego?

This reminds us that we have encountered recently a specimen of CARLYLEISM, or rather Orphic transcendentalism, which is not an *imitation*, and which is curious, as showing the coincidences of mind. We have before us a 'Memoir read before the Historical Society of the State of New-York, in 1816,' on the subject of Dutch, Indian, and other names given to places in this country, which no doubt some of our readers will remember. The subject, as the writer himself acknowledges, 'furnishes little to please, and less perhaps to instruct;' yet he has made a good deal out of it. What struck us principally, was the style of certain passages, which reminded us forcibly of CARLYLE's imitators. The author had read much of the ancient classics, and follows certain of them in a sententious brevity, which makes his mode at some times hard and crabbed, at others, striking and graphic. We will instance a few passages:

'A FAMILY lived in Albany from the earliest time of the name, of WYNGAARD. The last in the male line, LUCAS WYNGAARD, died about sixty years ago, leaving estate. The invitation to his funeral very general. Those who attended, returned after the interment, as was the usage, to the house of the deceased at the close of the day; and a number never left it until the dawn of the next. In the course of the night, a pipe of wine stored in the cellar for some years before the occasion drank. Dozens of papers of tobacco consumed. Groases of pipes broken. Scarce a whole decanter or glass left. And to crown it, the pall-bearers made a bonfire of their scarves on the hearth. Mordoring on barbarism!—not to be denied. We are more temperate; wholly free from excess and riot. Admitted. The causes of this improvement in manners? One will be intimated. Let not the severe among us rail too severely at the young lady's tea-party, and the cotillion on the carpet to her piano. We are improved in manners. True. And so far to our credit. But is there more of order among us, each one knowing his place? More of deference to superiors; more respectful of station? More love of country and less profession of it? More of courage and less vaunt of it? More of the spirit of freemen, and so more disdaining unworthy submission to the will of another? More solicitude for estimation, and so more solicitude to merit it? More of truth, its modes, candor, sincerity, fidelity? Inquire of the Nestors who have lived both ages.'

The author has a great deal to say of our 'land of Manhattan, or as pronounced by the Dutch and spelt by the *whites* of New-England, (what was the color of the Dutch?) *Manhadooies*;' and as one of the 'arguments' against the lamentable ignorance concerning our ancient proper names, we cite the following:

'WHEN the *Maagde Padtje*, Maiden-Lane, was continued through to the river, and widened below Pearl-street for the slip called Countess' slip, in compliment (for some 'slip' of hers!) to the lady of the Governor, Lord BELLAMORE, a market was built there, known as the *Fly Market*, the 'Market in the Marsh,' corrupted to the Fly Market. Hence, when in the sharp contest heretofore between a New-Yorker and a Philadelphian, on the all-important question, in which of their cities the best fare? And the New-Yorker would boast of his fish, their variety, scores of kinds, their freshness, some even alive and gasping in the market. And the fact not to be denied; but to avoid the effect as triumph, the Philadelphian would only, but significantly, remind him, that however fresh his fish might be, the *fish* he ate during the summer months not quite free from taint. For that, from the swarms of the insect in the principal market, it was called emphatically the *Fly-Market*. The poor New-Yorker, ignorant of the Dutch language and of the etymologies from it, and hence knowing no better than that it was the true name of the market, left without a reply; left to experience what no one can know who has not experienced it, to be obliged in a disputation to give up the point.'

This, however, is not so fair a specimen of the 'Orphic' as the subjoined passages, the first of which explains itself, while the second has reference to a remark of JEFFERSON's, to the effect that no law was better than *too much*; that 'sheep were happier of themselves than under the care of wolves:'

'THE Indian—the man of the Wood. A wigwam of bark his habitation, and the skins of the beasts he tracks or entraps, furnishing his coat and his couch. His subsistence; in seasons, the return of the inhabitant of the pool from the torpor of winter, to furnish him moccasins; an annunciation to him of a respite from starving. His hospitality, the mere effect of all things in common; and the aged sachem, when unable to crawl and partake in the wigwam of another, left to starve in his own. His fighting cowardly. Rarely at the same moment exposing himself erect in posture and uncovered by a tree; and roasting a prisoner alive, festivity. Hence, whence urged to war. With him, blood for blood; and the tomahawk put into the hand of the widow, to avenge the blood of the slain husband. The notices on his mind of the duty of rendering to another his own, very faint, if any. Of an authorized means to enforce it, none.' . . . 'WILL it not be the least evil, on the whole, for the social flock to leave the sweet, tender grazings of the field, betake themselves to the dank wilderness, and then separate, each one to become solitary? More strenuously, no. For whether for no law, and so for less evil and more happiness, or for less or more anything else, whatever it may be I do not care, I utterly deny man has a right to turn heathen!'

Speaking of General SCHUYLER, in connection with WASHINGTON, our 'memoirist' says: 'I have placed thee, my friend, by the side of him who knew thee; thy intelligence to discern, thy zeal to promote, thy country's good; and, knowing thee, prized thee. Let this be thy eulogy. I add, and with truth, peculiarly thine. Content, it should be mine to have expressed it. Enough.' And so say we. Our readers the same. Most likely. We have done.

THE MYSTERY OF A NIGHT, OR 'THE BLACK VEIL.'—Familiar as we are with the author of the remarkable scene which we are about to introduce to the reader's notice, we never encountered 'that same' until to-day. We shall take the liberty to infer, therefore, that it will prove of as deep interest to others as it has to us. For the full understanding of the accompanying extract, it is necessary to premise, that on a cold winter evening, a young London surgeon was seated by his cheerful fire, listening to the wind beating the rain against the windows, and howling dismally down the chimney, when his musings were interrupted by a visit from a singularly tall female, muffled in a black shawl, as if for the purpose of concealment, and her face shrouded by a thick black veil. After a prolonged interview, the young surgeon gathers, that the next morning, precisely at nine, his services will be indispensable on behalf of a patient who will then, and not *till* then, be under the charge of his visitor. 'I may be mad, to ask your aid, Sir,' says the woman, weeping bitterly; 'but night after night, through the long, dreary hours of watching and weeping, the thought has ever been present to my mind; and although even *I* see the hopelessness of human assistance availing him, the bare thought of laying him in his grave without it, makes my blood run cold!' Just before the hour appointed, the surgeon was at the designated place, a desolate detached dwelling in one of the suburbs of the great city. As he knocked at the door, a low whisper, as of stealthy conversation in the passage, became audible. Presently, the door was opened by a tall ill-favored man, with black hair, and face pale and haggard as a dead man's. In answer to the surgeon's question, 'Am I in time?' the man replied, 'Too soon, Sir; but if you'll step in here, Sir, you won't be detained five minutes, I assure you.' The surgeon walks in, the door is closed upon him, and he is left alone. And now commences our scene:

'It was a little cold room, with no other furniture than two deal chairs, and a table of the same material. A handful of fire, unguarded by any fender, was burning in the grate, which brought out the damp, if it served no more comfortable purpose; for the unwholesome moisture was stealing down the walls in long slug-like tracks. The window, which was broken and patched in many places, looked into a small enclosed piece of ground almost covered with water. Not a sound was to be heard, either within the house or without. The young surgeon sat down by the fire-place to await the result of his first professional visit.

'He had not remained in this position many minutes, when the noise of some approaching vehicle struck his ear. It stopped; the street door was opened; a low talking succeeded, accompanied with

a shuffling noise of footsteps along the passage on the stairs, as if two or three men were carrying some heavy body to the room above. The creaking of the stairs a few seconds afterward, announced that the new-comers, having completed their task, whatever it was, were leaving the house. The door was again closed, and the former silence was restored.

Another five minutes elapsed, and the surgeon had just resolved to explore the house, in search of some one to whom he might make his errand known, when the room-door opened, and his last night's visitor, dressed in exactly the same manner, with the veil lowered as before, motioned him to advance. The singular height of her form, coupled with the circumstance of her not speaking, caused the idea to pass across the brain for an instant that it might be a man disguised in woman's attire. The hysteric sobe which issued from beneath the veil, and the convulsive attitude of grief of the whole figure, however, at once exposed the absurdity of the suspicion, and he hastily followed.

"The woman led the way up stairs to the front room, and paused at the door to let him enter first. It was scantily furnished with an old deal box, a few chairs, and a tent bedstead without hangings or cross-rails, which was covered with a patch-work counterpane. The dim light admitted through the curtain which he had noticed from the outside, rendered the objects in the room so indistinct, and communicated to all of them so uniform a hue, that he did not at first perceive the object on which his eye at once rested, when the woman rushed frantically past him, and flung herself upon her knees at the bed-side.

"Stretched upon the bed, closely enveloped in a linen wrapper, and covered with blankets, lay a human form, stiff and motionless. The head and face, which were those of a man, were uncovered, save by a bandage, which passed over the head and under the chin. The eyes were closed. The left arm lay heavily across the bed, and the woman held the passive hand. The surgeon gently pushed the woman aside, and took the hand in his:

"My God!" he exclaimed, letting it fall involuntarily; "the man is dead!"

"The woman started to her feet, and beat her hands together: 'Oh! don't say so, Sir!' she exclaimed, with a burst of passion, amounting almost to phrensy; 'oh! don't say so, Sir! I can't bear it; indeed I can't! Men have been brought to life before, when unskilful people have given them up for lost; and men have died who might have been restored, if proper means had been resorted to. Don't let him lie here, Sir, without one effort to save him! This very moment life may be passing away. Do try, Sir—do, for God's sake!' And while speaking, she hurriedly chafed, first the forehead and then the breast of the senseless form before her, and then wildly beat the cold hands, which when she ceased to hold them, fell heavily and listlessly back on the covert.

"It is of no use, my good woman," said the surgeon, soothingly, as he withdrew his hand from the man's breast. "Stay, undo that curtain."

"Why?" said the woman, starting up.

"Undo that curtain!" repeated the surgeon, in an agitated tone.

"I darkened the room on purpose," said the woman, throwing herself before him, as he rose to undraw it. "Oh! Sir, have pity on me! If it can be of no use, and he is really dead, do not, do not expose that corpse to other eyes than mine!"

"This man died no natural or easy death," said the surgeon. "I must see the body!" And with a motion so sudden, that the woman hardly knew that he had slipped from beside her, he tore open the curtain, admitted the full light of day, and returned to the bedside.

"There has been violence here!" he said, pointing toward the body, and gazing intently on the face, from which the black veil was now for the first time removed. In the excitement of a minute before, the female had dashed off the bonnet and veil, and now stood with her eyes fixed upon him. Her features were those of a woman of about fifty, who had once been handsome. Sorrow and weeping had left traces upon them, which not time itself would ever have produced, without their aid: her face was deadly pale, and there was a nervous contortion of the lip, and an unnatural fire in her eye, which showed too plainly that her bodily and mental powers had nearly sunk beneath an accumulation of misery.

"There has been violence here!" said the surgeon, preserving his searching glance.

"There has!" replied the woman.

"This man has been murdered."

"That I call God to witness he has!" said the woman, passionately; "pitilessly, inhumanly murdered!"

"By whom?" said the surgeon, seizing the woman by the arm.

"Look at the butcher's marks, and then ask me!" she replied.

"The surgeon turned his face toward the bed, and bent over the body, which lay full in the light of the window. The throat was swollen, and a blue, livid mark encircled it. The truth flashed suddenly upon him:

"This is one of the men who were hung this morning!" he exclaimed, turning away with a shudder.

"It is," replied the woman, with a cold, unmeaning stare.

"Who was he?" inquired the surgeon.

"My son," rejoined the woman; and fell senseless at his feet."

And her son it was. A companion, equally guilty with himself, had been acquitted for lack of evidence, while he had been left for death, and executed. The mother, a widow, without friends or money, had denied herself the necessities of life, to bestow them upon her orphan boy, who, unmindful of her prayers, and forgetful of the incessant anxiety of mind and voluntary starvation of body which she had endured for him, had plunged into a career of dissipation and crime, which had resulted in his own death by the hangman's hands, and his mother's shame and incurable insanity. It was our painful lot, on an occasion well known to our metropolitan readers, to witness the fervent anxiety with which the relative of a condemned criminal, when the concentric rings of the law were closing up to their victim, sought and relinquished hope after hope, that in some way his life might yet

be saved; and it is perhaps owing to this circumstance that the preceding narrative made so deep an impression upon our mind. And now let us ask, how many persons, familiar with 'Pickwick,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Chuzzlewit,' etc., are aware that 'The Black Veil' is by the same author, and was first published years before the earliest of those works were written?

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We welcome our friend 'G.' again, in his reminiscence of '*Knickerbocker Men and Things*.' We could not help thinking, while reading his enthusiastic description of the residence of our good old KNICKERBOCKER, of DICKENS' remarks touching *door-knockers*, in one of his earlier sketches: 'Whenever we visit a man for the first time, we contemplate the features of his knocker with great curiosity; for we well know that between the man and his knocker there will inevitably be a greater or less degree of resemblance and sympathy. We never saw a knocker with a jolly face smiling blandly at you, that did not invariably bespeak hospitality and another bottle. A pert little knocker, on the contrary, with a long thin face, a pinched-up nose, and sharp chin, will invariably be found on the doors of cold and formal people, who always ask you why you *do n't* come, and never say *do*.' By the way, speaking of KNICKERBOCKER residences, observe, by the following, what honor has been done to the name by an excellent American friend of ours in the Great Metropolis of England:

'KNICKERBOCKER COTTAGE, REGENTS'-PARK, }
London, September Fourteenth, 1845. }

'MY DEAR C —.

'THE above is the veritable designation of a nice little place on the Birmingham rail-way banks, just outside of Regents'-Park, the new abode of your humble servant. It is a 'bran-new' house; semi-detached; rather Elizabethan than otherwise in style; with a garden, etc., and was finished off to suit the present tenant; who, when called upon to christen it, as is the fashion with cottages and villas hereabout, could think of no better designation than that of the 'OLD KNICK.' and so the castellated door-way of our domicile bears your magic cognomen, in very old German text:

Knickerbocker Cottage.

'Sorely does this puzzle our neighbors and the passers-by, not one in ten thousand of whom can make out what it means, or ever heard the sound of it before; and funny enough are the translations and transmogrifications of it, on our letters and parcels. I shall keep a list of the new words which it has been the father of; such as '*Kickerbokker*,' '*Nicklebottom*,' etc. We find ourselves most pleasantly situated in this half-village neighborhood; and it is 'real fun' to see the puzzled starers at our front door, trying to spell out the cabalistic letters, and to be gazed at ourselves, apparently as objects of curiosity.

'When are you coming to make us a visit? You will like '*KNICKERBOCKER COTTAGE*,' let me tell you. It is in the pleasantest suburb of London, and my walk through Regents'-Park, these fine mornings, is 'rather nice.' Eight years, more or less, I have been a Londoner, in *some* shape; but to tell the truth, I never before *lived* any where here, or had a clear bright New-York sort of a house and neighborhood. As far as you can see from my windows, there is n't a house more than ten years old. This is a 'growing village,' this London: it is actually growing as rapidly as one of our western towns. It is perfectly marvellous to see the thousands of new buildings going up on every edge of the huge metropolis. Where the people all come from, is a mystery! England is not quite used up yet; there is a good deal of *old silver* in London!

'Ever yours, truly,

G. P. Putnam

'Time is money.' Whenever we can get '*time*' to spare, we intend to avail ourselves of the circumstance, the invitations of many friends, and a cherished wish from boyhood up, to visit the British capital. We know it to be a flourishing village, and 'very thickly settled

about the meeting-house ;' but we must go over and see it. Do n't noise it about, however, friend P——. Let us come privately. In the mean time, permit your children to play with the neighbor's children, just as they have been accustomed to do! . . . THE following bit of interesting antiquarian information we take from the letter of a lad of nine years, at school in one of the Black River towns, to his father in this city. He is certainly a manly little fellow, and writes far better than many 'children of a larger growth.' 'I made a visit to squire H——'s in this town last week. He is a farmer, and has a delightful situation. On or near his farm are the ruins of an old fort, or fortification of some kind. It has the appearance of having once been a very deep and broad trench, and the dirt thrown out rises some four or five feet above the level of the surface. This trench surrounds twenty acres or more. From under the roots of trees within it there have been dug quantities of earthen ware, hats of various sizes, and roasted corn; and within a few years the entire skeletons of men, of an enormous size. The bones of the leg, for instance, from the ankle to the knee, were six inches longer than the same bones in any race of men now living; and the chin-bone, when fitted on to the broadest-faced man, would stand out a half an inch on each side. The skull is also remarkable for size and thickness, being from half to three-fourths of an inch thick. The bones are existing, and may be seen at Mr. H——'s brothers, at Evans' Mills, and other places. The ruins must be two or three hundred years old; because there are trees growing on the mound of earth, that measure three or four feet in diameter. So much for this fort.' . . . THAT is a charming little scene drawn by GALT, of a father's interview (in one of those serious, tender moments which come sometimes to every father's heart) with a beloved child: 'My son,' he said, 'thou art a diligent and good lad. God has given thee a tender and dutiful heart; keep it so, and it will be a wise one, for thou hast the beginning of wisdom. I wish thee to pursue knowledge, because in pursuing it, happiness will be found by the way. If I have said any thing now which is above thy years, it will come to mind in after time; when I am gone, perhaps, but when thou mayest profit by it. God bless thee, my dear child!' He stretched out his right hand at these words, and laid it gently upon the boy's head. What he said was not forgotten; and throughout life the son never thought of that blessing, without feeling that it had taken effect. . . . IN looking the other day over our files of the London pictorials, and examining the engravings and descriptions of sundry royal repasts partaken by the QUEEN and Prince ALBERT, in their late continental trip, we recalled to mind a stanza which convinced us that 'times are not as they used to was' in England. Observe how economical they were some three hundred years ago:

'THE KING and QUEEN sat down to dine,
And many more beside;
And what they did n't eat that night,
Next morning it was fried.'

Now this was housewifely economy, and in a 'royal family,' deserving of all praise. Wonder if they had any 'codfish-balls' or 'bread-puddings'? . . . 'POLYGON,' a rare spirit, has sent us three or four charming poems for our pages, which await an early 'turn.' In the letter which encloses them, he tries his hand at a translation from the Spanish, which he has rendered with equal faithfulness and felicity. But, 'speaking of Sapphics,' is it possible that our friend has forgotten CANNING's delightful specimen in that kind, 'The Needy Knife-Grinder!' It commences thus:

'NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Keen blows the north-wind—your hat's got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches!'

The following 'Love-Breathings,' altered and enlarged from the Spanish of ESTEVAN DE VILLEGAS, are accompanied by the following explanatory remarks of our correspondent: 'The Sapphic stanza has always appeared to me the most delightful of all poetical measures. Of its original inventress we have only such fragments remaining as serve to deepen our regret for what has perished. Many among the Odes of HORACE are written in this kind of verse, which is certainly far more pleasing than even his own especial

favorite, called from him the Horatian stanza. In most modern languages it is very difficult to imitate successfully any of the Greek or Latin prosodial combinations. The Germans, it is true, have attempted them all; but, so far as regards harmony, with a 'most lame and impotent conclusion.' Their language, crowded with rough, immiscible consonants, is incapable of that flexible structure and melodious flow which captivate us so entirely in the effusions of the classic muse. In our tongue the case is not much mended; for while, on the one hand, our consonants are less wranglesome, and our syllables more smooth, our accents, on the other hand, are less decided, and the liberty of inversion still more miserably abridged. I have seen, however, some very pretty Sapphic verses in English; among others, some fine lines ascribed to an American revolutionary officer, and commencing:

'WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle?' etc., etc.

The other day I met with an excellent imitation of the Sapphic stanza, written in a language of all modern tongues the best adapted for it—the stately, sonorous Spanish. The following, with some changes and additions, is an attempt to transmute it into English:

FLOWER-sandalled rover of the verdant forest,
Sister and playmate of the changeful April,
Vital aroma from the lips of Venus,
Soft-breathing Zephyr!

Thou, who hast known my anxious, trembling fondness,
Thou, who hast heard the voice of my complainings,
Listen, soft breeze, and say to my beloved one,
Say, I am dying!

Ah! once my PHYLLIS knew my love's devotion;
Ah! once my PHYLLIS pitied my despondence;
Ah! she once loved me; now I fear, sweet Zephyr,
Fear now her anger.

Thou, then, O Zephyr! witness of my anguish,
Thou, who now hear'st the voice of my complainings,
Go, in low whispers say to my beloved one,
Say, I am dying!

So may the gods, with their paternal glances,
So may the skies, serenely smiling o'er thee,
Banish, sweet Zephyr! all the time thou rovest,
Snow from the vallies!

So, when the day dawns on the mountain summits,
May the cold cloud, gray-curdling o'er thee, never
Chill thy warm breath, nor with its piercing frost-fangs
Wound thy soft pinions!

DOUGLAS JERROLD is now said to be the *presiding* editor over 'PUNCH,' which has beside a numerous corps of equally clever writers. We select a sketch of one of the characters of a rare club, a prototype of which we have encountered, if we do not mistake, on more occasions than one: 'Mr. BRASSFEATURES is our comic genius. His imitation of a grind-stone in full work is a painful reality; and he is also perfectly at home in the hen-coop, and without a rival among cats or puppies. But his railway-train is perhaps his master-piece: so perfect is the illusion, that one can positively distinguish the first, second and third-class carriages as they pass his lips. Mr. BRASSFEATURES is moreover very familiar with some of the leading insects. His blue-bottle is a gem; and in his cockchafer he succeeds miraculously in the hum.' Under the head of '*Brightish Association*,' in a late number, is the following valuable contribution to academical statistics, furnished by 'Mr. BOYS:'

'THE author found that the average length of slate pencils was 3.297 inches, although at first five or six inches long; they were broken in nine and one-third cases out of ten, in one hour and fourteen minutes after they had been in possession of the scholar. He had caused registers to be kept of the length of slate pencil given to each boy per year; and from the results of this, and the inspection of their cyphering-books, in which their progress was distinctly marked by discoloration

of the leaves and dirty dog's-ears, he was enabled to form an approximate estimate of each boy's arithmetical powers; those who frequently had to 'do their sums over again' having consumed many feet more pencil than others, who had advanced as far in knowledge, (as shown by their books,) but who had been more correct in their calculations.'

PUNCH's legal maxims are continued, with no diminution of wit: 'The maxim that 'when two titles concur, the elder shall be preferred,' has given rise to some dispute, and a curious case was once put in the following terms: 'Suppose I have two sorts of wine, and the titles of both concur, both of them being called red wine, though one happens to be port, and the other elder.' It then becomes a question whether the elder is to be preferred, a question which all the best judges during the evening sittings have agreed to answer in the negative.' Here is another: 'It has been settled that though property in tail cannot come to a man till he is of full age, a coat in tail may come to a youth of fourteen; and it is not unusual to cut off the tail afterward.' The 'Advice to Servants' abounds in pungent satire. Take the following as a 'sample': 'Never go into any place where a cat is not kept. This useful domestic animal is the true servants' friend, accounting for the disappearance of tid-bits, lumps of butter, and other odd matters, as well as being the author of all mysterious breakages. What the safety-valve is to the steam engine, the cat is to the kitchen, preventing all explosions or blowings-up that might otherwise occur in the best regulated families.' PUNCH is something more than witty; he is sensible, often profound, even in his humor and sarcasm. Witness the annexed remarks upon what is termed 'honorable satisfaction':

'THANK Heaven! the opinion of the world is fast becoming a surer test of a man's honor than hair-triggers. At the moment we write, there lies another victim to the stupidity of 'gentlemanlike satisfaction.' Another duellist lies in 'his bloody shroud.' From the evidence of MRS. HAWKEY on the late inquest, we come at a strange code of honor recognised in the army. She states that the victim, Mr. SZRUM, followed her with dishonorable importunities; in the course of which he observed: 'Whatever your husband says to me, I shall not go out with him; it is impossible for a *cavalry man* to mix himself up with an *infantry man*.' Thus, an adulterer, a scoundrel of any dye, according to this precious code, is not to give what he himself considers gentlemanly satisfaction, if he, the villain, be a 'cavalry man.' He is to be saved from punishment by his horse. The argument is unworthy of the intelligence even of the quadruped.'

Truly was it said by SWIFT, that 'Honor, as it is usually understood, containeth but two precepts; the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.' Our readers will remember the man whose solemn reverie, while lingering among the monuments of Westminster Abbey, was interrupted with:

'SERVICE is done; it's tuppence now,
To them as wants to stop.'

PUNCH has an advertisement from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, stating that 'they have reduced the price of their very interesting exhibition, and confidently hope, that by making the price of admission moderate, they may experience an increase of public patronage, for it is only the number of visitors that can compensate them for their liberality.' Among the 'opinions of the press,' quoted in favor of the exhibition, is one from the 'London Amusement Guide': 'As a five minutes' pastime, we know of nothing better than an afternoon's scamper through Westminster Abbey!' . . . JOHN RANDOLPH, with all his talents, was a brute, when it pleased him to be, which was not unfrequently. A friend of ours mentioned the other day a circumstance quite in illustration of this estimate of his character. A lady of the first respectability in this city, at whose house Mr. RANDOLPH had been sojourning for some weeks, had a lovely little girl, of some six or seven years of age. RANDOLPH, being about to leave, presented the child with 'a present,' carefully done up in several folds of paper, directing her to show it to her mother. It proved to be a *face-tooth comb*! Indignant at such an insult, the lady, after many vain attempts at evasion on the part of RANDOLPH, succeeded in securing the pledge of his 'personal honor' that he intended no intimation of the necessity for such a present in the case of the child, but a bona-fide present. Few believed at the time, however, that he had not forfeited his character for truth to his love of a malignant jest. How unamiable, nay how ungentlemanlike,

was his reply to the young man who asked respectfully after his health one day in Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington. In reply to a repetition of the question, he said: 'Ah! you are the son of Mr. L——, book-seller in Baltimore? Well, Sir, do I owe your father any thing? Good morning, Sir!' Sitting one day opposite a gentleman at a hotel dinner-table in Richmond, he observed that he was eating one of the luxurious soft-crabs of that region, and that, as was the custom at the hotel, a glass of milk had been placed near his plate. Looking up from his own, he said, in a thin, piping voice: 'That's a singular dish of yours, Sir, *very* singular; *crabs-and-milk!* *crabs-and-milk!* JUBA! bring me a bowl of milk, and crumble some crabs in it!' Some one has well and truly said, 'that true greatness never struts on stilts or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part as other men. It is not afraid of being undervalued.' No well-bred person, no *gentleman*, will be insolent to his inferiors in station. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner toward them; a care of word and action, that shall lessen the difference between them, which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. . . . Mr. GEORGE B. WALLIS, who writes in the '*Broadway Journal*,' has a facile hand. His lines '*To a Spirit*,' in a late number, are original and striking. Take the first six stanzas, for example:

'FROM the far-off Spirit Land
Thou doest hail!
For thy thin and shadowy hand,
And that face so meek and bland,
And so pale,
And thy voice, so faint and lone,
And its melancholy tone,
Tell the tale!

'O'er those herbless plains and drear,
Do there glide,
'Mid that voiceless atmosphere,
The shadows of the dear
Who have died!
Cold, cheerless and alone,
Each to each unknown,
Side by side!

'Neath that sky so low and gray,
Like a cell;
Where the changeless twilight day
Never warms the mist away,
Do they dwell?
Those funereal crowds,
With the grave-damp on their shrouds?
Spirit, tell!

'Would a single shade obey,
Should I call?
Or, diverted from this clay
And its passions, do they stray
'Neath that pall,
Unhearing and unseeing,
With a blank and vacant being,
Lifeless all!

'Of the Past do they retain
Not a gleam?
Or doth a hope remain
They shall ever wake again
To that dream
Of Love, which o'er the wave
Of the Lethe of the grave
Casts its beam?

'I care not. Com'st thou here
To command
A mortal to appear
In that world of doubt and fear,
The Spirit Land?
Of a life of pain I tire,
Thou art here at my desire —
Give thy hand!

We do not much affect the writer's '*'neath's*,' nor such abbreviations generally, even in verse; but it is impossible not to admire the spirit and flow of his verse, the ease and grace of his rhythm. . . . PERHAPS we did n't laugh on first perusing the following, in the clear open hand-writing of a new eastern contributor! It is a very naughty story, though; it is indeed; and we cannot conscientiously advise the reader to proceed any farther: 'Until within a few years, the Indian name of *Quampiggin* was applied to the town of South B——, a village not without the borders of New-England, and whose chief trade consisted in the buying and shipping the cord-wood which was hauled from the neighboring town of L——. Individuals of the village had made their fortunes at the trade, and as they sold it at a slight advance from the prices per cord at which it was purchased, some surprise was expressed at the fact of the business being so lucrative. But the wood was surveyed in South B——, in whose town-affairs its own denizens, at whose head was our worthy traders, had rather more influence than the wood-cutters of L——; and it is not to be supposed that the surveyors chosen at their annual meetings forgot their patriotism so far as to attempt to increase the revenue of L—— at the expense of their own townsmen. It was

suspected that there was a perfect understanding between them and the purchasers that the 'tare' should be liberal, and a handsome discount made for 'shrinkage.' Their judgment in the matter, however, was defective; and the surveyors upon the wharfs of the seaport whither it was shipped, had they seen the returns of their South B — brethren, could have testified that their own survey showed the quantity thirty-three per cent. at least greater than that for which the purchasers had paid the yeomanry of L — . But to the point. In the course of time the patriarch of the South B — surveyors resigned his breath; and his mortal remains had been for some months quietly lying in a house whose comparative 'measure' was better than any he had ever accorded while living, when a letter in his hand-writing, or one so amazingly like it as to show 'imitation large,' was handed to his surviving friend and townsman, Squire J. — , one of the dealers in wood who had amassed a fortune at the business. As the name of the place is not to be mentioned to 'ears polite,' we will suppress the date of the epistle, and proceed at once to quote a portion of its contents: 'I am here, where I often told you, Squire, when we were together up there, that we should both go; and to tell the truth, I am much better pleased here than I thought I should be. In fact, it is a place where you are well treated if you have the faculty and disposition to be useful, and to keep along straight. There are some habits, however, you had better leave off before you get here. When I first arrived, it did n't take me long to find out which one the OLD FELLOW was; I knew him by the way they 'stood round' when he came along. Pretty soon he spied me: 'Ah!' said he, you're from South B — , as they call it, ain't you?' There was no use in trying to deceive him, so I told him I was. 'What was your business up there?' says he. 'I was a wood-surveyor, Sir.' 'Well, take your rule, and stand by this fire; you'll have some business soon.' I stood there, as he directed; and, sure enough, pretty soon there came along a load of brimstone, and the driver, seeing my profession, requested me to measure it. I clapped my rule on the load, and told him there was five feet and a half of it. The driver remonstrated, and swore considerable; but that did n't disturb me much; they always used to do that, you know; but the noise brought the OLD ONE along. So I put my stick on the load again; and of course, as I supposed my master was the purchaser, I did n't make any more of it than at first. 'There is but five feet and a half,' said I, 'and scant that.' The DEVIL took the rule out of my hand, and stepped round the load, and pretty soon turned round and looked me right square in the face for about half a minute before he spoke. Presently, says he: 'There is a straight cord of it; and look here,' says he, 'the longest day you live here, do n't let me see another of your d — d Quampiggin tricks!' . . . ONE of the most interesting volumes we have lately encountered, is the '*Narrative of the Mier Expedition*,' by Gen. THOMAS J. GREEN, recently issued in a superb typographical dress, and with numerous engravings on steel, by the BROTHERS HARPER. The style of the work is unaffected and pleasing, and the incidents are of the most stirring character. The account of the escape of the Texan prisoners from the Castle of Perote would do honor to Baron TRENCK himself. The prisoners were too cunning by half for their captors. Some of them, we are told, before an escape had perhaps been seriously thought of, would bribe the castle-blacksmith to make them leaden instead of iron rivets, which when blackened with charcoal had much the appearance of iron, while they could easily be taken out, or re-headed. Frequently, when the officers entered the cells, they would find the prisoners without chains, when suddenly every fellow would jump to his 'jewelry,' and clamp it on with magic celerity, putting on at the same time a very demure, inoffensive countenance. The labor necessary to affect an escape from the great fortress would have made any other than a Texan despair. Success, however, crowned their exertions, but we trembled for 'our fat friend,' sticking in the hole in the wall! He was quite too big, it seems, for the aperture. . . . 'MR. JONES,' in alluding to JOHN WATERS, in the article upon '*American Humor*,' upon which we animadverted in our last number, speaks of our admired correspondent as a 'retired wine-merchant.' This is an error. JOHN WATERS never sold any wine, we are quite certain; yet probably no man in Gotham has given away within the

last thirty years more of that which God hath sent to 'make glad the heart of man,' and hath 'blessed in the cup,' than JOHN WATERS; wines as delicate and rich as his fertile fancy, and transparent and pure as his own matchless style. . . . We were not aware, until now, that 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH' was a poet as well as prose-writer; but the following establishes the fact conclusively:

'SONNICK

'SPEKTED BY PRINCE HALBERT ORATIONUSLY KILLING THE STAGOR AT SACKS-GORUG-GOTRY.

'Some forty Ed of sleek and hantlered dear
In Cobug (where such hanimmies abound)
Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,
By HALBERT, Usband of the British Crownd.
BATTANNIA'S QUEEN let fall the purly tear;
Seeing them butchered in their silvn prians;
Ispecially, when the keepers, standing round,
Came up and cut their pretty hinsocoot whians.

'Suppose, instead of this pore Garming sport
This SAXN wenison which he shoots and bagges,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court
And make a massyker of ENGLISH STAGGS.
Pore Staggs of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,
What avoc he *would* make and what a trimenjus battu!'

A more disgusting sight than this butchery has seldom been witnessed. It is said that the QUEEN wept at the painful spectacle.' . . . We have just had the pleasure to hear the eminent TEMPLETON in some of his favorite songs; and can bear testimony to the force and effectiveness of his style and execution. His voice is a brilliant tenor, of great compass and flexibility; and in songs requiring preëminent life and spirit, he is without any rival at present among us. He gave a hunting-song with such marked effect that we seemed transported to the very scene of the chase:

'With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark forward! hark forward! tantivy!'

we followed, in fancy, horses and hounds, well assured, for the time being, that 'a stag must die,' 'and no mistake.' 'JOHN ANDERSON my JOE' was sung with feeling and simplicity. We await another opportunity of hearing Mr. TEMPLETON, before attempting to do full justice to his capable organ and cultivated style. One word here in relation to *encores*. We look upon them in general as injudicious. At the first glance, they seem a pleasing testimony to the power of both author and singer; and singers are only too ready, usually to yield to the temptation; but if we look deeper into the matter, we see that a song, be it ever so good, is never so effective on its repetition. The public are in this respect like a child who cries for *another* cake, and when it gets it cannot enjoy it. . . . A Mississippi journal, published in the neighborhood whence our unique letter was despatched to the 'Tuth-Dokter in Boston,' says that great curiosity is excited in that region to know who was the writer. We 'could n't say;' but we repeat, the letter is a genuine production, and is now in our possession. It has been extensively copied; and its style has reminded a correspondent of an advertisement which was posted in a bar-room in the county where the writer resided, and was forwarded a few weeks since to our correspondent, with other curiosities from the far west. 'I send you a copy,' he writes, 'though that can hardly do justice to the beauties of the original:

'May 22th.

Straid from the Discriber in pleasant township wain countey one dark ba pasing mair ar legs ar a most blacke up to ar nees she rather a small size ar left fore foot is turned in ta wards the other any one will take ar up and lett me know and i will pay them June 24th.

John pool.'

The editor of the 'Southern Miscellany,' published at Madison, Georgia, has seen the following manuscript of a letter received by a friend from his correspondent in Greene county.

It seems difficult which to consider the greatest curiosity, the letter or the fowl of which it speaks. Since OLLAFON's 'Pupic Vandew,' we have seen nothing richer, in the way of orthography:

'georgia green county March the 8th 1845 Mr., — sir I now use my pens to discribe A curriosity that has bin discovered not long ago which is a dunghill fowl haveling fore wings fore legs and but one eye which is placed Exactly in its mouth it has the resemblence of two fowls Standing Side & Side all to the necks, which thir is but one We would consider this grate curriosity which nature has formed worthy of publishing.

'It is now in the county of cass fore miles from New Echota and may be seen at any time at the house of mr., Reuban, H., jones.'

THE 'True Love Tale' of our Cleveland (Ohio) correspondent is a little too sweet; and what is more, it has in its conclusion an irresistible anti-climax, which could provoke nothing but a smile, and that not a flattering one. It forcibly reminds us of the history of a love affair, recorded in Mr. WATKINS TOTTLE's reminiscences. A dapper clerk falls desperately in love with a young damsel, whom he had accidentally met, and — But let him tell his own story: 'After walking up and down the street in front of the house in tight boots for a week, in the hope of meeting her, I sat down and wrote a letter, begging her to manage to see me clandestinely, for I wanted to hear her decision from her own mouth. I said I had discovered, to my perfect satisfaction, that I could not live without her, and that if she did n't have me, I had made up my mind to take Prussic acid, or take to drinking, or emigrate, so as to take myself off in some way or other. I borrowed a pound, and bribed the housemaid to give her the note, which she did. In her reply, FANNY expressed herself very miserable; hinted at the possibility of an early grave; said that nothing should induce her to swerve from the duty she owed her parents; and implored me to forget her, and find out somebody more deserving, and all that sort of thing. She said she could on no account think of meeting me unknown to her pa and ma; and entreated me, as she should be in a particular part of Kensington Gardens at eleven o'clock next morning, not to attempt to meet her there. But I went, of course; and there she was, with the identical housemaid in perspective, in order that there might be no interruption. We walked about for a couple of hours; made ourselves delightfully miserable; and were regularly engaged. Then we began to 'correspond'; that is to say, we used to exchange about four letters a day; what we used to say in 'em I can't imagine. And I used to have an interview in the kitchen, or in the cellar, or some such place every evening. Things went on in this way for some time, and we got fonder of each other every day. At last, as our love was raised to such a pitch, and as my salary had been raised too, shortly before, we determined on a secret marriage. FANNY arranged to sleep at a friend's the previous night; we were to be married early in the morning, and then we were to return to her home and be pathetic. She was to fall at the old gentleman's feet, and bathe his boots with her tears; and I was to hug the old lady, and call her 'mother,' and use my pocket-handkerchief as much as possible. Married we were, the next morning; two girls, friends of FANNY's, acting as bride's-maids, and a man, who was hired for five shillings and a pint of porter, officiating as father.' The newly-made wife returned home, and the bridegroom spent the day in wandering about an extensive common in the vicinity of town, and damning his father-in-law. Touching what ensued, it behooves us not to speak, lest the consequences of evil example be perpetuated by some of the ten thousand young and beautiful damsels whose papas and mamas peruse the KNICKERBOCKER monthly, and who would be wroth to find in our pages any thing which should seem to encourage disobedience to parents. Let it suffice to add, that the unhappy bridegroom passed his wedding-night boarded up alone in the 'old gentleman's kitchen fire-place.' . . . We have omitted inadvertently to notice a very superior engraving of 'Sir Walter Scott in his Study at Abbotsford,' not long since issued by the enterprising proprietors of the 'Anglo American.' It represents the great novelist seated in his library at Abbotsford, reclining in the chair in which he sat while inditing so many of his immortal creations. His dog 'MAIDA' is at his feet, and he is surrounded on all sides by those

antiquarian and artistic accessories, which have rendered Abbotsford so famous. The engraving is a large quarto, from the burin of DICK, and the execution is in the highest style of the art. . . . 'Tom' must try again. He has '*freedom of versification*' quite enough now. A little *less* '*freedom*' and more care would improve his poetical performances not a little. This, for example, 'won't do' at all:

'SOPHIE, by GEORGE! this thing won't do!
Don't you see how I'm wasting away;
For nothing else in the world but you,
Getting thinner and thinner every day?

'If I am wild, I have still a good heart;
Even the tongue of Scandal can't carp at me:
I don't know a man but would fight on my part,
And there is n't a dog in the country would bark at me.'

We know a dog, with 'a good ear,' that would bark at you, Signor 'Tom,' if you were to read such *crambo* as the foregoing in his hearing. He barked an hour and a half at the following affecting account 'concerning of the Kennedy packet, took place on the canal,' at Logansport, Indiana, not long since:

'As she was coming up the line,
I am sorry for to state
She was stove up against a tree,
And in too she there did break.

'This boat was broke and smashed in to,
One end it stood aloof;
Some of the passengers clung to her,
One of them tumbled off.

'The steersman, he and three men more,
Also the chambermaid,
Were lodged upon a sickamore log,
And there implored some aid.

'Mr. BROWN, proprietor of Brown's hotel,
In the city of Lafayette,
He was on board at the same time
The packet boat did break.'

WE shall, in our next number, take the liberty to express a few of the many thoughts which occurred to us while visiting the recent *Fair of the American Institute*; advert to certain of the objects of exhibition; and pay proper respect to the admirable address of Professor JAMES J. MAPES, setting forth, in terms equally plain and forcible, what the Institute has done, and the benefits which the public have derived from it. We can only find present space cordially to commend the 'Address' in question to our readers in every section of the Union. . . . A LADY-friend of ours, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, mentioned to us the other morning an expression which she had just heard, which surely would have delighted Tom Hood. Speaking of a friend recently returned from the 'Flowery Land,' and of his acquisitions while in that country, inquiry was made whether the 'outside barbarian' had learned to converse in the language of the Celestials. 'Not much,' was the reply of the gentleman, himself a foreigner; 'he speaks very *broken China*!' Is n't it capital? . . . WE have some where read a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man may *know himself*.' Does our complaining critical correspondent at P — see any *possible* application in the foregoing? We suppose not. His article awaits his order at the publication office. . . . WE may find space for the article entitled '*Legal Eccalebions*;' indeed, we should do so at once, but that the theme seems a little overwrought. Are we at liberty to curtail the paper? It is in such admirable penmanship, that we reluct at 'taking liberties' with it without permission. Frequent 'new batches of attorneys and counsellors' are an evil, no doubt. 'Are these all lawyers?' said PETER the Great, one day, when visiting the courts of Westminster, London; 'what can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of *them* as soon as soon as I get back!' He might as well have hung them both, adds one of his reviewers; a country without law has very little need of lawyers. . . . A WELL-lighted parlor is often a desideratum in some even of the better houses of the metropolis. The effect, the enjoyment not unfrequently, of parties and reunions is sadly marred by defect or

insufficiency in this important particular. Nothing imparts so much cheerfulness, and is so cheap a means of happiness, as *Light*. It brightens the smiles of beauty, illustrates drapery and furniture, and without enough of it, no costly outlay, or excess in household 'surroundings,' can at all avail. How often has loveliness, as one by one the lamps of the ball-room have waned away, been tempted to exclaim:

'O envious lamps! your wonted light restore!
Give me but light, and Beauty asks no more.'

DOCTOR URE, in his 'Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures,' a work of the highest authority, recently reprinted by the Messrs. APPLETON, has an article on the 'Cost of Illumination,' which he says is 'a subject of the highest interest, both to men of science and men of the world; leading the former to contemplate many of the most beautiful phenomena of physics and chemistry, while they provide the latter with the artificial illumination so indispensable to the business and pleasures of modern society. The great cost of light from wax, spermaceti, and even stearic candles, as also the nuisance of the light from tallow ones, have led to the invention of an endless variety of lamps, of which the best hitherto is undoubtedly the *Mechanical, or Carcel Lamp*, so generally used by the opulent families of Paris. The Mechanical Lamp is remarkable for continuing to burn, not only with unabated, but increasing splendor, for seven or eight hours; the vivacity of the combustion increasing evidently with the increased temperature and fluency of the oil, which, by its ceaseless circulation through the ignited wick, gets eventually pretty warm. In the comparative experiments made upon different lights by the Parisian philosophers, the mechanical lamp is commonly taken as the standard.' After a long use of these lamps, we can confidently endorse the justice of this high praise. Doctor URE's testimony is also confirmed by the distinguished savan, M. LE BRUN, in the 'Manuel du Ferblantier,' in which all the varieties of lamps are described: 'Voici les plus belles lamps,' he says, 'mais aussi les plus chères: toute fois l'élévation du prix se trouve compensée, puis qu'elles brûlent l'huile d'une manière bien plus productive que tout les autres appareils d'éclairage, et que l'intensité de la lumière est plus constante; Cette lampe est reconnue la plus belle de toutes.' Dr. URE has made a calculation of the cost of burning these lamps, which agrees with those made and published by Professor WESTER of Harvard University, viz: one cent and a half per hour; he has also given a table showing the 'mean light' (a very mean light it is, oftentimes,) given by the varieties of lamps now in use, showing the French 'Mechanical' as burning at *one hundred*, the maximum of light during seven hours, and the Argand as burning at a mean of but *thirty-one*. The cost of burning a solar lamp, of equal diameter in the burner, by Professor WESTER's experiments, is two cents per hour, and the intensity of light is stated by him as one-third less than the mechanical lamp; so that the saving in the burning of a mechanical lamp for two years will pay for the difference in the first cost between this and other lamps; to say nothing of the superior elegance of the French lamp, its superiority of light, and its entire freedom from all smoke and smell. The Carcel lamps were first introduced into this country by AUGUSTUS DIACON, Esq., of No. 20 John-street, who has had many prejudices to overcome. They were new; there was clock-work connected with them; and although clock-work was well enough in clocks, it was a new thing when employed in pumping up oil to supply a wick; and then, 'they were so liable,' it was said, 'to get out of order.' Mr. DIACON, however, found the many families who had visited Paris, and compared the splendor of French drawing-rooms with our own, quite willing to use here what was deemed so indispensable abroad. Gradually the 'Carrels' have made their way into all our principal hotels, and the best residences of our citizens. Wherever they have been tried, they have superseded all other methods of illumination; and they are found to burn with care for two and three years without cleaning, which when required, can be done at the dépôt in John-street, at a small expense, when they are again warranted for one year. As this is a period when preparations are making for the cheerful social pleasures of winter, we have thought to do our metropolitan readers good service in commending to their parlors a luxury, for the absence of which nothing could

alone. . . . We came across the following old scrap the other day. It was laid away in the head of a friend, who has good store of similar things in that capital 'curiosity-shop' of his, which he covers every day with a 'shocking bad hat':

'THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take:
The first of these, for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best,
The third and last, to lull him into rest.
Then home to bed; but if a fourth he pours,
It is the cup of sorrow, and not ours.'

By the way, this extract may lay us open to more 'liberties' and more 'advice' from our 'pledged' friend at New-Haven. Dear Sir, we 'appreciate' your 'kind intentions;' and our 'pleasing inculcations' *shall* be such as any other temperate man would desire to have them. We did not intend they should ever be otherwise. But there is sometimes as much harm done by canting as by de-canting; and there is such a thing as intemperate temperance. One of the most profane persons we ever heard curse his MAKER, was not very many months ago a temperance-lecturer in this city. People, as HOOD once said, ought to take pledges against indulging in ardent passions and fermented feelings as much as against spirituous liquors; not to mention the strong things that come out of people's mouths, and are quite as deleterious as any thing that goes into them; such as lying, slandering, and foul language, which are dealt in by folks who would n't look at a glass of champagne, or taste a sip of hot whiskey-toddy.' Temperate always ourselves, we would always inculcate that virtue; but let not temperance be fostered at the expense of other virtues, equally paramount. 'Be temperate in *all* things,' is the injunction of Holy Writ. Speaking of temperance, by the by, calls to mind this little circumstance, mentioned to us the other night by a pleasant friend. A man, residing in a New-England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in November to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived, he was told that his relative was a little better, but that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying, in a faint voice, 'Who is that?' He was informed that it was his relative, who had been sent for. 'Oh! ah!' said he; yes—oh, yes! He must be a-cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a toddy, *hot* toddy.' 'I guess he an't crazy,' said his visitor to the friends standing around; he talks *very rational!*' . . . THERE is a hymn in one of the New-England puritan 'collections' commencing, 'Purge me with hyssop, make me clean;' which was given out one Sunday morning. The precentor set the hymn to a wrong tune; a fact which he did not discover, until he had twice or thrice endeavored to 'execute' the first sentence, 'Purge me with hyssop,' etc. At length, out of all patience, an old maid, who led the treble, whined out: '*Had n't you better take some other yarb, Mr. B——?*' We laughed at this; but then it was *told* so well, by matchless M——. . . . THE following is a characteristic and authentic anecdote of the late General JACKSON. When the French minister was about closing his despatches to his government, pending the settlement of the indemnity debt, he waited upon the President of the United States. 'Have you,' said he, 'any little word to send to my King?' 'Yes,' replied General JACKSON; 'tell the King, your master, that by the ETERNAL! he must pay his debt to the United States, or fight!' The money, it will be remembered, was paid 'somewhat right off.' . . . '*The Silent Funeral*' has many merits, and one great defect. It is dreadfully *elongated*. The gathering of the friends and neighbors, the looking upon the dead, and the winding procession to the last resting-place of the departed, are evidently faithful transcripts from nature. But the episodic 'reveries' are less felicitous. TENNYSON, in four brief stanzas, has expressed more than our correspondent in four of his letter-sheet pages:

'His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing expressed
But long disquiet merged in rest.

'His lips are very mild and meek:
Though one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

'He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

'High up the vapors fold and swim:
Above him broods the twilight dim:
The place he knew forgetteth him.'

WE do a good service to the public in indicating the new *locale* of *Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland's School for Young Ladies*, now removed to Number 255 Greene-street, one door above Waverley-Place. This school we know to be one of the very best in the city. It claims to afford, and *does* afford, a substitute for *private instruction*, and offers what as nearly resembles that mode of education as is attainable beyond the precincts of home. The studies pursued include every branch of a finished education; and no larger number of scholars are admitted than can constantly receive the personal attention and instruction of the principals. The terms for board and tuition are reasonable, and the situation could not be more pleasant and healthful. We renew, with added confidence, our cordial commendation of this excellent establishment. . . . An Indian was executed, not very many months since, at Batavia, in this state. He was a singular genius, with all the indomitable indifference peculiar to his race. While under sentence of death, he amused himself with drawing rude sketches on the walls of his cell, with a piece of charcoal, representing himself undergoing execution. 'Here,' said he to the sheriff, one day, 'look here;' pointing to a sketch with three figures: 'See; man with sword—guess you; man with rope on his neck—too much choke; guess may-be me; see, lazy man, with book; guess, may-be minister;' and therewith he smiled grimly. He kept up this spirit to the very last. He said one day, 'No use to be feller without you hell of a feller;' and when standing on the gallows, he replied to the clergyman, who rebuked his indifference and stolidity with the remark, that he feared he 'would go to hell,' 'No, guess not;' (an Indian's expression of doubt, always;) and with these words scarcely out of his mouth, he was 'launched into eternity.' . . . 'MEN,' says a profound thinker, 'seldom think deeply on subjects on which they have no choice of opinion. They are fearful of encountering obstacles to their faith, and so are content with the surface.' We wonder what the writer of this undeniable truth would have thought of the following, which we clip from a religious journal in this city. It occurs in a remonstrance against troubling one's head to know whether NICHOL's nebular hypothesis, Prof. BUSH's views of the resurrection, or the great and good SWEDENBORG's spiritual reasonings, are true or false. It deprecates 'understanding, according to science' in these matters, as fit only for 'fools':

'A MAN of intelligence, but of a very skeptical turn of mind, had had many conversations with this clergyman, and was always stumbling at the doctrine of the Resurrection, as a vexation and plague to his reason. He stumbled at that stumbling-block, being disobedient. His clerical friend did not succeed in reducing his skepticism; the swelling proceeded not so much from particular difficulties as incredulities in the mystery before him, as from the king's evil in the heart, a proud, self-relying dependence, not upon God, but upon his own reason. At length, for a long time they were separated. The clergyman did not meet his skeptical friend, I think, for years. Meanwhile the grace of God came into his heart, and he was converted, and became as a little child. All his skepticism departed, and now he listened only to God. The first time he met his former friend after this great change, the clergyman said to him, 'Well, my dear Sir, and what do you think now of the doctrine of the Resurrection?' 'Oh, Sir,' said the former skeptic, 'two words from PAUL conquered me.' 'Thou fool!' Do you see this Bible, (taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, fastened with a silver clasp,) and will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?' The clergyman read, deep engraven on the silver clasp, 'Thou Fool!' 'There,' said his friend, 'are the words that conquered me; it was no argument, no reasoning, no satisfying my objections, but GOD convincing me that I was a fool; and, thenceforward I determined I would have my Bible clasped with those words, 'Thou Fool!'

This gentleman certainly had a right to have his 'name and quality' engraved on the clasp of his Book of Books; but to glory in it, to boast of it, as something especially acceptable in the sight of God, strikes us as rather presumptuous perhaps, than otherwise. . . . It was stated recently in the 'Tribune' daily journal that POWERS the Sculptor had arrived in a late English steamer. We have not seen the report confirmed. We remember regretting, on reading the announcement, that the great artist had not got here in time to see the progress sculpture was making in this country, as evinced by the 'Bust of General George Washington, in Soap,' lately exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute! . . . MESSRS. ANTHONY EDWARDS AND COMPANY have rendered their 'National Miniature Gallery' a place of general resort, and one well worthy the attention of citizens and strangers. Steadily, but unpretendingly, they have labored to improve the Daguerrian art; and undeniable evidence of their skill is afforded in the fact, that they

have taken for their gallery more than *five hundred likenesses* of our most distinguished countrymen. Visitors, from whatever section of the United States, can hardly fail to recognize in the collection the face of some one whom they know; and they can find abundant evidence of the accuracy of others, of whom they have only heard, without seeing the individual. The name 'Daguerreotype' includes a wide field, and an incredible gradation of excellence or worthlessness in style. The 'National Miniature Gallery' is at 247 Broadway; and our friends will thank us for directing them there; whether they go to see the collection, which they can do without charge, or to have their own likenesses taken. MESSRS. ANTHONY EDWARDS AND COMPANY are at the head of their profession and are constantly aiming to elevate it to a position worthy of itself. . . . A RELATIVE of our friend and correspondent, the late JOHN SANDERSON, mentioned to us the other night a characteristic anecdote of him, which we shall take the liberty of recording. A superb dinner had been served at the 'Franklin House,' Philadelphia; and after it had been discussed, SANDERSON was deputed to express to the cook the great gratification of the guests. Monsieur PELLETIER was sent for, therefore; and as he entered the apartment, cap in hand, 'the orator' arose, and addressed him in French: 'SIRE! I have been requested by the gentlemen composing this company, in the first place to present you this bottle of wine; and in the second place, to express to you their commendation of the manner in which you have served this repast, a repast worthy in every respect to be placed by the side of the 'Feast for the Gods.' In my youth it was said, 'God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks;' in the present case, my friends desire me to say, *the Devil has the best of it.*' Mons. PELLETIER retired, blandly bowing, blushing. . . . WALKING out, *omnes solus*, on the distant banks of the Hudson, this murky 'Fall' afternoon, thoughts 'mournful yet pleasant to the soul' have subdued within us all ambitious aspirations, all remembrance of the carking cares and petty strifes which animate or beset us in this vain life:

'In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale-yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining.'

Before we addressed ourselves to our brief 'wandering,' the blue watery streaks, like rays of darkness, diverging downward from the lurid sun, had taught us to anticipate cloud and storm; both came, and both were grateful. Revolving many memories, in this 'sweet Sabbath of the Year,' how perfectly in unison seemed the spirit with nature! If we thought of the Departed, of friends who had gone before us into the vale of Death, it was with no feeling of despairing regret; no emotion of remediless sorrow. But of these memories, 'like glimpses in dreams of the spirit-land,' we may speak hereafter. . . . THE noble picture by MURILLO, a 'Holy Family,' of full life size, which we have described at large in a former number of this Magazine, has recently been returned from London to the friend at whose residence we had the pleasure to see it, and where its absence has been sadly lamented during the last twelve-month. It was sent to England for complete restoration by a celebrated operator in that kind, and it has come back altogether the most magical work of art that our eyes have ever rested upon. The face of the Mother, whose features overflow with maternal affection, whose sweet blue eye has that 'palpable light of the soul' which the Germans call the 'interior look;' is now truly divine, and beams with youth and loveliness; nor, it seems to us, could any art of painting depict a countenance and visible bodily *motion* more radiant with joy and life, than that of the infant DERRY. The composition of Saint JOSEPH is simple and natural; the accessories are few and truthful; the draperies large, flowing, and broadly touched; in short, as we have already said, the tone of the whole picture is so life-like, that for the moment we cease to believe it to be an illusion of lights and shadows reflected upon canvass. We are not surprised to learn that ten thousand dollars could have been obtained for this noble painting in England; no more indeed than we are at the assurance that our friend who has the happiness to possess it, and who is a true lover and most competent judge of art, could not be prevailed upon to part with it at any price. . . . THAT was a bright answer, was n't it, that a lad made

recently at a Sunday-school on Long-Island, in reply to the question how many Gods there were in the Trinity? 'Three,' said he. 'Name them,' said the instructor. 'The God of ABRAHAM, the God of ISAAC, and the God of JACOB!' answered the lad, with ready emulation. A somewhat similar circumstance is mentioned in 'Margaret,' a volume elsewhere noticed: 'How many persons are there in the Godhead?' said the teacher. 'There are four persons in the Godhead,' replied a little boy, with great confidence. 'Taint right,' said several little boys at once. 'T is right,' answered the lad, at the same time counting on his fingers: 'Marn said 't was just like her and daddy and me, that made three in one family, and now grandad has come to live with us, it makes four!' . . . MR. ALMSWORTH's playful '*Apropos des Bottes*,' in preceding pages, involves a significant lesson. A 'gentleman' is such from his heart. A coat from the artistical hands of JOYCE, the prince of drapers, might give grace to his outer man; so might a well-fitting glove or boot; but the enviable title must proceed from that which 'passeth show,' how necessary soever the accessories we have named, in the eyes of 'the general.' . . . MR. TEMPLETON gave us a characteristic anecdote the other night of a simple peasant-girl in the Lowlands, who said of her brother, that 'she could na see just what it was made him gang so often and stay so late to see only lassie; for her part, she had rather hae the company o' *ane* lad than *twenty* lassies!' . . . OUR old friend MURDOCK has made a succession of 'hits' at the Park-Theatre, in the highest dramatic creations. He seems to have fairly divided the admiration of the town with the great pianist, DE MEYER. He is applauded by the metropolitan press, as an accomplished and effective artist. We rejoice at his success; for he is 'native and to the manor born,' and is in his own person an exemplification of the fact, that even in America, 'Some things can be done as well as others.' . . . WE affect Cambridge University very much. We delight in the poetry, the wit, the eloquence, which from time to time have emanated thence. But we are bound in candor to add, that we like *not* the 'first-offerings' of the newly-hatched graduates of the Harvard Divinity School, who sometimes stray hither to displace eminent orators from their desks, that they may wag their unpractised 'pou's' in metropolitan pulpits. Voices disciplined to mere 'audible lowness;' college coolness, misdeemed self-possession; and the 'circular pronunciation,' which brings square, oblong, peaked, and even flat words out of the passive lips as if they all came through a ring within; these will not atone for pie-bald dissertations, the principal merit of which is, that they do not obtrude any thing original upon an audience. 'But these young men,' says an objector, 'must preach before audiences at some time or other, and must have a *first* time of doing it.' Very well; so be it. Let them preach then to audiences of *each other*, on their own ground, and graciously spare us benighted Gothamites. Perhaps however this is n't feasible. 'Guess may-be' also 't 'would n't give general satisfaction.' . . . THE next number of this Magazine closes our twenty-sixth volume. The *Twenty-Seventh Volume of the Knickerbocker* will commence with the January Number. It will be printed upon *entirely new and beautiful type*, in all its departments; and its literary attractions, we have the pleasure of assuring our readers, will be found to surpass any previous volume of the work. Grateful for the long-continued and increasing favor of the public, we shall spare no pains to manifest our appreciation of a partiality which is at once our stimulus and our reward. . . . 'FITZ-SCRAWLER' has our thanks. More than seventy winters had the correspondent seen, who sent us the communication referred to; and he '*knew* the author well! He was a shoe-maker—he was!' . . . WE have received many excellent communications within the past month, in prose and verse, and many private letters in relation to some of them, which at 'this present writing' remain unanswered. And here let us say, that we find no leisure for correspondence between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth of every month. Our avocations during this interval are so pressing, that we have no time to answer letters; nor can we generally find leisure, during the period indicated, to decide upon articles submitted for examination. We shall notice articles received, filed for insertion, or under consideration, in our next; as well as four or five new publications, received at a late hour.

LITERARY RECORD.—Our notes upon new publications, in this department, are necessarily brief; but we aim in them to convey, as far as may be, our impressions of the works to which we allude. We have recently received from the Messrs. APPLETON, in a very handsome volume, illustrated with twelve fine engravings, after designs by FLAXMAN, CARR's DANTE, containing the Life of the great poet, a chronological view of his age, and his 'Vision' of 'Hell,' 'Purgatory,' and 'Paradise;' with additional notes, and an index. The copy is from the last corrected London edition, and is embellished with a very superior engraving of the 'Lost Portrait' of DANTE, found in July, 1840, in the ancient chapel of the Podesta at Florence. Our readers will remember the account of its discovery and recovery, given in these pages at the time, by our esteemed correspondent and friend, Hon. RICHARD HENRY WILDE, of Georgia. It is a noble, a most intellectual face; but our friend, and correspondent, Mr. T. W. PARSONS, whose translation of the first ten cantos of the 'Inferno' has been so widely and warmly commended, could scarcely have said of *this* portrait, as of the one which fronts the title-page of his own volume,

'See from this counterfeit of him
Whom ARNO shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song:'

for the countenance is tranquil, and the features are in calm and sweet repose. It is indeed a study of intellectual grace and beauty. From the publishers of this volume we derive also as numbers three and four of their 'Literary Miscellany,' a new translation of MANZONI's 'I Promessi Sposi,' The Betrothed. The translator has performed his task with fidelity; this being, in fact, the first un-mutilated edition in English which has ever appeared. The beautiful miniature edition of HANNAH MORE's 'Practical Piety,' from the same press, is worthy of especial praise. Its pages set forth the influence of the religion of the heart on the conduct of the life; not the less forcibly and attractively, as has been well remarked, that the writer's tone of generous sympathy is in strong contrast with the dictatorial and denunciatory language of too many modern writers on religious subjects. . . . AMONG the recent publications of the BROTHERS HARPER, is the 'Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara,' by the celebrated 'Wandering Jew,' the Rev. JOSEPH WOLFF. It presents a graphic transcript of Asiatic characteristics, and supplies much that is novel and curious concerning nations and tribes of which little is known in this quarter of the world. The volume is elegantly printed, and illustrated by numerous fac-similes of oriental drawings. From the same house we have, verbatim from the original edition, the 'Sermons' of Dr. BLAIR, together with FINLAYSON's 'Life and Character of the Author.' Dr. BLAIR's Sermons are too well known to need a word of indorsement at our hands. Their grandeur and dignity excite emotions of ardent devotion and profound humility. The heart, the affections are engaged, and the attention secured by the charms of a style at once easy, perspicuous, simple, elegant and pure. MORSE's 'Cerographic Maps,' the first number of which has just been issued by the HARPERS, in an 'elephant quarto,' will prove a great acquisition, and one which will be widely availed of by the public. They are admirably executed in colors, with great clearness of delineation; and the cerographic process by which this is effected renders them exceedingly cheap, when their great value is taken into consideration. . . . MESSRS. PAINE AND BURGESS have laid before us the volume containing the 'Conversations with POWERS, the Sculptor,' from which we quoted so liberally in our last number. We need add nothing to the praise which those admirable passages conveyed of the work in question. Mr. LESTER's 'ALPHEI,' also just issued, is a work of kindred merit and attraction, of which we shall have more to say here, after. Both these publications are excellently printed, upon fine, firm, white paper. . . . THE last issue of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM's 'Library of Choice Reading' contains BASIL MONTAGUE's selections from TAYLOR, BARROW, SOUTH, FULLER, BACON, and other good old English worthies. The same publishers announce a 'Foreign Library,' the first issues of which are announced as 'now ready;' namely, the 'Autobiography of BENVENUTO CELLINI,' ROSCOE's edition, and 'The Rhine,' by VICTOR HUGO, both productions of acknowledged interest. . . . Mr. EDWARD WALKER has sent forth a volume in the 'annual' form, entitled 'The Wreath of Wild Flowers,' from the 'Literary Miscellanies' of JOHN MILTON STEARNS.' Prose and verse alternate in its pages, but whether good or bad, 'this deponent' cannot at present affirm; a matter less to be regretted, on the part of the author, because he defies 'the whole tribe of critics,' 'crusty, narrow-souled fellows, who live longer on the discovery of a defective sentence in the composition of an author, than a raven would on the carcass of an elephant.' Bravo! JOHN MILTON! But *de* ravens affect the flesh of elephants? *N'importe*: Mr. STEARNS is a worthy, industrious citizen; and although he may not have inherited all the genius of his great namesake, he is as honest a man, and we heartily wish

him a good market for his 'Flowers.' . . . NORMAN'S 'New-Orleans and Environs,' recently published, is a convenient and valuable compend of useful information. It contains a brief historical sketch of the territory and state of Louisiana, and the city of New-Orleans, from the earliest period to the present time; presenting a complete guide to all subjects of general interest in the southern metropolis; with a correct and improved plan of the city, pictorial illustrations of public buildings, etc. The execution of the work, pictorial and typographical, is unexceptionable. . . . *'Norms from Over Sea'* is the title of a work in two volumes, from the new publishing house of Messrs. GATES AND STEDMAN, in this city. It consists in observations made in a European tour, embracing travels in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, etc. The 'observations' were addressed in a series of letters to a brother, by Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. The style is unpretending, which is a merit; we cannot, however, regard its revelations of 'matters and things' in Europe as possessing any noticeable novelty, or as adding any important feature to the somewhat hackneyed 'literature of foreign travel.' . . . We have read, and with no small degree of pleasure, a spirited novel called 'The Pirate's Daughter,' by the author of 'The Conspirator,' a tale of BLANNERHASSETT'S Island, a work which elicited warm commendations from the public press, and secured a wide circle of readers. Almost the entire edition of the interesting tale before us, we regret to hear, was sadly injured in the recent great fire in this city. Should the work appear, as possibly a small edition of it may, we commend it to the notice of our readers. Messrs. ELY AND ROBINSON are, or were to have been, the publishers. . . . THE Address of Hon. D. D. BARNARD before the literary societies of the New-York University deserves a more extended notice than our limits will permit. It is a well-reasoned and well-written plea for social and popular repose; a fervent and occasionally eloquent enforcement of the necessity of taking a stand against agitation, experiment, and inconsiderate and unnecessary change, in matters of high concernment to society. . . . THE 'History of the United States,' by MARCUS WILSON, strikes us as a very valuable work for schools and individual readers. It is well and clearly arranged, with marginal dates and references, which carry along a minute chronology with the history. The questions are arranged in the margin, opposite the corresponding text, and numerous maps, charts, and geographical notes are introduced. Mr. CALES BARTLETT, Pearl-street, is the publisher. . . . THE late JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA'S collegiate poem, delivered in Connecticut, just before his death, has been published under the supervision of his son. It contains much graceful verse, and bespeaks the warm heart and gentle affections of its lamented author. . . . Messrs. SAXTON AND MILES, Broadway, have published, for the author, TUPPER'S 'Proverbial Philosophy,' a rare and admirable work, and the only authorized edition yet issued in this country. . . . THE publishers of the 'Evening Mirror' have issued in a handsome 'extra' all the late gossip letters from England of Mr. WILLIS. Those who subscribe to the 'Weekly Mirror' will receive gratis these 'extra' letters, and thus be enabled to bind them up with his entertaining correspondence from the continent, now publishing in that journal. . . . THE 'Boston Musical Review,' edited by G. W. PECK, Esq., and published semi-monthly, by Mr. L. H. BRIDGEMAN, bids fair to attain a wide circulation. It is edited with ability and industry, and numbers among its collaborators many capable correspondents. The work has our best wishes for its complete success.

MNEMOTECHNIC SYSTEM OF ACQUIRING LANGUAGES.—We learn that our encyclopedian friend, Professor GOURAUD, is busily occupied with the preparation of a series of lectures, eleven in number, upon the application of his Mnemotechnic System to the learning of languages, but more especially to the French, the Spanish, and the Italian, for which he intends opening simultaneously three different classes. He promises to furnish 'a universal grammatical rail-way, running directly into the heart of the mysteries of all the tongues,' with dépôts in all the capital cities of the world. Had our friend LISTEN seen these lectures before he wrote his letters to the Tribune, he would have set forth, instead of 'money and French' as the two great requisites for European travel, 'money and GOURAUD'S polyglot lectures.' We have reason to believe that our popular friend has hit the right mark, and that he will again number his pupils by thousands; for while there are few who are disposed to treasure up in their memories statistical problems by the million, there are thousands who will consider it well to know that either the French, the Spanish, or the Italian, may be acquired in *eleven lessons*, 'with correct pronunciation;' and to such a result we understand the Professor is to pledge himself with the members of his classes. Who can deny that we live in an age of wonders! The lectures are to be delivered in November or December; and as the price of subscription will be payable after the course is over, there can be no question, at any rate, of the Professor's entire confidence in the practicability of his plans.

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LESSONS OF THE PAST.

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BY S. M. PARTRIDGE.

OF all inventions, that of letters is certainly the most wonderful and important. What an era for man, when the idea first arose that human thought might be made visible and everlasting; that knowledge, wisdom and goodness could be permanently and eternally recorded; like a light, illuminating all Time! Then was the monster Saturn first vanquished, never again to devour his own children. Ages would no more crumble into oblivion, burying kingdoms and races beneath their ruins. No; a living voice would arise from their tombs, which posterity might listen to, venerate, and perhaps imitate. What blended feelings of astonishment and curiosity have been excited by those immense ruins that are to be found in different parts of the world! What would we not give to know the origin, progress and decline of those long-established and wealthy empires, which had ascended and descended the scale of civilization anterior to authentic history! Of what incalculable value the experience and practice of those continued ages; what treasures of wisdom, what efforts of humanity lie buried beneath their darkness? Strange that human works should outlast the memory of the nation who supplied the workmen; that monuments should remain erect, and nearly perfect, when of those who constructed them, we can but write '*Unknown*!' How little positive information have we of the people who sculptured Ellora; of those who brought to perfection the giant architecture of Egypt; and it is only in the grave that we can catch a glance of ancient Etruria. Their tombs show how anxiously they desired to be remembered; and the speculations and researches that have filled volumes, proclaim how warmly this wish has been responded to.

Discoveries are daily revealing that our history is but a fragment, compared with that of mankind. Whole districts of South America are covered with highly ornamented ruins, where we supposed the savage had always roamed: even New-Holland, that '*last and imperfect creation*,' as it has been called, discloses to our astonished eyes im-

mense caves, the walls of which are covered with paintings of men and animals. Poetry and tradition, in every country, from China to the North American Indian, has pointed back to and signalized a purer and better state of society ; when their forefathers were just, wise and temperate. Much of this undoubtedly is fable, but still part would seem like truth ; the general argument as to the fact ; the virtues that it takes to found, support, and perpetuate mighty empires ; the traces of connection and general likeness between them, would indicate belief in a continued peace and affectionate intercourse. There is also considerable evidence that the earlier men had a knowledge of, and belief in one God, and that they fell away into dreams, visions, and deifications ; until the knowledge of His supremacy and unity was nearly smothered and lost beneath a numerous polytheism. It would also seem that most nations have at some period worshipped a triune deity ; which idea might have originated, in the separate powers of heaven, earth and man ; which powers were exalted, honored, and at last venerated, as sentient and divine ; either as incarnations of their great Creator, or as gods of an inferior order.

Names and forms often last, when the causes that have given rise to them are forgotten, or but dimly remembered. We see it is not buildings that reach the skies, nor excess of gold which could pave the earth, that encircles with glory, rescues from oblivion, and entitles a nation to the gratitude and love of posterity. No ; it is by its written wisdom and experience, by the manifestation of its God-given and immortal minds. When we consider how a just and true thought, expressed in one age, becomes a nucleus for the great minds of after time to gather round, it would bring to our remembrance the miraculous seven loaves and twelve small fishes, with which a multitude were fed and refreshed. Had the Greeks and Romans been incapable of committing their knowledge and achievements to paper, the irruption of northern hordes might have extinguished civilization, and again plunged the world into ignorance and barbarism. We are accustomed to call part of the middle ages dark ; to consider them as a dead, inert period, when intellect slumbered, rights were obscured, and duties almost obliterated. But at that very time, were not the causes silently gaining strength and steadily advancing onward, that have produced the present ? Was not the condition of Europe gradually forming itself, ready to receive, appreciate, and make the various and rapid improvements and inventions of the few last centuries ? Policy, learning and religion were dimmed, weakened and obscured ; but their circle was widened and secured.

The numerous and savage tribes that rushed like an inundation of blood over Christendom, slaughtering and enslaving her feeble and corrupt inhabitants, by degrees became softened and sensible to the comforts, arts and interests of peace. When this knowledge was generally diffused and established, then followed the modern inventions of war necessary for their protection and preservation. Even the Russians and Scandinavians have learned by experience that their soil is not ungrateful ; that their rivers yield immense riches, and their forests resound with the ringing axe, preparing timber for a profitable commerce. In-

dustry blossoms, and peace smiles in those regions which were once considered so stern, frozen, and inhospitable. At the time when the North was precipitated upon, and nearly crushed Southern Europe, she wore the show-mask and luxuries of civilization ; but the body that filled this pageant was corruption, extortion and slavery. If they had not been attacked from without, they must either have turned on themselves or have sunk down into an inglorious and natural death ; for there was neither private virtue nor public spirit sufficient to give coherence, stability, or vitality to any government. The Cæsars were more powerful to oppress than to protect, and generally their inclinations coincided with their power. The best of men, when they use the senses of others are liable to error and imposition : this is particularly true of bad ones, when they suppose the obliquity of vision favors their own wishes and interests ; especially, if at any convenient time they can offer as a propitiatory sacrifice the life of the deceiver, and at the same time inherit his accumulated treasure. These are useful despotic sponges, that wipe clean both the people and the despot. In the time of Augustus, with the exception of Italy, Spain, Gaul, and that ever-memorable country between Mount Hemus and the Mediterranean, Europe seemed but one impassable and gloomy forest ; inhabited by ignorant and barbarous savages, clothed in skins, who made war their occupation and delight, drank the blood of captives, and considered human beings as the most acceptable sacrifice to their gods. Can we wonder that it took ages to humanize, enlighten and instruct such accessions of brute force ; or that their movement should for a time have displaced and subverted the regular march of social progression ?

War, and the hope of plunder, are the only motives that arouse and intermingle savages ; they scorn industry, and are ignorant of commerce ; they covet riches and luxuries ; and disdain, or are incapable of practising, the means necessary to obtain them : were it not for this passion, and avarice, they would lie in their dark forests, and impervious morasses, slothful and supine, unmoved by any feeling but that of hunger. I do not know that memory can point to any civilized nation that has emerged from barbarism, which was not previously impelled from home, and propelled abroad, by this lust of gain and spirit of conquest. They of course always attack a rich, luxurious people, who live in a fertile, well-cultivated country ; if repulsed, they return with tales of wealth and wonder, which excite the cupidity and astonishment of their companions ; and by persuasion perhaps induce other tribes to enlist in a second undertaking, more powerful and better conducted than the first ; for defeat teaches wariness and stratagem. If they meet with partial success, and a tribute or donative be given, it serves but as a stimulant to greater gains and farther encroachments ; for by success savage power is kindled into boundless ambition. If their courage and number enable them to conquer, possess and settle, however barbarous, cruel or avaricious, they never exterminate the native inhabitants ; but reserve them to practice those arts which minister to their pleasure, as agricultural cultivators, laborers, and household slaves. Slavery marks one remove from the lowest barbarism, which butchers all captives ; as it proves

individual possession of property ; a degree, however low, of tillage ; and provisions sufficient for a comfortable or necessary subsistence.

Thus we see that savages, before they overpower a civilized people, usually abate somewhat of their primitive ferocity, and insensibly contract an admiration and desire for the fruits of industry and ingenuity ; which once obtained and enjoyed, become requisite, and in time indispensable, to their happiness. To secure these, they study the arts of peace, and as the natives are better acquainted with these softer offices, they are naturally promoted in the social scale, as courtiers and ministers, and fiscal agents ; the military honors, and command are retained by the valiant and vigorous intruders. When this division of power takes place, the government begins to assume a civilized form ; an amalgamation, and something like an equality of interests ensues between the conquerors and the conquered. The new-comers, instead of sympathizing and assisting their brethren, in case of fresh invasion, use every effort to preserve inviolate their newly-acquired territory ; the natives plan the means and modes of defence, which the valor of the stranger executes ; this produces a closer relationship, a nearer community of interest, until at last the barbarians become soft, luxurious, corrupt ; and in their turn fall an easy prey to fresh strength and courage. Thus, though civilization was diluted, its space was enlarged and effectually secured ; for by slow degrees the numerical strength of the north was enlisted in its favor and defence.

In the tenth century, permission was granted to the German peasantry to build walls around their hamlets, to secure themselves and property from the incursions of the Hungarians ; and from out of these apparently rude and simple combinations grew a power that influenced the future ; a strength and freedom which greatly helped to overthrow feudalism ; that established commerce, manufactures, and liberal government ; admitted the rights of industry, and acknowledged its represented power as a component part of the state. In the course of time they grew and increased, until two hundred rich commercial free cities raised aloft their heads in stately and magnificent grandeur ; these walled hives denied entrance, and bid defiance to the tyranny of the nobles ; and in transit protected their merchandise and effects from the titled robber, by convoys of armed citizens. These were the first communities that repudiated slavery, made work honorable, taught man the true value of labor, and proved it to be more profitable than slaughter. Then commenced the struggle between War and Work, scarcely yet decided, which gave a new impulse and direction to the whole social system. We must not forget that during this disturbed and agitated period, the east was advancing the general cause ; if learning and science had declined in Europe, they were diligently cultivated, and splendidly rewarded under the Arabian Caliphates. It seems probable that the Chinese communicated the use of the magnet and knowledge of gunpowder to the Arabians ; and that rumor or observation conveyed this beneficial discovery and important invention to Europe. Chemistry, which has improved every practical art and science, owes its infancy to them ; medicine, mathematics, and astronomy are greatly indebted to their industry and research ; our numerals were either preserved or

originated by the Arabs ; it was in their translations that some of the classics were preserved that otherwise had perished ; we also copied from them the music and melody of rhyme.

When the migration of nations darkened Europe, the sun of science irradiated the East. Spain probably was never so learned, prosperous and splendid as under the Omniades ; during the reign of Fatemetes, Egypt and Africa made the last successful effort to renew their former glories ; Syria and Persia were well cultivated, highly civilized, enriched by commerce, adorned by learning, and eminent for science, under the government of the Albesides. We must likewise remember that Ireland at this time was the asylum of a free religion, the home of learning and hospitality ; that her sages and saints were the luminaries of Europe ; the instructors of youth, the enlightened, fearless, and pious missionaries, who converted and christianized the Germans, Trisons, and other northern nations ; their earliest saints, and teachers of the gospel were generous, noble, educated Irishmen. Ireland was then indeed, as compared with Europe, 'the gem that shone in the Ethiop's ear,' the sole light in the midst of darkness ; a light which was soon after quenched by internal discord and the invasion of the Danes ; and which since has been forbidden to relume itself by a succession of the most odious statues and basest misgovernment on record. The period of Saracenic glory was also more splendid than enduring ; for human freedom, however wild or untamed its spirit, soon shrinks into intrigue, slavery and despotism, beneath the custom of polygamy.

Home is the birth place of freedom : it is at the domestic hearth those virtues are nursed and infused, which form the citizen and patriot ; it is at this holy gathering-place of the affections, that man learns, and respects his own true worth, and feels the real value of enlightened and stable institutions, which he resolves, with God's help, to defend, extend and perpetuate. Polygamy has held down the East, and shattered her kingdoms into pieces : the law of primogeniture, or right of succession, can neither be ascertained nor observed amid the cabals, the clashing interests, and numerous inmates of a harem. Every new reign is liable to revolt and revolution. Servility, cruelty, and despotism are the inevitable results of a system which offers its highest reward to the most absolute tyrant ; its minor ones to his most unscrupulous slaves. The Caliphs, reposing on such discordant and crumbling materials, sank into decorated inanities ; while all real power was won and administered by the warlike Turks or military Mamelukes. The Crusades, like the subsequent English war of the roses, helped to break the power and drain the purses of the nobility. Many of high birth, to outfit themselves and their followers, mortgaged estates which were never redeemed. Climate, famine, the valor of the invaded, and other vicissitudes of war, laid low numbers of lofty name and lineage ; princely and lordly houses mourned for fathers, and wept for heirs whose bones bleached beneath the sun, and mouldered into the dust of Palestine. They who returned were generally needy and impoverished ; broken in health, crushed in spirit, enfeebled by age ; unable to resist usurping kinsmen or successful ambition, which are alike impervious to ecclesiastical ordinances or natural affection.

These seven wars relieved Europe from a load of unmanageable and martial fanaticism, and also from myriads of vicious idlers, who imagined it easier to plunder in the East than work in the West. Doubtless religious feeling was the motive that caused numbers to join this singular movement of popular enthusiasm and sacerdotal policy. In those days of violence many devout but ignorant knights might have sincerely believed that the most convincing and cogent argument to enforce unanimity of faith was the sword's point, and have thought with Ghengis Khan, that as good works best atone for past sins, they would slay a few thousand of God's enemies, the impious infidels, as an acceptable propitiation. If we except a few heroic enthusiasts, who were really pious, humane, and in earnest, perhaps since creation the sun never shone on a greater assemblage of unprincipled and reckless vagabonds than those who first set out ostensibly to rescue the holy sepulchre, but in reality to pillage the wealth, to win cities, crowns, and kingdoms in the East. They chose indeed fit leaders, a goat and a goose. But in God's providence, man's folly, which works present mischief, often produces a distant though unforeseen good. Stirring times always call forth and employ the mental and physical strength of a people. Nature then vindicates her preëminence. To do and to think, are the essentials of action; and he who, when difficulties occur, can do the most, and think best how to obviate them, so as to advance the general cause, naturally ascends above his fellows. They who occupy a lower level, endeavor to imitate, according to their various means and gifts, those who have been so well rewarded. Ambition and energy are both surprisingly stimulated and quickened. Every aspiring individual imagines the possibility of success, and that the eyes of an admiring nation may be fixed on his wisdom or deeds of prowess. The object of this awakened enthusiasm depends on public opinion. If this be vicious or perverted, of course its direction will be the same.

The work which the crusades afforded to Italian and other cities, helped to build up that class who have been the bone and sinew of modern liberty. The church of Rome, with her inexorable purpose, her imperious demands, her concentrated yet widely diffused energy, her unity of power and myriad-handed executive, was perhaps well suited to the times that she aspired to govern. In a turbulent age, without arms, means or legal authority, save by that of a doubtful title, she erected and sustained her power upon public belief: this belief she might gather, shape, use, command, direct, and extend, but could not create. She was its organ and representative; and it yielded voluntary obedience to its visible and chosen head. If private interpretation under a hundred different forms had introduced God's word to the heathen, might not the apparent contradictions have appeared irreconcilable, and as such have been rejected?—for to the illiterate, all apparent contradiction is regarded as real. The senses and natural feelings which stir in all men alike, are the only avenues to savage minds. Reasoning apart from proved facts is the peculiar privilege of educated man. A capability of discerning and separating the true from the false by this mode of investigation, and an unshaken strength of mind, that un-

der all circumstances relies on its convictions so formed, are necessary to an enlightened faith. Assent produced by the example, persuasion, and testimony of others, induces blind and frequently implicit belief; and this is the only hold that any church or any religion can ever gain over ignorance; it is a yoke that natural feelings clasp, and one which nothing but superior intelligence in the people to those who imposed it can ever unfasten; for who can suppose that a body of men will ever be found so sincere and humble as to come before their inferiors, acknowledge errors of judgment, and voluntarily relinquish power; particularly that flattering species which is exercised over the minds of their fellow creatures? Power founded on error, let the fault rest with whom it may, must from necessity, at a future time, employ fraud and force to sustain itself: this is one of the laws of events, which after wisdom can scarcely avert.

Whenever points of faith had been submitted to the consideration of the northerners, human suffering was the inevitable consequence. They were certainly better fitted for the adoption of a belief, than for the discussion, inquiry, and settlement of theological differences, which could only have ended in bloody conflicts, such as the Donatists and Vandals enacted in Africa: instead of silent acquiescence, exterminating warfare, ending in utter darkness, must have raged throughout Europe. No doubt in time general intelligence advanced beyond many of the usages and practices of the Catholic church; but that christendom owes to her a debt of immeasurable gratitude, can scarcely be denied. When missionary labors involved patient suffering, stern self-denial, strenuous, constant, active effort, and this laborious and crucified life frequently ended in a death of torture, then did her priests, with steady step and unquailing courage, strong alone in the strength that God gives, enter the vast and unknown wildernesses, where all shapes of dark pagan mythologic horrors were supposed to exist. And was it for personal aggrandizement they thus sought the savage in his lair? No; for at that time the church had not claimed temporal dominion: their object was to elevate man on earth, and win him for heaven hereafter. When we look at the immense extent of country civilized and semi-civilized by those who held the Catholic faith, we must acknowledge that they sometimes did good work; the countless millions that through her endeavors were rescued from impious rites, and who, from senseless cruel heathens were transformed into human beings, with spiritual wants and hopes, well entitle her to the respect of posterity.

We have proof in our day how hard it is to print religion and civilization on the impassive Indian; and when we consider at that early period the inferior state of christianity with regard to knowledge, science, and the arts, I do not know that we Protestants have much reason to congratulate ourselves upon our religious and ethical superiority. One of the great mischiefs usually arising out of social disorganization is, that it subverts all law: the power which unites, moulds, rules, and crushes its mischievous and destructive elements, and imposes order, must be one ungoverned by, and superior to, law. Legislative, executive, judicial, and ecclesiastical power are all grasped, and directed by the same strong hand. These several departments, instead of each being employed as

checks on the other, well to balance the whole, are all made subservient instruments of tyranny, to enforce the dominant design of the ruler. As religion, though divine in her origin and essence, is administered through human mind and means, she must necessarily partake of the character that marks her age. For the benefit of mankind, divine and temporal authority cannot be too carefully separated. Yet nothing short of actual experience could have proved that two principles so indissoluble in the abstract, would have been made enemies to each other in practice. It would seem, with nations as with individuals, almost impossible to preserve an equable medium, so as to avoid excesses; and that when they run the length of these extremes, as if nature had in reserve an antagonistic power, which combats and turns the apparently irresistible stream into an opposite direction and fresh channel. Thus have we seen ungoverned democracy a wild, furious, uprooting, overwhelming ocean of human passion, quietly subside into absolutism; freedom has repeatedly grown out of tyranny, and despotism out of the bad use of liberty. Indeed it would seem as if the most valuable blessings which God has entrusted to man, become, when abused, his severest scourges: we ought constantly to hold in mind, that it is a natural quality of success to degenerate; that prosperity relaxes moral discipline, and unnerves public virtue.

A poor people are generally a patriotic people: they feel that they are the children of the soil; they love their country for its own sake; the law of nature stirs strongly in their hearts. But a rich people, like adopted children, regard their country with an artificial affection; they covet a share in her wealth and honors; are proud of her enjoyments, and refinements; and instead of being willing to sacrifice these for the good of their parent, care little for her but as she bestows them. When the physical force of Europe was sufficiently broken in, so as to fit for intellectual cultivation, then a new want arose; men acknowledged the mighty power of mind, and felt that force was its instrument. New feelings, wishes, thoughts sprung into existence, and struggled for intelligible expression. Rude languages were reduced, and somewhat systematized, by a necessity for definition. Individuals who had the gift of intellect, began to employ it in the acquisition of learning. They searched, found, and transplanted many of those precious seeds of knowledge that the wise ancients had so diligently sown; and to which christianity had preserved a key. Force of all kinds, though the aggregation may require ages, finally resolves itself into the intellectual. Men of talent earnestly sought to engraft modern energy on ancient wisdom, and as they contrasted their present degenerate condition with the former glories of Greece and Latium, sorrow and indignation kindled into patriotism. In proportion as freedom, that parent of all progress, and inquiry displaced feudalism, enterprise and public spirit reappeared; private exertion promoted public good, and secured individual independence.

The church, which had endeavored to smother human learning, now became its warmest friend, in the person of Pope Nicholas Fifth, who eagerly and perseveringly sought for ancient manuscripts. This munificent patron and reviver of learning gave to the Latin world translations

of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Diodorus, and Appian; also the best works on philosophy and geography. This transplanted literature for a time produced stunted fruit and sickly imitations; but as it struck its roots deep into the human heart, and nationality engrafted itself on the foreign stem, all Europe crowded beneath its branches, and once more, with unprecedented success, cultivated the arts of peace. Poetry, painting and sculpture arose; the Ideal became incorporated and embodied in the Real; man's earnest and devout spirit again uprose to the divine, and endeavored to make it visible. It might seem as if each phase of civilization evolved and ripened different intellectual faculties; and as if, in the ascent of mind, some unknown but fixed law regulated the mental development. The earliest intellectual efforts of all great nations with which we are acquainted, have taken one direction, that of poetry, and usually of the *epic form*.

As far as our knowledge extends, poetry has ever been the aurora that has opened the day of civilization. Witness the Vedas, the Ranyana and Mahabarat of the Hindoos; the Kend-Avesta of the Persians; the Iliad and Odyssey of the Greeks; the Koran of the Arabians; the Niebelungen of the Germans; and in later times, Tasso and Milton have both heralded eras remarkable for intellectual vigor. A great national epoch is Nature's voice engraved on Time. They have generally been composed in heroic ages, and exhibit the reflex of an earnestness and patriotism so intense as to have imagined that heaven itself shared in the feeling, and lent them assistance. Probably Pantheism has frequently arisen out of a desire to systematize and worship the supposed succor that poetry has personified. It is the song of the poet that awakens painting and sculpture: at his bidding the marble leaps into a life so perfect, that it wants but God's breath to make it human. How immediately is the name of Homer blended with that of Olympian Jove, Ephesian Diana, the Minerva of Athens, the Medean Venus! The names of Valmeke and Valy, how imperishably engraved are they upon the immense mountain structures of India! And the ruins of Persepolis, what a speaking testimony to the influence of Zoroaster!

In the re-civilization of Europe we find poetry the same active agent, and producing the same important results as she achieved for antiquity. The arts of design and the drama again obeyed her commands, and illustrated her triumphs over barbarism. Real awe, wonder and veneration were the most prominent characteristics that marked intellectual effort. Men did not endeavor to penetrate into the arcana of science and explain causes; but surrendered their entire feelings to the impression of effects, which penetrated so vividly their whole being, as to enable them to give faithful transcripts and descriptions of Nature, in all her varied forms. In ages of extreme devotion, probably some portion of materialism has always pervaded religious belief; for it is only refined philosophy, even in idea, that can separate power from form; perhaps this unconscious materialism, acting on an ardent, strong and refined imagination, may have produced that blending of the spiritual and real, which ages more intellectual have never been able to conceive or imitate. Epic and patriotic poetry is also a most powerful instrument in stamping on a people a healthy national character; it is the

feeling of the multitude embodied in a distinct and beautiful form, to which they give a parent's welcome and a child's adoration. These strong, tender words once uttered, find a home for centuries in the hearts of a people. What peasantry in Europe but considers the stranger as a friend who can repeat their old songs? When song ceases to move a people, they are then fit for slaves: heart and intellect have gone out; and nothing but suffering can rekindle either.

L I N E S T O A L A D Y .

Once bright and rosy summer's morn,
When all the birds were singing,
When fields were green with waving corn,
And flowers to life were springing:

Beside a brook a maiden stood,
Her hair with fresh flowers twining,
And gazed into the silver flood,
Her eyes with gladness shining.

'As thou,' she said, 'O gentle stream!
With leaves and flowers dost dally,
Or glide along in happy dream
Through wood and winding valley.

'So will my days glide softly by,
All heedless of the morrow,
And mirror back a smiling sky,
O'erclouded by no sorrow.'

But well-a-day! that streamlet soon
Midst frowning rocks was buried,
Or 'neath the rays of burning noon
Through sandy deserts hurried.

At times through coarse and slimy sedge
It struggled darkly flashing,
Now, thundering o'er a rocky ledge,
The cataract went dashing.

Then rolling on with deafening din
And furious commotion,
Its little life was swallowed in
The wild and wasteful ocean.

Thus, little maid! thy life, which now
In life's sweet April morning
Flows calmly as thine own calm brow,
Bright flowers its course adorning:

Soon lashed into the foaming tide
Of life's delirious torrent,
Or flowing sullen, slow and wide,
A dark, discolored current.

Will roll adown the vale of earth
With ever-onward motion,
And ere thou dreamest, issue forth
Into the shoreless ocean.

But if thou guide thy heart aright,
Each evil wish controlling,
Thy life, beyond the shades of night,
Through Death's dark barriers rolling,

Will float along those waveless seas,
Beneath God's golden vision,
And haunt the shining Cyclades
That sleep in light Elysian.

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

IN some former number of this Museum of diversified Literature — I entreat thee admired printer that a more exact designation of the paper be placed at the foot of this page* — it was my fortune to introduce to the Reader's notice the Reverend Gentleman whose title forms that of this Essay ; and to impart, as I then hoped, some idea of his manner and of his personal appearance in advancing age.

Time never robs of expression the features that benevolence has formed ; but while he rudely ravages the blooming handiwork of Nature, softens and ameliorates the face of Love. It belongs to it to wear, to the last, the expression of a heart that has no burthen to throw off. The truthfulness and sweetness and grace of infantine life still hover and play over it, and indicate that the Angel of its Childhood is now alike the companion and protector of its age. Such was the countenance, and the favour, of my Uncle the Parson !

In the pulpit, although not a profoundly learned student that I ever heard, while there was the most entire exemption from all desire of exhibition and display, he was always found to be thoroughly prepared, and at his ease. His auditors felt that they were listening to a Gentleman ; to a man who told the truth and was profoundly impressed with the importance of it : the true messenger ; the faithful expounder ; bringing down the dews of the SPIRIT in a manner graceful and effortless as Evening, and fertilizing the Soul with passages of Heaven. 'In Thy light shall we see light !' He seemed to have realized this great blessing, and to be endowed with the faculty of imparting it with the tranquility and grace in which light descends and dews are shed ; noiseless, shadowless, resistless, effortless !

My uncle the parson had inherited a good patrimony, and having married prudently, was in point of money-matters almost entirely independent of his parish, and had it in his power to distribute among his poor, (if any man in New-England can be called poor,) good part of the stipend which was allowed him ; and this he invariably found to be a judicious reinforcement of the admonitions he occasionally gave in pri-

* See the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine for the month of December, 1844.

vate. The dry advice of the Pharisee, the 'Be thou warmed and be thou clothed,' was unknown to his heart or lips. 'Freely thou hast received, freely give' — Divine Words! that in multiplying the charities of life, seem, like the loaves in Scripture, to multiply its resources!

He was in the habit of visiting twice a year the metropolis of his native state, to receive his interest-money, make his purchases, rub bright the chain of his old college-friendships, and pass a short time with his only brother, my father; and part of the months of May and November were assigned to these purposes. The distance, which is now traversed in two hours of rail-road velocity, was at that time the subject of a journey of two days, and his mode of travelling was in a two-wheeled chaise with a leathern standing top, with glass windows at the sides and back, drawn by a stout family-horse, and driven by a lad who was seated upon a light dickey in front of the boot, and immediately behind the horse.

It was upon a cloudy Monday morning in the month of November that this Reverend Gentleman, having possessed himself of the certainty that his well-shod horse had had a double allowance of oats, his boy a good breakfast, and his vehicle a thorough and critical examination from the chaise-maker and wheelwright of the parish, bestowed his last gracious adieux and benedictions upon his family, and on such of his parishioners as were in attendance to see their Rector 'safely off;' and then finally mounted into his seat with the last extra storm-handkerchief in his hand, which had been thrust into it with an injunction to keep his neck well guarded from the cold.

I pass over the respectful and impressive farewell-salutations on either side of the main street, which were paid my uncle as the stout black horse wended his way in a portly, well-balanced, contemplative trot along the avenue that led from the town to the post-road; and the wide-open eyes of the boys gazing at Jim, who 'was a-going to drive the parson all the way to Boston;' for it is not my intention to detain the listener during the two days the journey is to last by a minute relation of any thing more than the incident that stamped unusual character upon the history of that autumnal progress.

Let us suppose therefore the post-road to have been gained, and mile upon mile accomplished; and opine not gentle reader that a post-road of that period in New-England bore any resemblance whatever to the straight uninteresting turnpike, with its toll-gates and mile-stones, that immediately preceded the rail-road of the present day. It was the earlier, if not the wiser, practice of our ancestors, to wind gently round the hill instead of digging through it, and frequently to turn the brook in preference to bridging it, except perhaps at the narrowest part of its passage through the land.

The post-road was in fact the county road, and wound round to gain such a church, or *meeting-house* as a church was then frequently called; or diverged in order to attain such or such a grist-mill or hamlet, or to intersect some other county road — maintained always at the expense of each town through which it passed, but laid out by order of the County Court for the general convenience of the inhabitants and publick at large.

The standard width was four rods from fence to fence, and it usually

contained only one narrow well-beaten carriage-track, in the centre of the sward, skirted with a broad margin of short verdant grass on either side, whereon a cow now and then perhaps, or a flock of geese well-yoked, or a shackled horse, might be seen grazing, or strolling and sauntering daintily like gentlefolk of a leisure above disturbance.

The boundary of the road-side was formed commonly by a stone-wall ; against which the alder, the sumack, the black-berry, thimble-berry, and tall barberry-bush with its scarlet fruit, delighted of their own accord to come and dwell, and made the alternate attraction of birds and school-boys ; sheltering other smaller shrubs and vines, and covering and mossing over the old granitic boulders with every ornament of leaf, and shade and joy of verdure. The Wild Rose decorated the mass of varied foliage with its single circlet of pale damask, and the sweet-scented briar climbed, in a more ambitious luxuriance, to add its fragrance to the balmy air. Long pendulous branches of the young and waving Elm floated above, and, by their movements of imperishable grace, shewed how the breath of Heaven loitered and lingered in fondness as it returned homeward to the sky.

The Thistle here and there at the foot of this natural hedge extended its armed horizontal leaves ; beneath the covert of which, the ground sparrow had cherished and reared its young in security and repose ; and, at greater distance from the shade, the yellow dandelion and the white clover brightened the herbage, and the Wild Clematis sometimes rewarded the inquiring eye.

Shall I omit the frequent and unpretending Mullen — sov'reignest cure in the world for boys' sore throats in the medicinal quality of its leaves ? — Or thee, thou precious 'Ladies' Slipper !' that I have held in my hand a thousand thousand times, wondering — before I knew how far more beautiful — why it could be called so ? and whether woman's foot ever were indeed blessed with a shape so graceful, light and fairy-formed as this !

But now, the flowers were past ; the leaves had fallen ; the birds were mute ; deep autumn had dominion of the land, and silence, almost audible, possessed the air ; the cold increased, the leaden-coloured sky closed nearer to the earth, the winds were dead, the breath grew palpable to the sight, and a few small pellets of snow — the first of the season — dropped hard-packed upon the boot of the chaise, white, minute, and bounding, as those smallest preparations of refined sugar, wherewith the confectioner delighteth the heart of our young Hope, under the name of Coriander-seed.

Now, Jim was transferred to a warm and sheltered nook beside his master ; now was the grave horse encouraged to an accelerated pace ; the storm-handkerchief adjusted to the neck with a blessing upon the kind heart that had dictated the considerate thought, and every exertion made, and all at length crowned with success, by an early and prosperous arrival of our travellers at the well-known Inn of good Mistress Roach in the then village of Ipswich.

Ipswich may now for aught I know have become a town of great note, and the Inn perchance, though I trust not, a 'Hotel ;' for it is many a year since I was there, and I know not whether the house of Mistress Roach may yet stand upon the right hand of the post-road to Boston,

upon a gentle eminence near the heart of the place, that you mount after fording a rapid and beautiful gush of diamond water never to be forgotten, which after a few yards of deep purity, breaks its smoothness, and spreads, wimpling and rippling its then shallow but silvery way over brown pebbles across the remainder of the road at the foot of the hill.

If you do not intend to stop at the Inn, you pursue the lower roadway, where during the length of a few perches there is not room for two carriages to pass; but if you mean to bait your horse, you climb the small ascent and are brought immediately in front of the Inn, under the branches of a clump of large overhanging Button-balls and Beeches with foliage from the very root, that stand midway of the road, on the crest between the upper and lower track, hiding the latter one and covering both in the season of leaves with a shadow like the great Rock in Scripture; so cool is it, and satisfying to the heart of the traveller, and shield-like and impervious to the Sun in its most fervid hour.

Mistress Roach was at her threshold to receive and greet my uncle at the moment that his neat silver-buckled shoe, displaying after it by the way a leg of no mean proportions covered with a black silk stocking, had carefully alighted upon her semi-circular stone door-step.

No reception between a landlady and her honoured guest could have intimated greater cordiality and pleasure, and he was immediately ushered into a neat parlour that at once confirmed the kind assurance she professed, that she 'had had 'some misgivings' that he might arrive to-day.'

The white sand upon the floor had been most carefully traced over with the points of a broad corn broom, so that not a grain of it was awry; and the whole of it presented a series of that heraldick figure which old Guillim lays down as the Bend Wavy. The four quarters of the terrestrial Globe, represented by four buxom lasses in highly-coloured costumes engraved and under glass, hung on the four sides of the apartment; Africa over the fire-place, as being the hottest. And now upon the hearth, this dark cold day, there rejoiced a fire of lively hickory wood, that shewed its smiling face in a large polished mahogany clock that well occupied one of the opposite corners, and that stood there counting out the time in an authoritative tone of voice, as if it knew the value of the reckoning, and intended that the minutest divisions of what can never be recalled should be distinctly heard and understood throughout the house.

Who in New-England could ever have divined in those days that household clocks should hereafter be made only two feet and a half high; and to strike, as Cardinal Beaufort died, 'without a sign!' instead of lifting up, as this did, its four bright gilded balls, each at a corner, to the height of the ceiling? or that they should be sold at three dollars apiece, with a discount if you buy them by the score! Surely Time itself is at a discount from the worth it then bore, when hands, so sharp and rigid, and so tall, measured out to us from above, the hours and minutes and seconds, with such a strict account! and broke upon the ear, perhaps of night, with a warning so solemn and abrupt of the approaching hour!

It was of itself an Inheritance, that clock! The pride of the Roaches! There was a circular aperture in the face that showed the Moon rising

with large rosy cheeks to do your heart good! — It was either the Moon or the Sun ; — but what on Earth does it now signify, in these degenerate days of base cheap clocks, what sort of Heavenly body may have moved over the surface of it ?

Alas ! as I have said before, it was the pride of the Roaches ! and good Mistress Roach, who rarely if ever saw it without dusting it with a silk Bandanoe handkerchief that she kept for the purpose, never dusted it without saying with a sigh of gratified importance, ' it had been a long time in the family of the Roaches, that clock ! '

And in this hospitable apartment was my uncle the parson dismantled and disarrayed of all his now superfluous defences against the cold ; comfortably seated ; and furnished with

The Columbian Sentinel

of the last Saturday ; at that period in high repute as a newspaper devoted to the true Federal Interests, and thenceforth to be regularly issued twice a week from the press in the capital of New England — no slight test, it was then deemed, of the capacity of the Editor, and of the force of his printing machine.

Although at the first glance interested in the contents of the Gazette, the parson soon coincided with the great English moralist in the reflection, that few things are so important during the day as dinner ; and accordingly desired to confer with his landlady as to the promise of her larder.

She obeyed the summons with an alert step. It consisted of a pair of spring chickens now developed into full size and nicely prepared for the spit having been corn-fed for some time, so as to shew a well-covered back, and now hanging up, drawn, (hear this, ye wretched New-York poulterers !) drawn, BODY and CROP — CROP as well as BODY ! and of a hind quarter of four-year-old wether mutton, with the queue attached entire, that had been ripening, said good Mistress Roach, upward of ten days.

' When you put the mutton on the hook in your larder,' asked my uncle, ' did the chalot occur to your recollection ? '

' Surely Sir,' replied the dame ; ' I never now-a-days fail to avail myself of the suggestion you once gave me ; but regularly give the steel a deep thrust into every leg I hang up, in three different parts of the leg, home to the bone ; and then I invariably insert a clove of good Spanish garlick into the bottom of each orifice. And now every body praises our mutton ; and frequently people say to me, ' I want to know what in the world gives your mutton such a fine game flavour, Mistress Roach ? ' ' Our mutton,' says I, ' is famed far and near ; it feeds upon the short grass of the rocky hills, and we keep it till the proper age ; sweet food, pure water, and ripe years,' says I, ' them's the things for mutton ! ' It is not worth while you know Sir to tell the whole world about the cloves of garlick against the bone ! '

' In Europe,' said my uncle the parson musingly, ' it is not uncommon to rub the plate with a small bag of assafetida, to impart a flavour to the meat that is to be cut upon it ; but I certainly think your plan altogether the preferable one. Pray have you any pork ? '

'As fine I think as I ever saw; I can put a small billet of it into the pot as white as the snow that is falling.'

'And of what colour will it come out?' asked my uncle the parson.

'It gains a beautiful rose-coloured tint in the boiling,' was the reply.

'Good!' said he, 'it is the surest indication in the world of good pork well fed and thoroughly cured; if no salt-petre has been used.'

'Not a particle I can assure you, for I put it up with my own hands.'

'Well then my good Madam let this be our dinner: The chickens and the pork, to be boiled in the same pot, and to come in first with what vegetables you have; and then, by way of second course, the mutton hot from the spit. Don't force the mutton by pouring on even a drop of water; let us have nothing but its undiluted flavour in the gravy; that will make fast enough in the dish after the knife is once used; and let the pink predominate over the brown on the outside. With a good hickory fire, you can choose your own distance and time; and, of course, the hue you may prefer to give to the outside.'

Dinner being thus arranged, the parson occupied himself with the Gazette for some time, and then revised the two sermons with which he had come prepared for the pulpit if called upon to preach while at Boston.

Yielding to the trains of thought which were by these means induced, time passed off agreeably enough with him for about an hour, when the tranquility of the scene was interrupted by a bustle in the Inn-yard; and soon after, the landlady entered his apartment, busied herself about the fire which required nothing to be done to it; looked very earnestly at my uncle who was still engaged with his manuscripts; dusted the clock; looked again, found no encouragement, and then disappeared; and soon after entered afresh with an air of still greater solicitude upon her countenance, and a determination in it if possible to be spoken to.

'Is there any thing the matter, child?' asked my uncle the parson. 'O Sir, said she, I can't bear to disturb you; or to disappoint you for the world; but there are two of our regular customers, gentlemen that always put up with us, that have just arrived with their teams and ask for dinner, and you have ordered all we have in the house! and I don't know what under the sun to do, if you will not be good enough to give up one of the dishes!'

'Both, my good Madam, both, cheerfully — if any such necessity exist! The principal dish is certainly the mutton, but the poultry and its appendages are hardly less important as a prelude to the haunch. But I think you said they are gentlemen; invite them both to dine with me, in my name if you please; or, if you think it would be more agreeable to them, say that there will be but one table laid for us three. But pray have first an eye to the kitchen, to see that nothing is spoiled by this sudden irruption and the uneasiness it appears to have caused you. Few things are well accomplished in this world of ours, my good Mistress Roach, without coolness and tranquillity of mind; and cookery least of all! Therefore first give an immediate eye to the mutton, whoever may be the person to eat it!'

My uncle's cool and amiable proposal proved satisfactory to all parties.

The table was drawn out ; a cloth thrown over it of coarse texture indeed but beautifully white, and exhaling the precious perfume that can belong only to grass-bleached linen ; a salt-cellar was produced upon the board just filled with coarse but very pure salt ; followed by a set of empty castors ; two iron spoons washed over with tin ; three plates of blue Liverpool crockery ware ; and bright knives and steel forks of two prongs each, mounted in horn, to match the plates in number. To these were afterwards added, brought forward with some ceremony, an excellent buck-handled carving-knife and fork, (an old present from the parson, very nicely kept,) and by their side was presently laid the identical steel that had planted the cloves of garlic in the haunch.

Every article bore the uniform character of extreme neatness and propriety that reigned over the whole establishment ; and the table was spread, and attended throughout in grace and quietness by a young person, who might have been chosen with transport by the painter, as a beautiful personation of Rebecca at the well !

O thou Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER ! sage, grave, and venerable man, as my untaught imagination conjures thee up before me at this moment ! whose very title purports the grand historick features of the past, behold in this slight but truthful sketch, some faint trace of the evils that have been brought over the land by the revolutionary changes that have taken place in our mode of travelling through it. Changes that have resulted in the destruction and desertion of those precious roadsides and treasuries of picturesque beauty that made the long way short, and of all those recreative Inns of humble and gentle pretence, in which our fathers, with better taste, found ease and solace. They were the joy and comfort alike of Old England and of New England : with us, they have all departed ; and you may now travel thousands of miles, (if it can be called travelling,) in our mother country, and meet with nothing but our own huge comfortless structures, called Hotels ; and vast Rail-Road STATIONS, within whose desolate portals no being is ever *stationary* !

Such is the penalty and the enduring sacrifice we are called upon to bear, as I suppose for evermore, for the less than doubtful advantage of being hurled and jeopardized through the air at greater than foot-ball celerity of movement !

A movement Mr. EDITOR, which but for our being packed together like herrings in a long coffin-shaped box, falsely and with malice pre-pense denominated a CAR, would deprive the very skirt-tails of our coats of the decorous position which the artistick Tailor in his elaborate science, and Nature in her fundamental law of gravitation, had alike designed to bestow upon these graceful draperies ; projecting the body through the air at a rate to float the tails at right angles with the man !

Alas ! my master ! we now make our journies, as we are too apt to make our meals, under the impression apparently, that all time at the table, and upon the road, is a deduction and a loss from the sum of human existence ; to which, in our flight towards Eternity, it were a hardship to submit. But Impatience and Destruction dog us on the River and on the Road ; while Dyspepsia, and a corroding anxiety after unhal-lowed, because excessive, Wealth, stand over us at the board ; poison

the blessed flow of domestic relationship and affiance ; and clutch away from us a sweet and oft-recurring foretaste of the Joys of the Paradise of Heaven !

My very appetite is lost in the enormity of the grievance ; and, as it vanishes, admonishes me to bring the Parson's dinner upon Table — if it should be desired — in some future number.

JOHN WATERS.

THE HUMBLE LOVER TO THE CRUEL LADY.

BY 'FEMINEROSO.'

I.

There is a youth, whom wealth and fame
Ne'er tempted to their giddy race,
Whose thoughts all dwell on one dear name,
Whose universe is one sweet face.

II.

There is a lady, free from art,
Of manners sweet and graces rare ;
Oh ! could he take her to his heart,
And hold her pressed for ever there !

III.

His is the love that hopeth not,
Yet burns in secret all the more ;
That broodeth o'er its lonely lot,
Yet hugs it to its bosom's core.

IV.

His is the lip that cannot smile,
Even when the jest and song are loud,
But stays all still and stern the while,
Amid the gay and noisy crowd.

V.

His is the ear no voice can cheer,
Save her's, whose words are cold and few,
Yet on his spirit, chilled and sore,
Descend like soft, refreshing dew.

VI.

His is the eye that cannot sleep,
His is the heart that cannot rest ;
That fading eye must watch and weep,
To ease that heart by sorrow pressed.

VII.

His is the soul, whose every thrill
Leaps yearning to a sister-soul ;
That deep delirious passion still
Defies the chains of cold control.

VIII.

His is the brain whose reeling thought
Flies frantic o'er the world of men ;
It seeks for rest, but finds it not,
And turns upon itself again.

IX.

That youth, to thee all eye, all ear,
Who lives thy life, and breathes thy breath,
Is still the wretch, O lady dear !
On whom thy coldness lies like death.

X.

To him alas ! no hope is given
In all this wide world, glittering round ;
Since thy dear name, his earth, his heaven,
For him is but an empty sound.

XI.

Oh, God ! I bear a load of grief
That never pressed on mortal head ;
Ah ! heart, sad heart ! poor withered leaf,
Go sleep among thy kindred dead !

S A T A N A N D D O C T O R C A R V E R .

BY CAPT. JONATHAN CARVER, JR.

My ancestor, whose exploits are recorded in a former number of 'Old Knicker,' had a cousin several years his junior, who once met with an adventure, which I shall submit to the contemplation of the public. This cousin was a physician, or at least was so entitled. Not that he entered with rude zest upon the duties of that profession ; in fact, he took the first plausible excuse for escaping them ; and when, in the year 1755, men were enlisted in all parts of the country to serve against the French, he suddenly felt himself patriotic, and zealous for the public service. Getting commissioned as a lieutenant, he joined the army of Sir William Johnson, and the violence of his military ardor abated only on the receipt of two Indian bullets, one of which carried off a fragment of his left ear, while the other broke his shoulder-blade. Thus disabled, he retired from active service, and lay for some months disgusted with the glories of warfare, until the recovery of his health and the lapse of time revived his old propensities, and he began to hold the medical profession in as low esteem as ever.

Medicine, meanwhile, treated him better than he deserved at her hands. Two or three lucky chances combined to give him a professional reputation, on the strength of which he received pressing invitations to establish himself in a frontier village, the name of which, as a writer of fiction would say, 'we shall decline, for obvious reasons, from mentioning.' He was soon firmly seated in the good graces of half the

old women, and engaged in such a career of small practice, that he had not an hour at his disposal. To the recommendation of novelty — he was the first doctor that ever visited that settlement — he joined those of a very handsome person and a remarkably lively and good-natured disposition, which gave him great favor with one class of patients. There were other traits of his character that did not so soon appear, but which will be made manifest before our story comes to an end.

It was now late in the summer of the memorable year 1757. Doctor Carver had resided but a fortnight in his new home, when the country was thrown into consternation by the rumor of a threatened invasion. The Marquis of Montcalm, it was said, was coming to attack the colonies with the largest army ever collected in America, backed by all the savages that he could gather from Canada and the upper lakes. The terror grew ten-fold when the news arrived that he had already passed Lake George; and close at the heels of it the announcement that he had taken Fort William Henry, the main bulwark of the colonies, and that his Indians had butchered the whole garrison. The facts of the case were bad enough, but rumor made them appalling indeed; and it was said in addition that he had descended the Hudson, and turned loose his savages upon the people of Albany. New-England would no doubt be his next victim. By destroying or carrying off the harvests along the frontier, driving away the cattle, taking the wheels from the wagons, and resorting to every other imaginable expedient, the frightened colonists tried to impede his progress. The militia held themselves ready to march against him at a moment's warning.

The village where the doctor exercised his vocation had its full share of the general consternation: nothing was heard by day but evil forebodings and anxious surmises as to the movements of Montcalm and his ferocious allies: nothing was dreamed of by night but rifles, scalping-knives and blazing houses. The vagueness of the rumors that reached them, the horrible and insidious nature of the warfare with which they were threatened, combined to produce on the women and children, and not a few of the men, all the effect of a hideous ghost-story. Frightened groups discussed the matter over the fire at night, and glanced over their shoulders at the dark window, expecting to encounter the eyeballs and grim features of the savage enemy. Most of those who dwelt beyond the skirts of the village, dreading the dangerous shadows that encompassed them at night-fall, gathered for protection in a little stockade fort, whose pickets had been quietly rotting in the ground since the war of the year '45. This was the grand rendezvous of the story-tellers and alarmists. At sunset, the women would repair to the upper apartment of the block-house at the western angle of the fort, and peer through the loop-holes at the great waste of forest that stretched full in sight for fifty miles toward Canada. Streams glistened here and there through its shadowy bosom; and they could not tell but at that moment they might bear on their swift current the canoes of the Canada savages. All the evening, and far into the night, they were gathered in the lower apartment of the building, where grey-headed woods-men, smoking their pipes, told the adventures of former campaigns, and the anxious auditors listened in nervous attention.

The doctor cared little for the reports that he heard. In the first place, he did not believe them ; and beside, as I before hinted, he had the folly to wish for a fray. One afternoon, he determined to refresh himself after his medical labors with a hunt, an amusement to which he was addicted : so, laying aside the tools of his profession, he took down his long-neglected gun, and in order to banish the more effectually all memory of his present avocations, he put on an old campaigning suit of his, which he had long before received as a present from a Cayuga chief. Thus equipped, he betook himself to the woods. His success was tolerable, considering his ignorance of the country, and he returned an hour before sunset with a reasonable load of game. He was not far from the village when he saw Eben Chipmunk approaching him. Eben was one of those personages with which a New-England village, in common with a feudal castle, was usually furnished ; that is, a sort of fool, from whom every body feels privileged to extract all the amusement he can. He had in one hand a tin kettle for gathering 'huckleberries,' and in the other a hickory stick to drive home his brother's cows. He was light-hearted as usual, and was whistling a tune under the ragged brim of an old straw hat that covered his head to the eye-brows. Beside being a simpleton, Eben was rated as the most timid person in the village. Nobody listened so intently to the stories about the Indians, or could repeat so many of them ; and nobody had such a power of frightening himself with his own narratives. One other of his peculiarities was too prominent to pass by ; he was a great admirer of the fair sex. Not that this was exhibited in flatteries and gallantries, for he was rather sheepish in their presence ; but he would spend whole evenings in a chimney-corner, among a group of girls, taking no part in the conversation except by grinning, giggling, and cracking his fingers, and well contented if he could engage so much notice as to be made the general butt of the company. On the old principle of judging others by himself, he was in the habit of attributing amorous motives to the most indifferent actions of his acquaintances.

'Hallo, Doctor!' said Eben, drawing near, and stuttering as he always did ; 'where did *you* come from, dressed up like a wild Injun ? Been a-huntin', ain't you ?'

Then he scrutinized the bunch of game, and looking up sagaciously in the doctor's face :

'I know who them are for !' he said.

'Who is it, Eben ?' asked the doctor.

'I know ; so do *you* too,' replied Eben.

'Well, who is it ?'

Eben made no answer, but with an expression more sly and penetrating than before, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Squire Gladwin's. The doctor's face flushed for a moment. The amorous simpleton had touched a chord which he believed concealed from every living soul. Not many days before, his fancy had been attracted by the black eyes and glowing cheek of the Squire's daughter, who, as he was jogging along on his professional hack, had passed him on a horse as young and spirited as herself. The doctor,

disgusted with the figure he had made on this first interview, soon took measures for appearing before her to better advantage.

'Come,' said Eben, 'you're going up there—I know you be. I'll go too! She is a splendid gal, any how!'

The doctor was vexed, and was thinking how to rid himself of Eben's company, when the simpleton saved him the trouble of inventing an expedient:

'That 'ere's a pretty suit of clothes to go a courtin' in! I seen it hung up in your room the other day. Hold on! let's look again;' and, beginning his examination at the top, Eben took off the doctor's cap, and inspected it very carefully. He soon found a bullet hole in it. 'Hallo! what's this? Did Injuns do that?'

'To be sure,' said the doctor. He had himself thrown it into the air and fired a bullet through it on a wager.

'Where be they?' said Eben, getting alarmed. 'How many did you see? I told the 'squire he'd have 'em at him if he did n't look out. Hark! that's them now!'

'No it isn't,' said the doctor; 'it's a cat-bird in the bushes; but you'd better run home, Eben, before they catch you!'

Eben waited no longer; but forgetting his cows and his 'huckleberries,' he walked off toward the village at his swiftest pace, growing more terrified every moment. The doctor turned down a by-road that led more directly to his lodgings.

He flung off his cap and seated himself by the window. He was blessed with an innate *savoir vivre*; so, drawing a table to his side, with a glass of brandy-and-water upon it, and lighting a cigar, he disposed himself at ease on his sofa; and as the wreaths of smoke rose before his dreamy eye, he saw gleaming within them the dark eyes of the Squire's dashing daughter. Thus he lay in his lazy musings for some fifteen or twenty minutes, when he was startled by a hollow and dismal sound that entered the open window. He recognized the voice of the broken conch-shell that was accustomed to summon the congregation to church, but never had he known it to breathe forth such awful and lugubrious notes. Just then, a three-pounder was discharged from a block-house of the little stockade work on the hill. This he knew was the signal of alarm, and, snuffing the battle afar off, he seized his gun, which was loaded with seven buckshot, and feeling his heart beat with a wild and not unpleasing excitement, he leaned from the window to see what would happen. In front of the dingy wooden church, which, in the likeness of an overgrown barn, closed the prospect down the street, half a dozen men were gathered with their guns, and others were running to join them, while frilled caps, dishevelled locks, and pale startled faces were thrust from innumerable windows.

'Injuns! Injuns! Turn out! turn out!' roared a man, who went dashing by the house like a frantic cart-horse.

'Where?' demanded the doctor.

'Where? Why, up to the Squire's. They've burnt the house and scalped the whole of 'em, darter and all! Injuns!—turn out, men! turn out!'

This was enough for the enamoured doctor. His mistress's image

was uppermost in his mind, and he bolted out of the window, his long black hair streaming in the wind. Pausing only to shout a malediction at the tardy warriors before the meeting-house, and exhort them to make haste, he sprang off like a hunted deer toward the Squire's.

The Squire was the patriarch of that settlement. He lived beyond the outskirts of the village, on a farm by far the most extensive, and in a house by far the most sumptuous of all that the place could boast. It was no modern trumpery edifice of shingles, but was dingy with the venerable antiquity of almost twenty years, having been one of the first buildings erected in the settlement.

The Doctor ran at full speed, swinging his gun in his hand, and magnanimously forgetful of the jeopardy in which he was placing his own scalp, so engrossed were all his thoughts by the direful fate of his mistress. The road ran through a thick forest: the impatient Doctor cursed the foliage that intercepted the view. At length a recent clearing of the Squire's afforded an open prospect into the hollow where the mansion had stood; and there the Doctor saw it still! The massive brick chimnies, the steep double roof, the gray unpainted sides, rose amid the orchards, and fields of pumpkins and rigid Indian corn that surrounded them. No smoke or flame betokened the presence of an enemy: on the contrary, the scene was a gay and peaceful one, for the afternoon sun was looking his last upon the Squire's fields and meadows, and the wooded hills around were no less calm and smiling than the rustic scene they encircled.

The Doctor knew something of Indians, and was not to be deceived by appearances. Moderating his ardor, as best he might, he made a swift yet cautious approach, with his body bent, his hand on the lock of his gun, and his eyes glancing on every side. He soon came to the avenue that led up to the house: it was flanked by rows of clumsy water-willows, and at the end of this vista appeared the front of the house, with quaint carvings over the door; for the Squire, as already hinted, was a man of style. The Doctor listened; he looked over the fields and peered along the edge of the woods and up the avenue. No living thing was to be seen but the turtles sunning themselves around the margin of a little pond hard by; nothing to be heard but the chirruping of the crickets in the sunny meadows. He walked swiftly up to the house. All here was quiet as the grave. The milk-pans were arranged in military order at one side; a hen and her chickens were cackling round the well; and a black-and-white cat sat sleepily opening and shutting her eyes on the door step.

The Doctor unceremoniously entered. Still he could find nothing stirring but the cat, who seemed offended at his hasty intrusion, and was now arching her back and spitting at him from a corner. He called—no reply! He shouted at the top of his lungs, and got no answer but the echoes! He opened door after door, and found nobody! He burst into the sanctuary of the 'best room,' where in the 'awful light obscure' of closed blinds and drawn curtains, he could faintly discern the great mirror gleaming darkly from amidst its paper hangings; and the sheen of the polished mahogany table, and the japanned box of marine curiosities with which the Squire used to astonish his

more favored guests; and, lurking far amid the darkness, the white tops of the Squire's 'London boots,' which he never wore, but cherished and displayed as the most enviable article of luxury in his establishment. All this, and more, the Doctor saw at one comprehensive glance, and then bolted from the apartment. Running up stairs, he opened the first door he encountered, and was greeted by an hysterical squealing that proceeded from an old woman, no other than the old Squire's octogenarian mother, who was trying, in an agony of terror, to hide herself under the bed. 'They *have* been here!' thought the Doctor, now doubly anxious; and he plied the old lady with question after question; but all in vain; and stamping his foot with impatience, he ran down stairs again. The Squire's family were, he knew, sometimes absent of an afternoon; but the silence frightened him; and then the old lady's terror! He was sure the Indians had been there.

He ran out of the front door again; and here, at last, he encountered an unequivocal token of the enemy. A gun was fired at him from the woods on the left, and another from a maple thicket near the road: at the same time, looking across the cornfield, he could discern half a dozen figures bounding like deer within the edge of the orchard! The Doctor was surrounded — fairly entrapped! The instinct of self-preservation banished for the moment every other thought from his mind. But how to escape? for no human speed could extricate him. An expedient on the instant occurred to him, exactly suiting his hair-brained disposition.

Squire Gladwin, who was famous for his love of horses, had one among the rest of such an outrageous temper that none of the villagers dared to mount him, and some of them stood in awe of his very presence. He was swifter than a dromedary, about as large as a small elephant, and so strong limbed and long winded that nothing could tire him down, or curb his furious temper; in consideration of which qualities, and of the sable hue of his coat, the neighbors had with one accord christened him Satan, to the great horror of parson Bellows.

Satan happened at this moment to be cropping the grass on the little green before the door, his vicious eyes glaring ominously through the shaggy locks of hair that fell over them. Startled at the firing, he now raised his head, and curling his swarthy nostril, snuffed gently in the wind. The Doctor approached him: twisting his hand in the tangled mane, he bounded upon his back, and as he alighted in his seat, he swung his gun aloft, and brought it down with the full sweep of his arm over the black flank of Satan. One furious snort; one bound into the air; and away he sprang like lightning down the avenue. The dents of his hoofs were visible for weeks after. He made straight for the gate, and would no doubt have carried his rider to the village, and heaven knows how much farther, had not another gun been discharged almost in his face by an enemy crouched behind the gateway. The ball was harmless; but startled at the flash and report, Satan brought up so suddenly, bracing his fore legs on the gravel, that the Doctor was pitched forward upon his arched and rigid neck, and had well nigh remained in the hands of the enemy. Then, with another snort, he turned abruptly to the right, dashed through the willows, leaped over a stone

wall and ditch, and stretched away at full speed along a row of trees that the Squire had suffered to grow between his fields and the road. He soon came to the limits of the farm in that direction, when he turned to the right again and ran along a road or cart-track made for the convenience of bringing in fuel, and which, after skirting the edge of the woods for a few rods, turned suddenly and entered them. The Doctor feared, however, that the horse would keep on his course, and circle round the farm, by orchard, pasture and corn-field, thus giving his enemies so many chances for a fair shot, that his mortal career must soon be closed.

He was about to fling himself off at all risks, and run for the woods, when the bungling precipitation of his enemies saved him the necessity. Just as Satan came to the turning of the track, they set up a shout, followed by the reports of a dozen guns sending their bullets humming merrily about his ears. Then came the explosion of a carbine from the orchard, not far off: it was levelled with right good will at the Doctor's head: but the heavy bullet, descending as it flew, came groaning solemnly through the air, and scored a deep furrow across the fore shoulder of Satan. At this, he wheeled again, toward the woods, goaded by rage, and terror, and pain. The Doctor's peculiar temperament was such that he was rather exhilarated than rendered serious by a narrow escape from sudden danger. The reckless blood now tingled to his very finger-ends. He turned round and laughed; and shaking his gun toward the enemy, gave an Indian whoop of defiance! An instant more, and he vanished from their sight.

Satan now scoured along the track, the Doctor, who was a good horseman, sitting quite at his ease, while trees and bushes fled past them like the wind. They had gone about a mile, when a dense smoke assailed their nostrils and nearly blinded them. The next moment, Satan's hoofs thumped over a rustic bridge thrown across a stream that rolled out from a dark cavern of vegetation and ran down into a new clearing of the Squire's. Satan bounded into this opening. The prostrate woods lay piled in ruin and desolation together, throwing up great volumes of smoke, with forked flames gleaming luridly in the midst. The forest stood around, with its foliage withered and scorched, and its bare trunks scathed by the fire that had made such a gap in its bosom. The Squire's men were at work among the piles of ruins not far off, and startled at the Doctor's sudden ingress, they rested on their axes, and gazed open-mouthed on the apparition. 'Indians! Indians!' roared the Doctor, disappearing in the woods.

Satan had not borne him much farther, when he saw approaching him the Squire's daughter herself, who had been enjoying an afternoon's ride on her little white pony, and was now returning to superintend the affairs of the household. She hastily pressed the pony into the bushes by the side of the road, and with her rosy lips parted, fixed her great black eyes in amazement on her embarrassed cavalier: 'Hide yourself! Indians! Indians!' he shouted, dashing by her like a thunderbolt. He had been for some time watching an opportunity to throw himself off the horse, an attempt which the narrowness of the road made imminently dangerous; but now the sight of his mistress

disarmed all his prudential scruples. Grasping Satan's mane, he was about to leap, when Fate interposed her veto. It happened that the road divided just beyond the place of his interview: one branch of it was tolerably wide and smooth, and ran through a sufficiently level tract; but the other was newly made, and descended an abrupt hill. The headlong brute chose this latter course; and the Doctor found himself in a situation that would make the attempt to dismount no better than stark madness. He had but a moment to make his observations. All that he saw was a steep passage-way of over-arching trees above, and rocks, stumps and logs below. 'I'm done for!' he thought to himself, as he looked at this unenviable prospect. He held his breath! There was a rushing like a gale; a chaos of vanishing rocks and trees; and in an instant he was at the bottom. Here his self-congratulations at his escape were interrupted by a terrible switching that he got from the branches, for the track, though comparatively level, was very narrow; and soon a new danger threatened him. A tree had fallen across the way, and lay there with all its withering foliage. Satan cleared it, in spite of his furious speed; but now difficulties thickened around the hapless Doctor, as the track was constantly growing narrower and narrower, and dissipating itself into a labyrinth of little 'bridle paths' that diverged in all directions. The Doctor was switched with redoubled severity. It was a joyful sight to him, when a rich flood of amber light poured through the tree-tops; and the horse, with a long bound, leaped out into the wide bed of a stream. It was rippling and gurgling quietly down through the forest, all its shallow waves reflecting the color of amethyst from the sky; and in the soft but gorgeous light, the scene had the tranquil beauty of a savage fairy-land, till Satan and the Doctor burst in upon its whispering stillness. Tired of the forest, the brute now turned and galloped up the shallow and gravelly stream, mid-way between its banks. It was a sight for a painter; the furious and unbridled horse, the helpless but still undaunted rider, in his wild Indian attire, his gun resting across his lap, and his hair flying loose in the wind.

Satan soon took to the woods again in a direction that would lead him back toward the Squire's. This time he dashed up a hollow between two hills, where, in the spring, a little brooklet ran down. Here the Doctor's troubles were redoubled. He buried his face in Satan's mane; he embraced his sturdy neck; but the branches tore away his hair by handfuls, and menaced him every moment with the fate of Absalom. The horse's speed seemed not in the least abated by the ascent. He tore through the boughs as if his name-sake were behind him, till he gained the crown of the hill, which the axes of the settlers had luckily cleared of its woods, leaving it open and bare like the tonsured head of a monk. Satan jumped out into the clearing. A flock of crows were gathered at its edge, close at hand, on an old shattered oak, and alarmed by his uncereemonious entrance, they swung clumsily from their perch, circled once with an ominous cawing above the Doctor's head, and then flapped away over the green forest tops. It was no very desirable place for a gallop. The stumps were still in the ground, which was beside encumbered with rocks, piles of cord-wood, and a rank growth of bushes;

but any thing like an opening was grateful to the persecuted Doctor. He sat once more gallantly erect. Satan's wrath, too, seemed a little mollified, for he ceased running, and breaking into a long swinging trot along the ridge of the declivity, he shook his mane and tail, and uttered a discordant neigh. This was no doubt inspired by the sight of his stable, which, with the Squire's chimnies, was just visible over the woods, about half a mile off. The Doctor was prompt to avail himself of Satan's improved temper ; but before he could throw himself to the ground, the brute set off down the hill more savagely than before.

Another track led from the clearing to the Squire's farm. Fortunately, it was a better one than the others had been ; and as the Doctor reflected that he was being borne back to the tender mercies of the Indians, he resolved to get to terra firma in some manner or other. The ground was neither remarkably hard nor rough, and the track was wide enough to give him some chance to escape being dashed against the trees in the attempt. Fortune, however, tired at last of persecuting him, presented him with a more favorable opportunity of effecting his purpose : a horizontal branch projected across the road within reach of his hands. He dropped his gun and seized it, and though his arms were severely wrenched, he kept his hold while Satan vanished from beneath him, and left him swinging like a pendulum in the air !

When he had let himself drop to the earth, he felt for a moment as if it were rocking beneath him. To stand on firm ground that would not gallop away with him ; to see trees and bushes that remained fixed while he looked at them, seemed a novel experience to the Doctor's faculties. He stamped, to assure himself that his bones were still whole and sound ; and then sat on a log to gather his scattered ideas and reflect on what he had best do. His appetite for adventure had been satiated for the present. He had no inclination to encounter Indians or fight battles ; and as he thought the enemy might still be lurking about the farm, he prudently determined to be cautious in his approaches. It was now nearly night ; the woods were gray and dusky, and in a quarter of an hour it would be dark enough for his purpose. Meanwhile, he prepared as well as he could for any emergency, by making his gun ready for action and renewing the priming, which had been shaken from the pan by the blow he gave to Satan at the outset of his career. At length he rose, and cautiously proceeded toward the farm, pausing at intervals to listen. When he came to the edge of the clearing, and had a fair view upon the back of the Squire's premises, he saw nothing unusual, though the broad disk of the moon was just looking through the tree-tops. He stepped into the bushes, however, and watched the place for a moment, when, finding the lover growing importunate within him, he no longer hesitated to advance. Just before him was a newly-cleared field ; beyond that, a meadow dotted with a few trees ; and still farther on rose the barns and numerous store-houses of the Squire.

The Doctor soon passed the field and the meadow, and came to a high rail-fence separating the latter from the buildings ; and here he stopped and listened again. All was tranquil enough : he could see the dingy backs of the cattle in the yard, and thought to himself that the Indians had not made very clean work of it. Climbing the fence, he walked

through a sort of muddy lane, with the buildings on one side, and a row of old stunted willows on the other, which made it quite dark. After passing it safely, he entered a narrow space between the great barn and a projecting store-house. He was groping with some confidence through this passage, for he saw a light at a back window of the house, when suddenly a figure sprang out on each side and laid hold of him. All his troubles and perils were in vain! — the enemy had him at last. The Doctor, who was active and sinewy as a wild-cat, struggled manfully with his captors; threw one of them to the ground, and was aiming a blow at the other, when his wrist was seized with an iron gripe, and at the same time, a dozen hands were applied to his neck, arms, and body. In a moment, he was down. His arms were jerked behind him; a rope was wound about them, round and round, and the captured Doctor was lifted to his feet again. All this was most expeditiously performed in perfect silence, except the hard breathing of the earnest operators. He now found himself in the midst of them, as they stood by him, scrutinizing him intently by the light of a dark lantern which one of them produced. Judge of his astonishment, when he saw himself encircled, not by plumed and painted Indians, but by his own friends of the village — the men whom he had left gathering before the meeting-house, while he ran off to fight the enemy by himself! It was some time before he could convince them of his identity, as what with the Cayuga chief's hunting-shirt and leggins, and his own sunburnt face, he really did look more like an Indian than a Doctor of medicine. All was amazement and perplexity for a while, but at last the mystery was partially unravelled; and this was it:

The alarm was attributable, not to Montcalm or his Indians, who were by this time safe in Ticonderoga, but solely to Eben Chipmunk. He had parted from the Doctor, as will be remembered, in great terror and perturbation, which might have subsided if he had not met three old women, great cronies of his, who were boiling their kettle and washing clothes down by the brook. Eben ran to them and communicated his own terror, for they were as timid as he. The old women screamed, and made for the fort, alarming their neighbors by the way. Eben's fright was redoubled at seeing that of his listeners; he began to spread hideous stories, that his terrified imagination supplied him with, and that he fully believed to be fact. By the time he had got to the fort, he thought that the Indians were at that moment attacking the Squire's house and butchering the inmates. In the fort, as well as the houses, there were, by ill luck, none but women and children; they ran to alarm the men in the fields; the men blew the conch and fired the gun; and all the village was in a hubbub. Meanwhile, the innocent Doctor, forgetful of his meeting with Eben, sat smoking his cigar till the noise reached his ears; and in his anxiety he ran, as we have seen, to rescue his mistress before the others were ready. They soon followed, surrounded the house, and hearing a great noise within, and seeing a man in the dress of an Indian rushing out with a gun in his hand, they very naturally took him for the enemy they expected to find there, and fired at him. The Doctor, finding himself attacked, and coming on his part to the same conclusion, took the only means that seemed to offer a chance of escape.

The men now looked upon the Doctor with some wonder and admiration, which they expressed in very audible whispers to one another ; but he himself was much vexed at the predicament in which his precipitation had involved him. As they passed the stable door, one of his companions opened it, and displayed Satan in his stall, whither he had come thundering at full speed from the woods about half an hour before. The Doctor looked at him with no benevolent emotions. He was chiefly vexed on account of his mistress. Though a party had gone to seek her, neither she nor the Squire's men were yet returned from the woods ; probably, as he reflected, in consequence of the alarm, that he had roared at them as he rode past. He execrated himself between his teeth. He was in some degree relieved, when he and his companions came to the door, by seeing a body of men approaching over the fields, with the Squire's daughter in front, on her pony. After hearing the Doctor's warning, she had joined her brother, who was in the clearing with the men ; and they all hid in the woods, till they saw the party that came to look for them.

It is not unlikely that her admirer's jeopardy had engaged her thoughts more than her own disagreeable situation ; for no sooner did she learn that he was safe in the house, and the whole matter had been explained to her, than the vexation she had before expressed vanished, and she affected to treat the whole matter as a laughable joke. The Doctor got no sympathy from her ; she rallied him without mercy ; yet she entertained at heart a great admiration for his conduct through the whole course of the affair, not at all diminished by the conviction that she herself was the original cause of his perils and mishaps. She could see that while running away from an imaginary enemy, he had shown the impetuous daring of his character no less effectually than he would have done in assailing a real one. Yet one evil result followed the adventure ; the Doctor's occupation was gone ! — his flourishing practice was no more ! Not an old woman in town would trust her rheumatic joints to the care of a physician who had so little regard for his own limbs. In spite of this, it may be that in the end his ride had a favorable influence on his prospects of happiness and content ; but I will tell the reader all that I know myself, and he can form his own judgment. The last that I heard of him was from a gentleman who, in his college days, in the winter of 1810, visited the Squire's old homestead on a sleighing frolic. Here they found a tall erect old man, with the laughing eye and merry heart of a boy ; and his lady, a stately dame, who welcomed them with the cordial and profuse hospitality of the olden time. These were the Doctor, transformed into a wealthy farmer, and the Squire's daughter ; whose son, as I hear, still occupies the venerable mansion, and is ready to transfer any unfortunate gentleman from the hands of the village inn-keeper to the more agreeable entertainments of his own house.

STYLE : CONDENSATION.

As 't is a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 't is in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

T H E G L O W O F Y O U T H .

BY W. THOMPSON BACON.

O, WHERE has it gone, all that glow of the heart,
We enter'd on life with, and challenged it first?
When the heart dared despise all earth's trappings and art,
And felt itself rich in the virtues it nurs'd!

We all can remember the heart of the child,
How it leapt, and the earth smiled, and laugh'd too the sky;
And we never went forth but a happiness wild
Seemed poured through the breast from the ear and the eye.

How the voice of the wind rang that kissed each sweet tree,
How the sun blazed at morn, how he glow'd with the night!
How each fountain leapt forth from its cave shouting free,
How each living thing shouted its burst of delight!

And when boyhood was over, and youth hurried on,
And the earth had a truer yet still brighter sheen,
How the soul woke, and O, how it gazed on the sun,
That then flung its first light and life o'er the scene!

How the mind shot away in its wild dreams of fame,
How the heart leapt and flamed with its first thoughts of love!
How we thrilled with a happiness words may not name,
How the earth seem'd transform'd all to beauty above!

And how dared we then start away in the chase
Of bubbles that danced wild on life's rushing wave;
How little we cared for the rocks in the race,
How little we deem'd we but rush'd on the grave!

We sped on — we caught each wild sound — and we seem'd
More sure of our bliss as each sun hurried by,
And the heart did indeed catch life's light as it stream'd,
And the loud ringing music of earth and of sky!

O, where is the glow now, that burn'd in us then,
Where the life and the light both within and around?
Where the glory that then lay on peak and on plain,
The flowers scattered too o'er the sunnier ground?

Is the glow of life dead? — shall it ne'er wake again?
Is its joy all departed, and comes it not here?
Nay, we cannot thus deem man is left to complain,
And we still must believe there's a sunnier sphere.

When the clog that now chains us shall drop from the mind,
And the soul launches off on its far, glorious bourne,
Then life's glow shall come back, and life's thoughts like the wind,
And its track blaze again like the burst of the morn!

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-HUMBUS.

TREATS OF SACKS; AND OF SACKS, THE SACK PROPER.

Good Heavens! what a disturbance my last lecture has caused! The poor terrified ladies are fluttering about in every direction, like a flock of chickens when a hawk is hovering in sight. When the first glimmering idea of my great Philosophy crossed my imagination, I felt that it was destined one day to make a great noise in the world. I was convinced that it would begin a revolution, of which it would be impossible to predict the result; but I scarcely expected that it would operate so soon.

I may liken myself to a man who goes out to shoot quails; at the first fire, those who have smelt powder before, (I mean the old ones,) scuttle out of the way as fast as they can, but the young broods, losing all presence of mind, know not what on earth to do with themselves. The elderly ladies will, I doubt not, veil crest (as the Dutchmen furled topsail when they passed the Dunderburg) drop the tournure, and come out nice trim little wasps, instead of emulating those ugly spiders which may be seen in the fields on a summer's day, carrying all their weight and size abast the wheels, in the most unphilosophical and surprising manner. Great big-bottled things they are, much like those figures which you cannot persuade to stand on any but one point, and which people call witches, as I suppose on account of the ugliness of their shapes. As for the young ladies, they seem to be utterly confounded by the report of my piece, the shot of which has subverted all the principles of costume they were born under, have lived under, believed in, and leaned upon.

I behold one of them now — the first of her family that has encountered my last lecture. Scarce has she read half a page, when struck with alarm, she rises, and running like Chicken Little to her mother Hen Pen, exclaims: 'O, Hen Pen, the sky is falling!' Hen Pen in dismay, drops her work, and in a faltering voice inquires: 'Why, Chicken Little, how do you know it?' Chicken Little replies: 'O, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail.' And so, on the alarm spreads to Duck Luck and Goose Loose, and the rest of the family and acquaintance, and away at last they all ran to Fox Lox, whom I take in the present case to signify the milliner. At her den or establishment, all their old errors are confirmed, all their new lights darkened, and they come home again, all their good resolutions massacred in cold blood, dressed perhaps more monstrously than before, and dead in spirit to the touch of improvement. 'Eheu fugaces' — impressions of good taste.

So ends my proem; and now at length have I come to that lecture upon Sacks, which all the people of the earth, even to those in the utter-

most parts thereof (thanks to steam navigation !) must by this time be anxiously awaiting. Let me fetch a long breath, and I will begin.

The term sack is a very comprehensive one, exciting ideas of many and divers articles. The first and simplest thing of which we think, is the common or ordinary bag. Talk to a farmer of sacks, and bags well stuffed with oats, and corn, and wheat will present themselves to his imagination ; mention the word before a miller, and portly rows of short, squat little bags, resembling pillows, reclining in groups on the floor, or taller ones standing up against the wall like well-drilled bolsters, and filled with meal, or flour, or middlings, or chaff, or screenings, (which chickens delight to luxuriate upon,) will beckon to and smile upon him. An oil manufacturer conjures up consignments of flax and lin-seed ; a military man dreams of a plundered city ; while a Mussulman complacently fancies a half a score of heads deposited in, or a wife or two drowned in, a bag. One mind will picture to itself featherless geese, another a pig in a poke, while a third remembers something about St. Ives. Innumerable, in short, are the senses in which it may be taken.

No one, however, till within a year or two, would have believed that the word SACK could by any stretch of imagination be applied to an article of dress. And yet the dullest man on earth cannot catch the least glimpse of the article so denoted, without at once recognizing the propriety of the appellation. Let any one divide transversely an ordinary bag, and slit it longitudinally downward, and he has at once a perfect sack.

Now, of the sack, there are many varieties, just as bags made for dissimilar purposes differ in their proportions ; and of such varieties, I shall mention but a few :

1. The Sack Proper.
2. The Sack Degenerate.
3. The Sack Mongrel ; being a cross between the sack and surtout.
4. The Sack Be-frogged, or Baronial.
5. The Sack Disreputable, or Bobtail Extreme.

Of these, I intend to consider but Nos. One and Two. In the present lecture, I shall treat entirely of the sack proper, reserving the analysis of the sack degenerate for another occasion.

The Sack Proper may be loosely described as a vestment depending in a straight line from the chin to the knee in front, and from the shoulder-blades to an equal distance behind. Would you have an idea of the appearance of a sack proper ? Take a loaf of sugar ; cut off about three inches of the upper part thereof ; place the remainder in such a position that its shadow may be cast upon a wall, and your business is done ; you know what a sack looks like.

Before declaring what is in my opinion the signification of the sack proper, let me make a few remarks on the word. As well as I can recollect, there are but two pleasant acceptations in which it can be taken, but two agreeable associations connected with it, both very far-fetched. I mean the sack which Falstaff lauds so much, and the sack of money which every one would like to possess. On the other hand, grief and repentance are typified by sackcloth and ashes ; and what is sackcloth but cloth to make sacks ? Again, the Spaniards have introduced the

word into a proverb, as the representative or symbol of a mean appearance and a bad heart. They say of a man, of whom they wish to imply that he is known for both these misfortunes, that he is 'like a collier's sack, bad without, worse within.' The only instance which I can call to remembrance, in which before the present century men are related to have been enveloped in sacks, is in the case of those of a certain Italian city which was reduced to extremity (if I am not mistaken) by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. He is said to have given permission to the women to carry out what they deemed most precious, before the city was given up to plunder. To his great astonishment, many of them appeared, each with a sack upon her shoulder, in which was contained — her husband!

Whether the most valuable articles in New-York are contained in sacks, may be doubted.

Now, as to the signification of the Sack Proper, it is my conviction that it indicates either a want of moral principle, or an inclination toward the blessed state of matrimony. Every case must then be judged in reference to the particular circumstances of the individual.

I consider, in the first place, that looseness of principle, (perhaps the word *want* was rather too strong an expression,) is symbolized in this corresponding looseness of attire. In contravention of this opinion, it should be mentioned, that by the adjective 'tight' we express the condition of one who has indulged too freely (if I may be pardoned the quibble) in sack. But this expletive I humbly opine to refer, not to the repletion of such individual's vestments, but of his skin. The cut of Monsieur Prudhomme returning home from a grand dinner after his numberless duels, 'full of wine and glory,' first called my attention to this fact. I do not mean to slander M. Prudhomme, for he certainly on that occasion wore the usual dress of gentlemen in the street, but it is very evident that he could not by any possibility have swallowed another bottle. It is apparent that his skin, as are his pantaloons, is stretched as far as is consistent with personal safety. Once upon the track, I pursued the investigation through all the nations of the earth, and I found that from the Laplander to the Hottentot, from the white man to the Indian, and from the Indian to the Negro, all might be made 'tight' by the application of the proper means; nay, that even the naked natives of the islands of the Pacific ocean were not exempt from this kind of tightness; tight clothes, loose clothes, no clothes, all subject to the same infirmity.

The objection then is not valid. On the other hand, Falstaff, 'the fat knight,' was devoted to every kind of sack, and he was unquestionably a man of very loose principles. But let this pass.

In what particular branch of morality the sack-wearers are deficient, I will not take it upon myself definitively to decide. Sometimes I am inclined to suspect that these garments indicate a tendency toward Mahometanism; sometimes, that like charity, they cover a multitude of sins. There is one question which does not come within my department, upon which nevertheless I should like to enlighten mankind. But wo is me! my knowledge is inadequate, and I must appeal to the physician for an answer. The question amounts to this: do sacks affect the physical

man; do they exert an influence upon the animal economy? Whether this be the case or not, I have often fancied that perhaps men wore sacks from some superstitious idea of the kind. However, though the subject is worthy of deep consideration, yet must I dismiss it, and return again to the meaning of the Sack Proper.

Let us now take up the alternative proposed: that sacks, if they do not indicate a baseness of moral principle, may be viewed as an evidence of the wearer's being in the matrimonial market. I reason in this way: When a gentleman puts on the Sack Proper, it is a signal, in my opinion, that he considers himself as something more than the simple individual therein contained; that he looks forward to an union with another. Reasoning under the hallucinations of love, he concludes that man and wife, though but one in law, take up more space than one in fact; he leaves room, as it were, for the other half of him. I never saw a man travelling alone in an 'exclusive extra' in this country; and the Sack Proper is nothing more nor less than an 'exclusive extra.'

There is certainly a mysterious connection between the sack and marriage. It is recorded, that when Panurge, the Prince of Scoundrels, made up his mind to take unto himself a wife, he robed himself in a garment or '*disguise*,' which corresponds precisely with the Sack Proper of the present day.

I copy the words of the historian: '*He (Panurge) then took four French ells, of a coarse brown russet cloth, and therein apparelled himself, as with a long, plain-seamed, and single-stitched gown, left off the wearing of his breeches, and tied a pair of spectacles to his cap. In this equipage did he present himself before Pantagruel.*

'Honest Pantagruel, not understanding the mystery, asked him by way of interrogatory, what he did intend to personate in that new-fangled Prosopopeia?' 'I have,' answered Panurge, '*a Flea in mine ear, and have a mind to marry.*' His garment is afterward mentioned as '*a long Robe of a dark-brown mingled Hue,*' and Panurge asks: '*Do you see this Gray Rug?*'

In my enthusiasm I may view things in a different light from that in which other people regard them; but it strikes me, that no unprejudiced man can for a moment doubt that this is a prophetic description of the sack proper. And if so, it furnishes the most conclusive evidence of the truth of my ideas on the signification of that vestment.

I have sometimes thought, when walking the streets on a bitter cold winter's day, that a man who can wear a sack must be very hard-hearted. It cannot but be a great trial for a poor half-naked inheritor of mortality to see another pass by him with such an exuberance of cloth about him, especially as it is apparent that it does not minister to his comfort.

I think any woman would be justified in breaking an engagement with a man who wears a sack. It is a plain declaration of his intention of growing fat, if he possibly can; else, why this vacuity, when Nature abhors a vacuum? It evinces his dogged determination to become, one day, a 'pursy' man. It shows that he is resolved to eat and drink up all his income, and save nothing for his children. Lady, if he be already a fat man, you may regard his wearing of a sack, either as a proof of his utter disregard of appearances, or of his seeking to

inveigle you under false pretences, as if it were his garment and not himself that was huge. Deluded woman! if he be a thin man, why should he, being a Master Slender, attempt to pass himself off for a Hudibras, unless he hope to practice some deception?

Ladies, take my advice, and if you are acquainted with such a man, cut him at once, unless he promise a speedy reformation. Beware of him, as of one that

'Hath no music in his soul.'

He may whip you off a silver pitcher, or a couple of dozen of spoons under his broad skirts. It is a notorious fact, as a distinguished writer has informed us in his *'Oliver Twist,'* that the English robbers in the metropolis wear precisely such a garment in their nocturnal avocations, which they call by some name which he has immortalized, but I have forgotten. So, ladies, whenever you gaze upon such a man, think you see a burglar in disguise, with files, false keys, and all sorts of mysterious apparatus stowed away in his pockets. Here you have proof of what I asserted before, that the wearing of a sack in some cases involves a want of moral principle. A burglar is a being excommunicated by all sects: therefore the sack we speak of should be served in like manner. *Fiat!*

Ladies, a sack may cover a highwayman, with six dozen pistols disposed in an ornamented belt around his waist, after the fashion of modern pirates, corsairs, and so on. He may be a smuggler. Three quarter boxes of cigars, or six bottles of rum, may be the contents of that paunch, which you in your ignorance and the innocence of your hearts, suppose to be but a vast extent of cloth; a police man may be this very moment on his track — he may apprehend him — oh horror! — at your very feet. Again I say unto you, if you receive a sack, receive him with limitations; be not familiar with him!

Ladies connected with the raising of sheep, or interested in woollens, may patronize the sack; none other should. I saw a man walking last autumn in the country, wearing a sack, and wherever and whenever, as he passed on his way, a flock of sheep caught sight or scent of him, they hurried into the most distant parts of the fields in which they were feeding, as far as possible from him; feeling, by some inexplicable instinct doubtless, that they or some of their race should be sheared the closer for his benefit, or rather his peculiar fancy. Or perhaps as dogs and children, (pardon me, mothers! indeed I am not a sporting man,) children and dogs, I should say, are supposed to avoid a man of bad heart; so in like manner these sheep may have taken him for a man of loose moral principle.

And now, ye men of the sack — I mean not millers, but ye that wear the garment so appropriately denominated — even as men say, *'Ye men of the sword,'* and *'Ye men of the gallipot,'* hear me, and tremble! On the twenty-and-first day after this warning, I and two of my friends, equally opposed to the disciples of the sack, (a heresy in our eyes as damnable as that of the Shütes, the followers of Ali, in those of the true believers.) will appear at noon of the day, at the southern gate of Union Park, armed cap-à-pied, in close-fitting coats, black pantaloons, spurred boots, and firemen's hats, each bearing in his right hand a mighty barber's

pole, and by his side a tailor's shears. We will then move slowly down Broadway, and 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest,' if you can, what I shall tell you of our farther proceedings.

Every man we encounter enveloped in a sack, Don-Quixotte-like, we shall consider as a magician, and shall ride him down without mercy. Wo unto those who will not then abjure their sacks for ever! — they shall die in their iniquity! Those who are willing to renounce them, may escape with the blows they have received from our lances. But all shall not not be treated alike. The small sacks may go, and repent them of the evil; the greater, we will clip and shear with our tailors' scissors, till there remains but enough to cover the nakedness of their owners, even as the pedlar of history entreated the old woman that fell asleep on her way to market, so that like her they shall even become doubtful of their own identity.

Let the gentlemen of the sack not fancy that this is a mere bravado. We know that it will be a violation of all laws; we know that we shall probably slaughter three or four miserable fellows, and possibly be hanged for so doing: we are satisfied, (as we mean to plead insanity,) that the most lenient punishment inflicted on us will be confinement for life in a lunatic asylum. We have made up our minds to all this. We shall do our duty, whatever be the reward. Then, gentlemen, for your own sakes discard the sack before that day arrives, or at least keep yourself within doors. I have said!

AN AFTERTHOUGHT. — Lest the world should be under an apprehension that the benefit of my inestimable science might be lost to mankind, in consequence of my incarceration or suspension, I beg leave to state that I have made my will, and bequeathed my manuscript lectures yet undelivered, to those who will know how to make a proper use of them.

A S A B B A T H M O R N I N G .

1.

A SABBATH morning: calm and bright
The sun goes up the eastern sky,
And flings abroad a fairy light
On every thing that meets the eye:
The mountains look more grand to-day,
The vallies have a sweeter green,
The waters have a wilder play,
The birds are singing to the scene.

11.

And then the sort of solemn hush
That seems to lie on every thing,
In which a thousand feelings gush
Anew, as waters from their spring;
It may be fancy, yet we deem
There is a holiness in this,
And we can yield us to the dream,
And think we find a purer bliss.

New-Heaven, (Conn.)

111.

We go abroad, and seem to feel
A sort of wonder in all things;
The bosom has a wilder thrill,
The spirit seems to mount on wings;
O! let it, like some eastern bird,
Mount up and soar into the sky,
Where angel hands and harps are stirr'd,
And angel music wanders by.

111.

And we shall gain some newer power
To press along the path of life;
More peaceful in the peaceful hour,
More earnest in the fiery strife:
Till the great work of Faith is done:
Life's action, its endurance too;
And the clouds melt into the sun,
And Heaven in glory comes to view!

W. T. A.

L I N E S

TO A FRIEND, ACCOMPANYING SOME CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUS.

THE sunlight falls on hill and dale
 With slanter beam and fainter glow,
 And wilder on the ruthless gale
 The wood-nymphs pour their sylvan wo.

Yet these light forms of orient race
 Still graced my garden's blighted bowers,
 And lent to Autumn's mournful face
 The smile of Summer's rosy hours.

When shivering seized the dying year,
 They shrunk not from the icy blast;
 But stayed, like funeral friends, to cheer
 The void from which the loved had passed.

Thus, lady, when life's coming blight
 Has paled thy dimples' purple glow,
 And dimmed thine orbs of starry light,
 And flecked thy raven locks with snow :

Shall love, like these sweet lingerers, seem
 Still lovelier for thy faded prime,
 And gild with softer, holier beam
 The waste of beauty's autumn time!

W. P. P.

New-York, November, 1845.

T H E R E T R O S P E C T .

QUITE FRESHLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF NIEMANN.*

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

A FAIR-haired youth sat by the flowing Rhine. The softness of the summer heavens was reflected in his full blue eye. The tinge of the early morning was on his cheek. His full limbs throbbed with health; and the breeze that rippled the bosom of the river stirred the soft curls upon his manly forehead. He looked upon the golden sun, as it rose over the hills and brightened the windows of the cottages in the green valley. The tinkle of sheep-bells and the bleating of lambs came from the distance. The turtle-dove cooed among the waving elms. He leaned his head upon his hand, and the drop of dew in a tiny violet beside him, as it sparkled in the sunlight, gradually seemed to enlarge, and its rainbow colors assumed living forms. The faces of his father and mother grew distinct in that little drop, and the laughing eyes of his sisters smiled on him. Soon the arch of the sky and the round

* THIS eccentric writer is already widely known; perhaps as much from his numerous relatives, many of whom sit upon the thrones of Europe, as by his fanciful essays. He has written a good analysis of KANT, which is much admired; and a beautiful 'History of the Antediluvian Race, from CADM to METHUSALEH.' It is said that BYRON was indebted to him for some of his finest thoughts.

sun were there, and the little watery gem became the world. The castle of the Hoffmeister, and its tower all overgrown with moss and ivy, were distinct; and the distant snows of Tyrol rose above the clouds. Over the roof of his home the old lindens spread their arms; and mingling with the sweet voices of his mother and sisters, the murmur of the Bachlein leaping over the white pebbles, and running in among the overhanging larches, met his ear.

His father's hand rested with a blessing upon his head, and as he slung his leathern bag over his staff and whistled to Karlo, he received the tearful kisses of his household, and departed to seek the high-road to Gottingen. Hope for the joy and distinction of a scholar's life cast a rain-bow light into his heart; but when, at the turn of the footpath, he glanced around to take a last look at his home, and saw little Suschen waving him adieu with her tiny white 'kerchief, he wept now for the first time, and the rain-bow light of Hope for a moment became dim. But Leina met him by the poplars, and while he kissed away her tears, and clasped her with promises to his breast, his own eyes became dry; and the bunch of flowers which she bade him keep for her, lightened his sorrow, till he passed through under the city gates of Gottingen, and found new friends among the students of the University.

Swiftly two years flew by, and with them his love for poor Leina: for his verses in the *Abend Zeitung* had met the eye of the beautiful daughter of the Schatzmeister, the bright-eyed Meeta; and she smiled on him in the public walks, and admitted him to the privacy of her father's garden; even tied the crimson ribbon in her dark hair which proclaimed him a member of the 'Geheimschaft.' . . . Ah! how swelled his bosom as he was summoned home and saw Anna and Suschen with their eyes red with weeping, and heard the sobs of his mother, and saw the still grief of his father! The kiss that he imprinted upon the cold forehead of Caroline, as she lay wound in white, with her hands crossed and the long fringes of her dark eye-lashes upon her stony cheek; how it froze his soul! 'Oh! sweetest sister, smile upon thy brother! One word in good-by to him, before thy spirit goes home among the far-off stars!'

But she smiled not! she spoke not! and the moist earth received her, with spring-flowers cast upon her shroud! The spirit of the spring-time departed with her, and the youth saw the summer-spirit deepening the green upon the hills. The violet gave place to the rose, as he returned with a bleeding heart to the grim towers of Gottingen. Ah! holiest sister-love! How dark the house of the dead! how terrible the skeleton hand which Death waves over its gloom! Look there, in the dark shadow of the church-tower! Do you not see him raising aloft his giant arms and beckoning? or is it the moonbeams struggling through the elms? But the still light of stars is beyond, shining peaceful and forever!

Immersed in philosophy and Grecian metaphysics, the youth at last felt the sting of grief lose its keenness; and the summer-lightning of Meeta's eyes lighted up his night of sorrow: at last became a bright flame of moon and stars to him, and even the dawning of a new day and a bright sun driving away mist and cloudiness. The dim taper-

light of Leina's love is cast away ; and she, poor child, goes weeping among the poplars, wondering if her far-off student-lover keeps yet the rose-bud and the live-for-ever and the geranium. Suddenly he is before her ; but as he takes her hand, he is stern, and does not kiss her. Five years ago he bade her farewell on the same spot ; but now he is changed. No smile, no glad look ; and there he tells her that he loves her not ! *Loves no one !* Meeta, the idol of his worship, no more shines on him. The sun that brightened his life is darkened by dense vapor-clouds. He was poor, and she but played with him ! Is he bowed down with grief ? Oh ! no. A broader, wider love takes fast hold on him. Ambition is in his soul. He draws his student-mantle closer about him, leaves Leina weeping by the poplars, and goes up the foot-path to his cottage-home under the lindens. . . . The drop of dew that rested on the violet is gone, and as the youth rises he plucks the flower and places it in his volume of Plato, where the philosopher speaks of IMMORTALITY.

R. H. B.

T H E B E G G A R G I R L .

BY J. CLEMENT.

I.

WITH little basket on her arm to hold the proffered store,
Each morning finds a Beggar Girl low tapping at the door ;
And there she stands with wistful look, yet silent all the while,
And when she takes the pittance small, for shame she cannot smile.

II.

Her father lived a drunkard's life, and perished in the snow,
And now her mother 's sick and faint beneath her load of wo ;
And so she comes with down-cast eye and visage white with grief,
With all the power of pictured Want, mutely to ask relief.

III.

Though clad in garments thin and torn, they 're always neat and clean,
And something in her wan pale face, so mournfully serene,
Bespeaks a heart where truth abides in all its vernal hues,
And innocence in morning prime is scattering holy dews.

IV.

But, ah ! her lot is hard indeed, and all her joys must die ;
To look a rude world in the face, with its cold and frosty eye !
And yet she seems so angel-like, amid desponding fears,
That Pity marks the path she takes, and lays its dust with tears.

V.

God bless the little Beggar Girl with friends of open hand,
To weigh her down with charities, and bid her hopes expand ;
And while bereft of earthly goods, those treasures insecure,
O fill that pure young heart of hers with ' riches that endure !'

HINTS ON HUMAN NATURE, STYLE, ETC.

BY 'ONE OF THE PEOPLE'

THE study of Human Nature I understand to mean a careful inquiry into, or investigation of the nature or essential qualities of man. The term 'human nature,' in its widest sense, seems to me exceedingly comprehensive; and to include all that essentially belongs to man, physically, intellectually and morally, and whether to him exclusively, or in common with other beings. Plato's definition of man, namely, that he is a 'two-legged animal without feathers,' is the best I have ever seen, as far as it goes. But it falls very far short of presenting to the mind a distinct idea of *all* that man really is, even physically, to say nothing of his intellectual and moral nature. Of man's physical nature, I should say with Plato, that he is a nude biped; and farther, that he is of the mammalian genus, omnivorous, migratory, and though for the most part terrestrial, is, under some circumstances, aquatic. His physical nature seems to partake of that of the cock, swine, and East-Indian dog. His omnivorous characteristic, in which he approximates so near to the swine, is not less distinctly marked than the two given by the philosopher of antiquity, whose definition I have quoted. And may it not be said that the study of anatomy, physiology, phrenology, and gastrology, are, strictly speaking, the study of human nature?

But the more important branch of this study is that which relates to man's intellectual and moral character. The human animal, in common with all others, is an intellectual being. How far he excels all the rest, is a subject which comes not within the limits of our present inquiry. But he certainly *is* an intellectual being, as his works clearly prove. He, like the bee and beaver, builds, lays up stores of provisions for winter, or against time of need; and like these animals, forms communities and establishes governments; and as the great fish eat up the little ones, so great men consume the substance of the feebler. Man however manifestly surpasses all other tribes of animals, as none of them have ever attained to drunkenness or prostitution; nor, with the exception of one species of emmets, to the enslaving and selling of their own kind. But it is the nature of all animals, human as well as brute, to love and hate, sorrow and rejoice. The passions and affections are common to all. Revenge, emulation, love of praise, gratitude, pride, and shame, are the properties of all flesh, as far as we can ascertain. When the dog meets his returning master, he cannot, like one of the human species, laugh and shake hands with him; but he manifests the same feeling by shaking his tail!

A careful observation then of the intellectual powers, the passions and affections, developed in man's nature, is the true study of human nature. But in matters of conscience or moral sense, and religion, man

is said to be *sui generis*. Be this as it may, man is a moral and religious animal, and it is well enough to assume any thing that cannot be disproved. Men and dogs are about equally addicted to stealing, but a dog has never been known to pray, nor take his MAKER's name in vain; therefore we conclude he has no moral sense. Man often does both; therefore we conclude he has a conscience. When Deacon Graball was on his death-bed, he entreated his wife to send to the Widow Wantage a bushel and a half of turnips, (having cheated her husband out of a good farm thirty years before;) and thus he proved that he was a conscientious and religious man, and that there was a reality and firm support in that religion which he professed; and so he strengthened the cause of truth and righteousness. 'The widow's heart sang for joy,' and the Deacon's conscience was as quiet as a whipped child. Many men have done better, many worse than the Deacon; so that we must narrowly observe all the moral movements and moral motives of men, if we would arrive at a just knowledge of human nature.

Having thus briefly stated what the study of 'Human Nature' means, I now come to the more important and practical part of my subject, viz: how this study is to be pursued. And I will first state how it should *not* be pursued. We can learn comparatively little of it from books, written with ink and pen; it is not taught in schools, colleges, or theological seminaries, to any degree of perfection. Learned lecturers can give us but little insight into this most important of all sciences. Pope has well said that the 'proper study of mankind is man.' But *how* is he to be studied? I believe a man may graduate with the highest honors of the first university on earth, study profoundly all the learned professions, make the tour of Europe, dine with Queen Victoria, witness a bull-fight in Spain, and kiss the Pope's great toe, and yet know as little of human nature as the Celestial Emperor does of the Pawnees. No man ever well understood the management of a ship by studying navigation ashore merely. His land-studies will aid, but never qualify him for a navigator. He must have practice and experience, as well as theory. And he who trusts to theory alone, in the science of human nature, will be as bad off as the woman who made her first pudding by a cookery-book; of which her husband said, in attempting to eat it, that she had 'booked it and booked it, but she had never cooked it.'

A man may travel the world over, and be able to converse in every living language, and yet know little of the real nature of man. Travelling in steam-boats, rail-road cars, or post-coaches, dining and lodging at hotels, even if we are daily meeting with intelligent and social companions, will afford us but scanty ideas of what human nature really is. Men in such circumstances are *acting* under a mask. We may indeed meet with an occasional development true to nature; as, for instance, where a fellow charges us double fare, because we had not the precaution to make a strict bargain beforehand. A popular clergyman, whom every one respects, is of all men most liable to form erroneous ideas of the true nature and disposition of men; or, in other words, of human nature. On his approach, every man, woman and child puts on his or her best face, bows gracefully, smiles complacently, speaks in bland accents, and appears truly angelic. I have noticed that *very popular ministers*,

even orthodox, generally hold but loosely the doctrine of 'total depravity'; whereas those of the opposite class, who are but half supported, and frequently preach to empty pews, are as sound on this doctrine as a newly-cast church-bell. I believe that even some 'liberal preachers' have actually been converted to orthodoxy, by the cold and indifferent treatment they have met with from their congregations. '*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*,' should be always before our minds when we are treated with adulation or contempt by the populace.

Man is essentially the same the world over, and if we understand him well in one clime, and under a variety of circumstances, we may be enabled to form very correct ideas of him in other regions, and under other circumstances. We must take a fair specimen of the race and analyze him, and ascertain every ingredient in his nature. Let the student of human nature begin with himself; and while he closely scrutinizes the *front* of his nature and character in the broad mirror of knowledge and truth, let him hold the smaller one of experience and memory *behind* his intellectual cranium, and he will be enabled to discover quite clearly the *posterior* as well as *anterior* of his passions, motives and affections. But alas! he will not do this. He is shocked and disgusted with his own deformities. I have heard of a young lady breaking a looking-glass all to pieces, that some one held before her, because a bad humor had spoilt her pretty face; and at the same time she would look, without apparent emotion, upon the face of her sister, who was in the same predicament. We must then examine others than ourselves, and under all possible circumstances. Let us associate with men, freely agree with them, eat, drink and walk with them, and draw out their whole characters. Again, let us oppose them, and excite their combativeness; let us trade with them, and call into action their secretiveness and acquisitiveness, and we shall see the 'dignity of human nature,' about which good Dr. Channing makes so much ado, displayed in a way that is 'a caution.'

Teaching a district school, especially if one can board around with the scholars, affords one a considerable opportunity to study human nature. Peddling is much better, as the sphere of observation afforded is much wider. Old experienced Yankee pedlars are the most shrewd and discerning judges of the leading qualities of men in the world.

We must approach men in every capacity, if we would study them thoroughly. Most men have *different faces* for different individuals, or characters. I have seen men treated with the kindest attention at one time, and with disdain and contempt at another, by the same individual, because they approached him under different circumstances. At first, perhaps, they are introduced to him, well-dressed, as men of respectable and prosperous business: nothing could exceed his kindness and hospitality. A year or two after, having experienced a reverse of fortune, perchance they approach him in the capacity of book or map pedlars, and without looking them in the face he abuses them. Now if they had approached this man but once, they would have known but half as much as they did of him, and if they had approached him a thousand times in one capacity, would have known but half as much of him. Grog-shops, gambling-houses, literary and convivial club-rooms, and bowling-

alleys are excellent schools of human nature, provided the pupil is well fitted before he enters. He should not enter young, nor without some previous experience in the affairs of the external world, lest he should become a teacher instead of learner. In short, we must see and study man as he is in every capacity, and under circumstances where he will act out the good and evil that is in him, if we would understand his nature thoroughly. If students travel in vacation, they ought to peddle.

In associating with the world we can always have access to the abodes of the poor. These we should approach as beggars, pedlers, benefactors and oppressors; and thus we shall be able to elicit every trait of their character. We can study the rich as well, but in somewhat different ways. It would not be a bad idea to go in disguise and obtain a place as servant in the houses of the rich, till one has seen enough of their follies and passions, as well as of their benevolence and virtues, if they have any. It is far more difficult to obtain an accurate knowledge of the female character than that of the other sex. According to Josephus, Sampson said, when Delilah had repeatedly inveigled him into trouble, 'Nothing is more deceitful than a woman.' But whether Sampson or Josephus was the real author of the saying, multitudes have since had occasion to say that nothing is more true. If any young man of my acquaintance were a candidate for hymenial rites, and should chance to know but little of the object of his desire, I would advise him by all means to go and obtain a situation as servant in the family to which the damsel belongs, that he may have a fair opportunity to study her character; and the chances are ten to one that his passion will subside without farther process. If he has a smooth face and ready tact, he may play Ulysses with great advantage and safety, for the clashing of armor would have a very different effect on his nerves from that on those of the young Grecian hero, and there would be no danger of its leading to his detection.

A knowledge of human nature is of all knowledge the most important. Without a fair modicum of this, all our other knowledge is comparatively useless. We must know how and when to address men, if we would do them or ourselves any good by an intercourse with them. We must read a man's character as readily as we read clear pica letterpress. We must apprehend at a glance his predominant tastes and passions. It is by this knowledge, and a judicious use of it, that the philanthropist and the demagogue have been enabled to succeed, and accomplish such wonders among mankind. By studying human nature, we study ourselves; and the poet has truly said:

'THAT virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.'

A FEW THOUGHTS ON STYLE.

WORDS are said to be the signs of ideas, used to express a conventional meaning. Language, whether written or spoken, is called the vehicle of thought, or the medium through which we convey to others our conceptions. A copious language like our own furnishes us with various terms and modes of expression, by which we may communicate the same ideas, somewhat after the same manner as we convey ourselves from one

locality to another by different means, as in coach, car, or on foot, preserving the same identity. If I travel from Boston to New-York, and find myself safely lodged in that city, it may seem a matter of little importance how, or by what means, my transit was effected, as my being there at a given time may be considered my chief object. So it may be said, if I convey my thoughts to the minds of others so as to make them intelligible, it is a matter of minor importance what terms I use to accomplish this purpose. But is it unimportant to me whether I glide with the rapidity of the wind, reclining in the princely saloon of the splendid steam-boat, or on the soft cushion of the magnificent car, while the elements are smoothly wafting me onward, or whether I am trundled by donkies, over rough roads, in a dirt-cart?

There are truths, to argue which were an insult to common sense. If our comfort, convenience and respectability in the matter of travelling depend on our mode of conveyance, consequences no less important depend on our mode of conveying from our own minds to the minds of others those rare, invaluable and immaterial existences, called ideas. And if richness, elegance and pageantry may be displayed in the equipage for the conveyance of our mortal corporalities, how much more sumptuous and splendid should be the 'vehicles of Thought,' that child of celestial agencies, aired by Perception, conceived in the intellectual womb of the Understanding, nursed on the lap of Reason, and trained by Meditation, the noble hand-maid of Genius! Every original idea, at its birth, should be swaddled in splendid diction. It should be stocking'd in elegant tropes, under-clad with sparkling metaphors, capped with lofty hyperbole, and mantled in refulgent bombast. Its allegorical chariot, festooned with shining fustian, should be impelled by the symbolical Pegasus of transcendental idealism. Its advent should be attended with no less pomp and circumstance than is usual when Queen Vic. gives to the empire a new prince or princess royal, as the occurrence is scarcely less rare or important. Some vulgar minds, *horribile visu!* have exposed to the popular gaze half-naked ideas. The myriads of Hibernian brats issuing from Troglodyte cellars on a sunny day, like lizards from a frog-swamp, exhibit a spectacle not more opprobrious.

A Magdalen or a Venus de Medicis, robed in their rich native nudity, present a sight agreeable to the refined taste of the age. These are cold marble, and live only in the imagination; all their witching loveliness is 'ideal;' and while the verdant youth gazes on their polished limbs and symmetrical forms, and imagines that he is realizing his highest 'ideal' of the beautiful, and his captivated and fluttering heart is tempted to yield to an embrace, whether he indulges or refrains, he will scarcely fail to experience by the contact, or self-conquest, such a sudden and abundant escape of caloric as will refrigerate his whole system and leave his head cool and uninjured. But present to his mental vision in full exposure a living original idea, robed only in a 'cutty sark' of old Saxon lawn, and his brain will be in a worse commotion than was that of the father of the gods on the birth night of Minerva. From the burnished statuary he turns and looks upon the *walking* Magdalen and *Medicated* Venus, with indifference or disgust; they fall infinitely short of his 'ideal;' but from the direful effects of the living idea, exposed in

all its dimensions, he has no refuge. We intend to dogmatize somewhat in our discourse, but shall be as categorical as possible, and trust that the minds of our readers will not be erratic in apprehending and applying the verbiage which we propose to serve up for their incorporeal digestion. We have stated that 'words are *said to be* signs of ideas,' and that language is '*called* the vehicle of thought.' But mind ye, we did not affirm that they *are* so. Nay, we demur at the assertion. For though words sometimes have a signification, they are for the most part no sign of any idea at all, as, in a majority of cases where they are exhibited, none is connected with them. And as for language being the vehicle of thought, it is indeed sometimes so, but as it often happens in the long trains of the funerals of the rich, many of the finest vehicles go empty; and when language is well exhibited, its inward vacuity is little more liable to detection than is that of the close coach in the splendid procession. We admire the exterior of both, regardless of the contents.

There is no higher indication of transcendent genius than the frequent introduction of original words, manufactured for the occasion, and of foreign material. In the accomplishment of this onerous, magnanimous and philanthropic design, the operator will find occasion often when Cynthia has donned her pale night-cap and retired to repose, to trim the nocturnal oleaginous luminary, while Sol is pouring his perpendicular rays upon his very antipodes. And often has the successful aspirant continued his lucubrations in weaving logographical buskins and pin-afores in which to enrobe his unborn urchins, which he perceives are striving like Jacob and Esau, ready to burst forth to the light from his craniological matrice; he continues, we say, till Lucifer brings the dawn, announcing the approach of Helius, the old hay-maker, extinguishes the celestial lamps, lest Saturn, the alderman of the ward, should complain of a useless waste of the piscatorial unction with which they are fed, and Aurora, springing from her Orient bed-chamber, displays her rubicund and albescent under-garments to the gaze of wakening mortals, blushing 'like a boiled lobster from brown to red!' Such is the favorite son of genius, whom Fame, descending from her ærial height, planting her sinister digitals in his soap-locks, and clutching with her dextrals the seat of his unmentionables, shall bear aloft to the pinnacle of Olympus, where the muses shall dance around him 'La Cracovienne' à la Ellsler, and crown him with bay and laurel. 'Sartor Resartus' shall not be more 'sartin' than his renown.

The '*pluralis excellentiæ*' is the prerogative of kings, newspaper editors, and all public speakers. This mode of expression gives a man peculiar dignity; and if we do not honor ourselves, we cannot expect honor from others. Beside, the expression is strictly proper. A man of genius and learning is by no means a unit. He is intellectually made up of several individuals. How could the mind beget, conceive and bring forth ideas, if it were not of both genders? The intellectual powers of man form a very numerous group, among whom harmony and discord alternately prevail. But when we hear their organ of communication, who acts as a sort of reporter for the company, announce that 'we' do, think suggest, or determine so-and-so, one is led to conclude that 'so-and-so,' is the unanimous conclusion of the whole association of

the inner-man, and so one receives what is uttered with the greater confidence. Some of our transcendental perfectionists have arrived at such a state of unison with 'the Divinity,' that when it snows or rains, they say, 'I snow,' 'I rain;' but they dare not say 'we snow,' 'we rain.' It is only one of the persons of this numerous mental fraternity that snows and rains. This personage I suppose may be Mr. Credence, while my Lord Will, Lady Reason and Mr. Understanding, would give the lie direct to an allegation that they had made such assertions.

Always introduce terms of rhetoric, logic and metaphysics. Never fail to reason 'à priori' 'ad hominem,' and 'à posteriori;' and your endless figures of rhetoric should often be called by name. Your production will be defective if it has not the term 'ideal' introduced at least three times; a slight touch of 'Liberty and Human rights;' some allusion to the transcendent excellencies of our country and institutions; and if you would have it 'highly finished' it should have a little spice of Transcendentalism and Socialism. No matter what the title is, happy allusions can always be made to these standing topics. Nothing can be more appropriate than to be eternally introducing the gods of the Greek and Roman Mythology. Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and the whole family, even down to poor little Priapus, should be at your service. And then you should play with 'Orion and the Pleiades,' the 'Great Bear and the Cubs,' 'Virgo and the Heifer,' 'The Lion and the Crab,' and all the constellations, as a young girl does with her pet squirrel and Canary birds. And you may introduce every plant, animal and mineral, of which you know the name, though unable to recognize any of them at sight. None of us at the present day are so utterly demented as to take the trouble of *thinking* mainly for ourselves. It were endless to enumerate the objections to such a course. It is true, the time was when men *had* to think for themselves, so likewise was each man obliged to make his own clothes and shoes. A man must be an ass who would drive an ox-team with a load of grain from Genesee to Albany, though his ancestors were commended for so doing. Have we labor-saving machines for the hands only, and none for the head? Is the body to be 'borne on flowery beds of ease,' with the rapidity of the planets in their orbs, and the mind to plod on in the old way, subjected to all the drudgery of our forefathers? As well might we harness the steers and old mare before a sled, take a bundle of hay, a bag of oats, a box of provisions, and jug of whiskey, to perform a journey; for so did our fathers. But rail-roads and steam, improved machinery and stereotyped opinions, are obviating the necessity of much mental or corporal labor. It is true, old ideas, like old men, must have new wardrobes; both must conform in dress to the fashion of the times. And I think any attentive auditor of modern discourses from the pulpit, or essays from the press, will often recognize the sentiments advanced as old acquaintances, and could address almost any of them in familiar terms, like the following: 'Bill, how do you do? you have got a new jacket since I saw you.' To which 'Bill' may be supposed to reply: 'Almost dead, I thank you; my shirt has been changed a thousand-and-one times. . Sometimes I am apparelled as loosely as a Turk; sometimes screwed up like a young lady's waist, till there is no vitality in me. I have been distorted and tortured into

every possible shape, and have lost all my original freshness and vigor. O, that I could always have worn that easy home-spun suit which my parent put me into !'

But one of the most beautiful characteristics of the age is a proneness to succour the deserted and helpless. Preëminently is this disposition manifested in an inclination to cherish the sentiments of the illustrious dead. The men of this generation are immortalizing an offspring whose progenitors have long since passed away. They adopt them as their own, incorporate them into their own families, clothe, adorn, cherish and claim as their legitimate produce, many whose parents have long slept in the dust. Shade of Plato ! what gratitude dost thou owe to the men of this generation, who have converted their brains into foundling-hospitals for thy rejected and illegitimate offspring ! Pythagoras ! Aristotle ! Socrates ! Bacon ! Locke ! Newton ! Your prolific craniums have fathered upon the world such a numerous progeny, that all the resources of the age are exhausted in defending and supporting them, to the entire neglect of generating any thing original. And though ancient maidens sometimes lavish their affections upon monkeys and cats, yet more discreet minds, in default of genuine issue, will adopt and christen with a sui-cognomination the progeny of others, cherish them as their own, and forget that they are not of their own gestation. The glory of the scholar of the nineteenth century consists in an ability to torture the vocabularies of all languages into infinitely diversified robes, ornaments and vehicles for the accommodation of the fosterlings of their adoption. And thus is brought to pass the saying : ' Sing, O barren, that didst not bear ; break forth into singing, thou that didst not travail, for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife.'

A C H R I S T M A S C A R O L .

BY SUSAN FINDER.

A PEAN sing
To the hale old King
Who has reigned for many a year !
With his jovial train
He comes again,
The wintry hours to cheer !

Though locks of snow,
Rest on his brow,
And the hoar frost drapes his chin,
Yet his eyes shine bright
With a merry light,
And his heart beats warm within !

To old and young
His gifts are flung,
As he speeds on his gleesome way,
And our spirits bound
At the joyous sound,
' Old Christmas comes to-day !'

The loved of yore
Are met once more,
And hand is clasped in hand ;
While friendship's chain,
Long snapped in twain,
Is linked at his command.

With one glad voice
Let earth rejoice,
To welcome his cheerful reign ;
And a warmer glow
Our hearts will know,
As we echo back the strain.

And loudly raise,
A hymn of praise,
While our souls with rapture thrill,
To HIM whose birth
Brought ' peace on earth,
And unto men good will !'

THE TOMB OF SHELLEY:

SWEET ivy ! let thy verdant folds entwine
 The sacred dust of SHELLEY, bard divine ;
 Whose fire was quenched beneath the lucid sea
 That laves the flowery marge of Italy.
 The elements did moan around his bier,
 In him they lost their best interpreter.
 For his most subtle, sympathizing frame
 Was as a sweet melodious instrument,
 Through all whose pores and million channels went
 The universe into his heart and brain,
 In musical influxes, that ebb'd again
 From out his lips, in verse of power to tame
 A tiger's heart, or suage an angel's pain.
 Through his well-jointed pipe the starry gyres
 Of planets sang* their gladness and their soft desires
 In wild Monadic strains, and their sweet dreams
 The leaves did whisper, and the clouds and streams
 And winds their fluent exultations pour
 With the sky-vaulted ocean's organ-roar !

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Havana, October 12, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I do not wonder that you call my last epistle 'rather dry.' I will promise occasionally to please you better, but according to our original agreement, you must let me go on in my own way. I am aware that I have thus far been so much carried away by the importance of the political circumstances and events occurring here, that I have said very little from personal observation. You will therefore be glad enough to excuse an episode of a less serious nature. I have somehow or other become quite attached to a little neighbor of mine, a colored woman, who every morning is to be seen at the vegetable market, sitting near the corner of the *Calla de la Cuva*, in the *Plaza-Vieja*, surrounded by sweet potatoes and plantains, and little piles of beans, turnips, tomatoes, egg-pears, dried corn, and so forth, set upon several coarse straw-mats, animated and cheerful, and turning round in her large easy leather chair, to talk with her numerous acquaintances, or to persuade her customers into a bargain, and occasionally answering some flattering and but too significant though public insinuation of her enamoured gallants, as naturally and coolly as if it in no way concerned her. I have often wondered, while observing her at her usual station, so active, so busy and pleasant, and so perfectly agreeable to every one, how the apparent art of a coarse but withal graceful politeness had been acquired by this woman. There she would sit for hours and hours,

* See the wonderful planetary chorus with which the 'Prometheus Unbound' concludes.

in her very loose calico-dress, with a yellow-and-black shawl, a clean Madras handkerchief on her head, green silk shoes, no stockings, a fat, fresh, happy face, beautiful white teeth, rings of all kinds on her fingers, ear-rings, bracelets, and a coral necklace, brilliant on the black surface of her smooth skin. Why I should feel any more interest in 'Maria del Rosario' than in any of the other dealers in the market, I know not; but certain it is, that I was agreeably attracted by her manner, and thought I read in her looks evident demonstrations of a feeling soul within.

Having got into conversation with her one morning, when I was tempted to buy some of her really beautiful Avocado-pears, I soon after had a fit opportunity to be convinced of the truth of my surmise. At ten o'clock, having paid the commissary a tax for the privilege of selling at the market, she would retire to her dwelling, which was a small wooden house, away off in the *Barrio de San Lazaro*, facing the boisterous beatings of the ocean at the Punta, and looking as desolate and dreary as the countenance of the inmate was invariably cheerful and calm. There she would commence a new task, that of washing and ironing, which kept her in constant labor until late in the evening. As her industry appeared to me so unavailing and endless, I was induced to question her particularly about her private affairs. Thus I became acquainted with the following facts: Poor Rosario had come from the country of the Mandingoes, in her early youth; had been sold to a wealthy family, where she had enjoyed many hours of leisure, which she so employed as to obtain the means of purchasing her freedom. But since the patronage of her former master was no longer her's, the petty exactions of the commissaries and sub-commissaries of the police ate up nearly all her earnings. On a great festival she had not complied with the order of having a lighted lantern at her street-door, and was obliged to pay a fine for the infraction. One of the female servants living with her had let her license run five or six days beyond its time without renewing it, which brought upon poor Rosario the charge of keeping unlicensed persons of color at her house. There was a number of similar unfortunate unavoidable little committals, which caused her incessant trouble and expense. But her most serious source of misery arose from her determination to obtain from a captain of a regiment, stationed at Havana, her long-standing bill for washing. All her endeavors, through the under-menials of justice with whom she was in constant contact, having proved fruitless, she appeared one morning at the audience of the Captain-General to establish her claim against her debtor. From the moment she stated at the lower bureau her object, she was evidently an unwelcome visitor, and was looked upon as a most daring woman. She lost the whole of one morning to get the order to appear; she could hardly find any one to execute it; and was harassed and kept waiting for a number of days, until her perseverance overcame all obstacles, and she had the satisfaction of appearing at the tribunal, with the representative of her debtor, a diminutive, rugged, and sly little old man, abundant in words, scant of ideas, and as little concerned in the clearing of the case as she was desirous of making it distinct. Her heart nearly failed her when she saw that instead of the imposing presence of

the Captain-General, she was only heard by a beardless officer, verbally commissioned by His Excellency. The latter nevertheless took special care to sign all the judicial acts, as if he had been present at them, so as to receive the fees. It was alleged, on the part of the debtor, that though the instructions received from his party were not perfectly satisfactory, there had been what the law styled *plus petitior*, the bill having been overcharged; that it was subject to a liquidation, and that the case should be written down and followed through the regular order of proceedings. There was no one to answer for her, that the amount being a small one it should be decided at once, and Rosario had the sad alternative of abandoning her claim, or throwing herself in the ocean of a Cuba law-suit, with the additional cause of dread of her antagonist, who was an European officer in active service.

On the evening of her appearance at court, I called on my poor friend, whose fate became interesting to me; and soon after my inquiries had been answered, the same little man who acted for the captain at the court came in.

'Well,' said he, at once, with the air of most profound indifference to her sorrows, 'I have come to see you merely for your own sake, for I would not have you get into trouble. You are yet in time: it will be my business to press the suit hereafter, and you will be obliged in three days' time to name your own *procurador*, or law-agent, and supply him with about as much money for expenses as the debt amounts to. I propose to you to reduce the eighty-two dollars you claim, to thirty-four, which will be paid by me in a reasonable time; and you pay the charges of the suit as far as they go, now, and thank me too; for you do not know what it is to get yourself into trouble with the army.'

During this conversation, Rosario occasionally looked at me, as if to seek advice; and whether she read in my countenance decided marks of indignation, or not, she mustered courage, and in spite of the threats of the agent, and of the under-commissary of police, who came to stand by him, and to censure the steps she had taken, she insisted upon going on with her suit.

From this time, it was no longer in Rosario's power to appease, with comparatively trifling gifts, the insatiable avarice and ill-nature of the commissaries. Just as the law-agent had threatened, the suit was followed on in writing, with more activity on the part of the defendant, who represented himself as very indignant; and the wretched and disconsolate washerwoman was obliged to borrow money, in order to carry it on. She had of course named an agent for herself, such as she could find, who would take charge of so troublesome and unpromising an affair; and though now and then soothed with the hopes of obtaining one favorable resolution, there was nothing very positive in the result, excepting that time, money, and patience were lost. At last, I was so moved by her distress that I resolved to do something for her; and having secured a respectable friend among the lawyers, I prevailed upon him to see into her case. Immediately after this, my friend had the woman's agent called to him, so as to obtain and peruse the proceedings, which had been thus far advanced; and I saw such a change in the manner of the commissaries, and the little contemptible set of

agents employed in the business, that I began to feel as if I had done a great deal for the woman. To satisfy myself on the subject — for Rosario was already overpowering in her thanks, and in the fulness of her heart, begged me to allow her to do my washing for nothing — I hastened one morning to my learned friend of the law. Behind a rather high table, literally covered with processes, or 'autos,' my friend was negligently seated, in a ponderous Spanish easy-chair. He was surrounded by a few business men, who seemed waiting for their turn to speak with him; and altogether taken up with the brief instructions of notary clerks and agents. At times he would place his signature at the bottom of some petition or writing; and invariably sustained the unmoved countenance of an old warrior, no matter what ponderous or dreadful tale or information were communicated to him. On seeing me come in, he for one moment looked as if he were going to rise from the drudgery which surrounded him, and as if he could smile over it with me; but the next instant he sank back into his usual tone, bowed slightly to me, and turned unconsciously around on the agitated circle which pressed about him.

'I have seen the process of your protégé,' said he, at last, when an opportunity offered to attend on me, 'and am afraid that nothing can be done for her. In the first place, the act of *comparecencia* is enacted in such language as best suited the party of the Captain. She appears herself more desirous of having her account approved of, than of collecting the sum. Then, in the numberless petitions of her own agent, this seems to have been the principal point of his requests. On the other hand, the protests of the Captain, from the very first act, as to his readiness to exhibit the sum, provided it be ascertained, are calculated to make the expenses bear on the poor woman. This is probably an explicit or instinctive combination of all the law-agents, assessors, and lawyers in the case, who generally endeavor to stamp some weak point on the party who is more ready or able to pay, so as not to lose their fees by giving all right to the innocent.' My friend, added, however, that he would call upon the Captain-General himself, and have some conversation with him, and would then see me again. The uncommon circumstance of a respectable lawyer appearing privately to demand attention to a case like this, produced some useful effect. The General ordered instant payment of the sum; but what he could not interfere with, as he said, was the *expenses*, which were far beyond the amount sued for; so that, upon the whole, it was understood and settled that poor Rosario should neither claim her bill nor pay any charges, and endeavor thereafter to be as amiable and generous to the little set of menials of justice as she had been previously.

This little history is every day repeated in a thousand different shapes; and surely no one who sees occasionally in the city of Havana the appearance of comfort and civilization, the pompous records of reforms, and the annual speeches of the judicial courts, glowing with equitable principles of justice and humanity, could imagine that the society which seems thus prosperous and lofty is devoured by a cancer so destructive to their fortunes, ease and repose. Speaking on this subject, the *Revista de España*, of the month of April of the present year, expresses itself thus:

'Were you to withdraw the brilliant mask which hides the state of the country, a lacerated and deformed skeleton would present itself to our sight. . . . Other evils, other abuses, may chiefly fall on interests and classes better able to support them ; but those coming from the administration of justice, prey upon every class and condition in life ; impairing and absolutely ruining the most indigent and helpless.'

The judicial administration of the island is in the hands of the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors named by the Court, with an assessor, if military ; or, if themselves lawyers, without one. These tribunals take cognizance of all cases, whether civil or criminal. Two *alcaldes*, elected by the corporation, are also competent judges, who can act with assessors named by themselves. There are, beside, men who are judges of special classes ; such as the *Tribunal de Bureo*, which is the only one where a gentleman of the King's household can be sued ; and the *Tribunal de Guerra*, exclusively for the military. But by whatever name they may be called, they are invariably composed of one single responsible judge, who prepares the case, from its commencement to the sentence, and very often commits his most sacred and important functions to the notary, who, in his turn, passes the same to his clerk. I am confident that if, at any given moment, the Royal Court of Justice of Havana were to send agents through the city to seize every process going on, it would be found, upon an average, that they are carried on for at least twenty days, or a month, without the notaries placing their signatures at the bottom of the acts they profess to have been present at. I mention this circumstance, of easy confirmation, because it speaks volumes. The Captain-General, associated with a different assessor or Lieutenant-Governor, as legal adviser, forms a number of distinct tribunals. He is never consulted ; his only part being to place his signature at the bottom of each resolution, of which he is not even apprized, and to collect his fees for the same. Every one of these decrees is marked with a price on the margin, which makes up the income of each judge, and likewise of the notary. It requires, therefore, a degree of self-denial on their part, never to be met with, to oblige them to shorten instead of lengthening these processes ; which are therefore entangled in the most scandalous manner. When such a plausible cause of the evil is to be found thus easily, and when the political and military dependance of the judicial branch is so visible, we can hardly understand the obscure proposals of the *Revista* : which, in endeavoring to remedy such sufferings, rather disapproves of that noble independence of the courts which all civilized nations admit as essential to an equitable execution of the laws. As it is, according to the same periodical, the military assessor obtains yearly from thirty to forty thousand dollars ; the marine assessor from twelve to sixteen thousand dollars ; the assessor and fiscal of the Financial Tribunal about twenty thousand dollars each. The Tribunal of Marine, to judge those belonging to the Navy, is composed of the General of the Marine Department signing, and his assessor acting, in the same form and with the same emoluments as the tribunals of the Captain-General. The Intendant and his assessor, in the same order, compose the Financial Tribu-

nal, which claims and judges the cases of debt against the Government, or its various rights in grants and property.

From these several special tribunals, appeals are generally carried to juntas, or associations of three, of the same assessor-judges; who, thus united, form a Superior Court. The Tribunal of Commerce is composed of a number of merchants, who are always busy with their own affairs; and though possessing the advantage of a code, (which is a very essential one, no matter how imperfect it may be,) take no notice of it whatever, and constantly subscribe the decrees presented to them by the notary.

This tribunal, those of the *alcaldes*, and those of the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, when the parties have no privileged '*fuero*,' like the military tribunals, go in appeal to the Royal Audiencia, as also the remarkable tribunal called '*Of the Property of the Dead*.' This latter, being a constant cause of anxiety to foreigners, I may be permitted to explain its functions. They are soon told: whenever an individual dies whose heirs are absent from the country, the Judge and his notary hasten to the spot; making very expensive excursions and delays, and inventories, long and generally useless; interferes in the transactions of those agents who held the confidence of the deceased; and, if no legal and intelligent representative appears, promptly dwindles into nothing the property, by the officious and costly acts to keep it in safety. I appeal to the honesty of the few merchants who make it a practice to turn every thing to the best account of the Spanish administration, to say if there is the least exaggeration in this picture.

You may say, perhaps, that I am too partial to Ferdinand VII. But, in considering the several aspects under which I would regard this island, I am constantly obliged to acknowledge his bright and judicious acts. As far back as the 17th of March, 1826, he issued a royal order, requiring the Cuban authorities and public bodies to report on the state of the several departments of its administration. Three very distinguished, talented and able gentlemen, Count Fernandina, Colonel Don José Pizarro y Gardin, and Don Wenceslao Villa Urrutia, executed the report, from a committee of the ancient respectable *consulado*, in the most creditable manner. '*The vices of the administration of justice are evident*,' says the report; '*they are occasioned by the manner in which the tribunals are formed; by the monstrous division of the judicial districts; by the extension of the military jurisdiction; by the abuses introduced through the avarice of legal agents; by the errors in the form of procedure; and by the laws which determine the order and value of written or testimonial proofs.*'

Among the various important reforms then proposed to the King by that enlightened committee, under date of 1830, I may distinguish the following:

I. A greater number and a new form to the municipalities, more liberal, and in accordance with the advance of the science of government; suggested by a royal order of 30th September, 1827.

II. The suppression of judges whose part is only to sign and receive fees.

III. The formation of tribunals whose members should have fixed

salaries; and the designation of means to sustain them, without occasioning any burthen to the public treasury.

IV. Prohibition against employing notary's clerks.

V. Attorneys for the prosecution of criminal suits, from the first news of a crime having been committed.

VI. Suppression of all kinds of fees received by the members of the tribunals.

VII. The introduction of verbal defences instead of written ones, in certain stages of the proceedings.

VIII. To indemnify the Captain-General against the diminution of his income, resulting from the fees herein expressed.

IX. Greater simplicity in the forms of procedure.

X. Less facility in admitting testimonial proofs.

The report examines in a truly philosophical spirit the only written colonial law to which the Spanish administration may attribute its useful or evil results, called the 'Ordinance of Intendants.' It is evident from the very appropriate references to the experience of the past in the Spanish dominions, whether of Europe or America, that the separation of the civil and legal from the military administration has always been attended with prosperous consequences both to the country and to the public treasury. 'The Bourbons, it is said, through the judicious division of power, highly improved the condition of Spain, and drew away from her the evils which had afflicted the Peninsula during the preceding dynasty. 'It was this advantage,' says the report, 'that Charles the Third would communicate to America in the Ordinance of Intendants of 1786. In the latter there were some alterations introduced from that exercised from 1718 in Old Spain, for while the political and military governors were sustained on one hand, the financial and municipal government were assigned to the Intendant, the monarch having always in mind the benefits which the concentration of all the different branches of the civil administration in a chief other than the military, had produced in Spain.'

In the year 1844, in a report of Messrs. Santos, Suarez, Escovedo and Ayesteran, on the subject of white immigration to Cuba, written under the strong conviction of the evils which the judicial order brings on the country, we see the same truthful picture; perhaps greater uneasiness and excitement, but at the same time we can notice the constraint, and the impossibility of the authors using the frank and candid language which a few years before had been used under the parental care of Ferdinand Seventh. Having laid before the Board of Improvement the natural resources of aggrandizement possessed by the island of Cuba, it is therein observed that the proportion of its wild to its cultivated lands stand as 100 to 645. 'What is the reason,' it is asked, 'that with the amount of emigration from Europe, population should not accrue to this rich and fertile island?' Admitting that the means of subsistence are the true measure of population, the reporter goes on to examine the constant causes which every where attend the want of those means. The first, coming in the usual order, viz., the unproductiveness of the country, is not at all to be found in Cuba. The second cause, which is the idleness of the laboring class, or ignorance of capitalists, must be

corrected under a very active system. It is the third cause which has paralyzed the colonization, and will always make the efforts of the local government and public bodies unavailing. It consists, according to the report, in the administration of justice, which from its vicious forms, the insecurity it brings upon all kinds of property, and the excessive burthen it throws upon the country, exerts a most desolating influence. 'It seems,' I quote literally, 'as if the temple of Themis were converted among us into a ruinous Exchange, where it is even impossible to keep an account of the innumerable extortions practised on the wretched litigant.'

The committee of Messrs. Suarez and Company are farther of opinion, that the judges should be competently paid, so as not to make their emoluments dependent on the manner of conducting a suit; that some means should be devised to make real and effective the responsibility of the said judges, and of all the agents of the law; they manifest their sincere regret that the trial by jury should be so strenuously opposed; and since that may not be granted, they request that the proceedings and the defence be published; they demand that the members of the municipal bodies, called Alcaldes, have no legal authority excepting as justices of the peace; they would establish some restraint on the unlimited means now in the power of an insolvent plaintiff to harass and extort unjust concessions from fear of law expenses; they earnestly petition the abolition of the privilege, which the agents of the law have usurped, of being always paid themselves prior to the satisfaction of the claim from whence their fees resulted.

As long however as the same individuals who practise the abuses which afflict the land, and dry up its sources of wealth, are the organs which the court consult, it is not to be expected that any remedy can be adopted. In the irregular established system, the agents of the law are abundantly provided for, from the highest functionary to the least important; and the increase of the guarantees to the litigant, of a speedy and righteous decision, by reducing the 'facilities' of agents, reduces likewise their importance, and their now boundless means of enriching themselves. Messrs. Santos, Suarez, Escovedo and Ayesteran may in vain call once and again on the local government for redress. Their vote, which is that of the owners of real estate, cannot withstand in Madrid the interested opinions of the phalanx of office men. By bringing to our recollection the fact, that since 1836 the island of Cuba has been deprived of her deputies at the Spanish Cortes, we can understand how and why it is, that so far from any reform being possible, the attempts to destroy all liberality in its government are constantly successful in late years.

EPICRAM:

WRITTEN AFTER BURNING SOME OF THE WORKS OF VOLTAIRE.

HEAPED on my hearth the motley ashes lie
Of VOLTAIRE's blasphemy;
Part white as the hoary scoundrel's head, and part
Black as his heart:
His works here, like himself below, require
THE FIRE!

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY J. HONSTWELL.

I.

In the broad forest leaves are falling ;
Their gathered dead
The hinder'd brook fantastic walling ;
While the pert squirrel, sharply calling,
Rains down the mast from overhead.

II.

Old oaks their lordly branches lifting,
Stand bald and bare ;
And crimson leaves in shadows shifting,
With slumberous sound go slowly drifting,
Drifting along the o'erladen air.

III.

Sunlight, down through the foliage leaping,
Rich broi'dery weaves ;
In the wide openings onward sweeping,
It falls in holiest beauty, sleeping
On greensward slopes and eddying leaves.

IV.

Then look, my saddened soul ! around you,
And ponder o'er,
If, when *Life's* autumn winds have found you,
And the grave-mounds of friends surround you,
You too shall droop to rise no more !

V.

Like to those leaves about me flying,
In mid-air tossed,
The body then, no more relying
On its strong bulwarks, will be dying,
Its fire in smouldering ashes lost.

VI.

But death may not destroy the spirit,
Which is eterne !
Then, trembling soul ! no longer fear it ;
You, who no dying doom inherit,
Should for the new existence yearn.

VII.

Fit hour for deep and mournful musing,
Is autumn time :
With pregnant thoughts my soul infusing,
It asks, while leaves their hold are losing,
Were not those dead ones in their prime ?

SONNET TO AN OYSTER.

TESTACEOUS friend — nay, be not testy too,
 I come not now to put thee in my belly —
 How is't thy cousins-german, CRABST and SHELLY,
 In all their singing, 'never mention'd' you?
 'Mute as an oyster!' I wonder if the elves,
 While morning, noon and night each vagrant boy stirs
 The air and appetite, a-crying 'oysters,'
 Do not, in sorrow, sometimes 'cry' themselves!
 In sooth, I'm hungry — 'tis as well confest;
 And now while Tom his throat with 'lobster' crams,
 And brother DICK grows clamorous for clams,
 I'll e'en devour the friend I love the best,
 Then sing his praise in numbers that shall tell
 The 'shell of Orpheus' was an oyster-shell!

St. Albans, Ft., 1842.

J. G. Saxe

THE POETRY OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN the name of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was first given to the world, in connection with his beautiful poem, 'Alnwick Castle,' by the universal opinion of the public he was placed in the highest rank of American poets. With him, the 'home of the Percys' high-born race' was the starting point in the career of glory. Although, as he himself assures us, his more immediate field of action lay in the 'cotton trade and sugar line,' he has given the most decisive evidence that his fancy was not confined to the level of his business. Whether he allows his muse to rove among the green fields of Northumberland, or linger in that dilapidated fortress which once echoed to the tread of England's proudest lord; whether he attunes to his melancholy music the strains of Zion's exile, whose harp was touched by captive fingers, or the name of MARCO BOZZARIS 'wakes up the stirring memories of a thousand years,' he soars with no middle flight above the Aonian Mount.

We have said that Halleck, by the universal opinion of the public, was placed in the highest rank of *American* poets. What position he is destined hereafter to hold among the British poets of the nineteenth century, it is not our purpose in the present article to define. In a letter addressed some years ago by SAMUEL ROGERS of London to WASHINGTON IRVING, we remember to have noticed the sentiment, that Mr. Halleck's poems were better than any thing that could be done just then on the other side of the Atlantic. This was written in the lifetime of such men as Southey, and Campbell, and Wordsworth, and Montgomery. Whether it was the intention of the illustrious eulogist to place the American bard on higher ground than the poets just alluded to, we of course have no means of determining, except such as are fur-

nished by the preceding remarks. However this may be, one thing is very certain; the compliment is unusual from a British to an American writer; and if we may regard it as at all indicative of the popularity which Mr. Halleck has acquired in England, we are glad to know that he sustains as high a rank in the land of his ancestors as that which he so proudly commands in his own.

Apart from the melody and exquisite symmetry of his verse, we regard the occasional brilliancy of Mr. Halleck's sentiments as the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry. We say *occasional* brilliancy; because a continuous succession of such scenes as Death in the Bridal Chamber, or the Hero, when his sword has conquered for the free, would be too much like a mountain of diamonds flashing in the splendor of the morning sun. It is pleasant to turn the eye from such dazzling lustre, and let it repose upon the green pastures and still waters of a humbler world. We set about the business of reading Halleck's poetry *now* with nearly the same emotions that affect the mind when we start, on a bright summer's day, to traverse the beautiful river that flows by the city of his home. Our way lies along pleasant fields, variegated by rural palaces and far-stretching Palisades. Gliding over the serene bosom of the Tappan-Sea, we reach the narrow passes of the Highlands; and perchance we catch a note of the bugle, as it rings around the fortresses of West Point. Our swift steamer soon bears us beyond these rocky barriers—immortalized by the story of Revolutionary heroism—of Arnold's treachery and Andre's inglorious death. Before us are again spread out the fertile plains, and hills smiling in the rich garniture of a Northern clime; lovely, not 'in England's fadeless green,' but in the brighter verdure which the New World discloses to her sons. Soon in the distance rise high up above us the cloud-capt peaks of the Kaatskills; and if we choose, without doing irreverence to the majesty of their presence, we may indulge in a hearty laugh at old Rip Van Winkle, who, in days gone by, slept for twenty long years amid their mountain solitudes. At one moment our pensive, at the next our mirthful feelings are excited.

Precisely thus do we pass along the smooth stream of Halleck's verses. Our attention is arrested by the view of 'fair Wyoming,' coming in beauty to the eye on Susquehannah's side; we are startled by the sound of martial music, as we shed a tear over Bozzaris dying, and listen to the shriek of his sentries on Platæa's battle-field. Again we pass into serener waters; the Yankee pedagogue and pedler excite our smile, although we are told they are New-England's outcasts. We can hardly refrain from downright laughter at the beer and the buck-tails of Tammany Hall. And then, in our gloomier hours, we may weep over the urn, sacred to Allen's memory, or indulge in the luxury of grief with the widow who pointed to the spot

'Whereon her father and five brothers slept,
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave.'

It is not our purpose to enter upon a discussion of Mr. Halleck's merits, in comparison with other American poets. Every reader has his own favorite; and the attempt to convert a man who prefers Bay-

ANT, or LONGFELLOW, or SPRAGUE, to the writer under consideration, would be a useless expenditure both of time and ink. Without hesitation, we have placed Mr. Halleck in the highest rank of our poets: we regard his works as a fair specimen of what has been done on this side of the Atlantic; and without reference to any minor dispute as to the premiership among the 'irritable race,' we are content to leave him where we originally placed him. Our country is yet young. But little more than half a century has elapsed since we assumed the rank of an independent nation, by cutting asunder the ties that bound us to the British throne. We have not yet had time enough to raise up a poet who should stand, like England's Shakspeare, high above all others in the catalogue of glory; a 'light and landmark on the cliffs of fame.' We are a hard-working people now, as we were a hard-fighting people in the days of the Revolution. It may be said, perhaps to our shame, that we bow down in *too* humble adoration before the spirit of the age; that spirit which aims to acquire eagles rather than laurels; which makes temples dedicated to the god of riches populous with worshippers, and leaves the muses desolate amid their altars. We shall not say that the spirit of party is extinguished, or even that we do not sometimes witness an outbreak of its hidden fires; but we *do* assert, and without fear of contradiction, that its boundless thoughts and lofty aspirations are checked and curbed by the overmastering spirit of the nineteenth century. We do not think this will *always* be the case; the true metal, we believe, is here; the diviner's rod has already intimated its existence, and we look forward with pride and hope to the time when, upon the shores of the New World, shall be born

'A SHAKESPEARE of the West, a star of song,
Brightening our own blue skies with living fire.'

No American, we think, however excessive may be his *amor patriæ*, will hesitate to acquiesce in the remark, that as far as poetry is concerned, England stands above all competition with the United States. In the language of a modern poet, her flag for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze. During these ten centuries, she has accumulated for herself an amount of glory, as the mother of illustrious poets, unsurpassed by her splendid achievements in other fields of renown. From the days of Chaucer, and Otway, and Spenser, through the long line of noble names—noble not by the devices of the herald's art, but through the agency of a mightier power—down to that 'lost Lord of song,' who gave his timbrel for the spear, and died at the feet of Freedom, we have an array of poetical aristocracy to which we, who claim descent from that land of heroes, look up with admiration and constantly increasing love. In most of the useful arts and sciences, as defined by modern democracy, we are already side by side with England; and we hold our own in the grand race of enterprise and adventure. The car passes over our railways, and the steamer along our rivers, with speed equal to that which transports you from Liverpool to Manchester, or from London to Leith; our cotton fabrics rival England's in excellence, and surpass them in cheapness, among the buyers of the Oriental world; our flag floats on every ocean where the

Red Cross has been displayed to the nations; and our commercial marine, although not equal to her's in tonnage now, bids fair in time to eclipse even the sea-girt isle, and to lay the foundation of naval superiority to Britannia, which has so long 'ruled the waves.'

These are not the boastings of idle vanity. Truth and roses, says the Spanish proverb, have thorns; and if any man does not relish these ideas of anticipated supremacy, it is because the thorn of the truth pierces him. Yes; here we are, with scarcely seventy years of freedom upon our heads, side by side with England in the struggle for the conquest of the world; a conquest not to be achieved by bayonets and broad-swords, but by the mightier agency of Truth and Reason; with every avenue open before us, through which the human mind in the present age is marching to its triumphs; and yet, in the line of poetic glory, as we necessarily admitted before, she unfurls her banner to the winds of Heaven, spotless and supreme. For ourselves, we rejoice that it is so; not through any overweening regard for the majesty of the British crown, or the grandeur of the British name. Although the blood of England flows in our veins, yet before it reached us, it had passed through the fiery furnace of the Revolution; and we believe that in that burning ordeal it was purged of all unnecessary reverence for the meteor-flag. But we do rejoice in the fact we have stated, because it is pleasant to look back upon a long line of illustrious ancestors; to know that during the last ten centuries the soil of England has been consecrated by poets, who have shed upon her a sublimer glory than her heroes and her warriors; and above all, it is a pleasant thing to believe that the same Anglo-Saxon race which has decorated itself with laurels on the other side of the Atlantic, is destined to raise up on this Western continent a still loftier monument to its poetic renown.

We have alluded to the fact that the Utilitarian Spirit of the age is unfavorable to the development of poetical talent. From the inner recesses of banks and brokers' offices it cries out, 'What good does poetry in the world? Has it ever made a poor man rich? Has it ever moistened the dry clay of a thirsty man? or filled the stomach of an hungry one? or put a coat on the back of the naked? Has it ever set a broken limb, or tied up a lacerated artery? Has it ever put a line of packets in motion across the Atlantic, or mended the pavements in Broadway, or helped to diminish the amount of city taxes? Has it ever settled a quarrel between neighbors, or better yet, ever paid a lawyer's bill of costs? Has it ever done any thing toward paying the preacher? — for you know that wherever there is preaching there must be *pay*. Has it ever ploughed a corn-field or hoed a potato-patch? Has it ever fought the battles of the country; or if it *has* helped to fight them, has it afterward footed up the bill? These things constitute nearly all the business of life, and if it fails in all these, '*Cui bono?*' is the question. Shall we answer such inquiries in sorrow or in anger? Shall we say to this evil spirit, 'Stay where you belong; heap up for yourself masses of silver and gold, and after you have enjoyed them, as far as you can enjoy any thing in this world, depart with the self-satisfied exclamation that you have improved the summer and reaped the harvest, and that henceforth there is laid up for you a crown of joy

everlasting. Let us endeavor to open before the minds of this class of human beings one or two things that elevate poetry above the reach of their mental vision. Let us, if possible, disclose to their eyes the sunlight of a brighter world.

Know then, that among the possessions we consider essential to happiness, we regard those of the highest value which contribute to the pleasure of man's immortal mind. There is one attribute which this mind has in common with the body; it stands in need of hours of recreation and repose. The severity of philosophical researches may task and tire its energies; the duties of the lawyer, the divine, the civilian and the statesman, may destroy its elasticity and wear out its strength; and even that other line of duties, which demands more of manual than intellectual labor, may fatigue and harass its powers, so that it shall need, as much as ever did weary traveller, a season of refreshment and amusement. Various are the devices invented by human ingenuity to meet this emergency, from the miserable excitement of alcoholic drinks up to the refined and intellectual pleasures of poetry. Which of the two to choose it does not become us here to discuss; but we take it for granted that every intelligent reader prefers, as we do, the pure fountains of Castalian waters. They afford excitement to the exhausted faculties of the mind, without the tremendous reaction which constitutes at once the drunkard's crime and the drunkard's punishment. Now let us open the volume which contains the rich stores of English poetry, from the days of Spenser to the days of Byron, and examine for a moment the treasures it reveals; the sparkling gems, the mines of gold, the rubies, the sapphires and the diamonds, that flash upon the eye all over this fairy world.

Shall we begin with thee, gentle Sir PHILIP SYDNEY! who gave the helping hand to thy illustrious compeer, and brought forward to the light of day 'The Faëry Queen,' in all her loveliness and splendor? Pause we at thy name, O glorious WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE! who didst perform the highest part in the grand oratorio whereat Nature herself presided; running thy hands over the whole compass of her organ-notes; picturing forth, in colors which no mortal hand ever used like thine, the stormy passions and the serene emotions of the human heart; from Lear and Macbeth and Richard, infuriated by the cruelty of deceitful daughters, the murder of a lawful king, and the coveted possession of a glittering throne, through the long line of intermediate characters, down to Ophelia in her gentle madness; to Juliet of Verona perishing in the tomb of the Capulets; to Rosalind tormenting her lover, until he fell like a brave man with his face to his foe. Let us pursue our onward course, and speak a word of old MICHAEL DRAYTON, who sang of Surrey's love and the tears of Geraldine; of the melancholy COWLEY, celebrating the praises of poetry and the poetic birds,

'Who for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.'

But stop; we come to a loftier name; a name that ranks in the highest range of England's poets, and is classed among the proudest of the heroes of that heroic land — JOHN MILTON. Like the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, he wrought out his glowing pictures of this beautiful

world long after the light of heaven had ceased to visit him; this world so beautiful in its primeval glory, before the curse of the CREATOR had fallen upon it forever. In that work of wonders, 'Paradise Lost,' we hardly know whether most to admire the gigantic delineations of the ruined Archangel, when stretched on the burning marl, he 'lay floating many a rood;' the pure love of our first great ancestors, roaming in pride and majesty amid Eden's bowers; the dim shadowing forth of that day of desolation, when the hapless pair should bid a last farewell to its groves and its fountains; or whether we should not fix our concentrated astonishment on that stupendous mass of erudition, exhibited with the hope that what in him was dark might be illumined, what was low might be raised and supported. Let us pass still farther down the stream, and we meet with DRYDEN, heralded by the gorgeous music of St. Cecilia's day; with ALEXANDER POPE, who 'lisp'd in numbers and the numbers came;' with THOMSON and CHATTERTON and THOMAS GRAY, who has thrown around the obscure scenery of a country church-yard a halo of immortal glory. 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!' can we forget thy minstrel, or his learned contemporary SAMUEL JOHNSON, who would fain put aside the heavy armor of philosophical gladiatorship, while he surveyed mankind from China to Peru? And there is Sir WILLIAM JONES, whose noble lines on the constituent elements of a state entitle him to 'those sweet rewards which decorate the brave.' Let us move along the mighty current. We hear the voice of LETITIA BARBAULD, as she sings the praises of delightful Spring; 'Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,' blooming from the green islands of eternal youth; COWPER, who rode the race with John Gilpin from London to Edmonton, and tolled the death-knell for the brave, sunk beneath the waters by their native shore; and ROBERT BURNS, the peasant bard of Scotland, stand before us! BURNS, whose memory calls up 'in silent sadness a nation's glory and her shame.' 'In joy he walked beside his plough, along the mountain-side;' and though his path to the grave was thorny, and he reached it in the spring-tide of his years, he has left behind him rich store-houses of thought and feeling and passion, that will raise up new harvests on a distant shore,

'Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown.'

Come we now to the nineteenth century; and let us gather some of the flowers that are strewn along the way. The mighty 'WIZARD OF THE NORTH,' in double armor, rises up before us; the novelist and the poet harmoniously blended into one. The 'Last Minstrel' has disclosed to us the customs of Branksome, and the fiery passions of the Border wars. We hear the clash of mail-clad foe-men; we hear the ring of axe and helmet on thy fields, dark Flodden! Sir JOHN MOORE dies at Corunna, but the hero's name lives in the poet's deathless song. From 'Afric's coral strand' there comes a voice of music, inviting the loved one to Bengala's grove. FELICIA HEMANS, who struck the lyre with bolder hand than ever did one of her sex before, is revealed to us amid the gloom of England's grave-yards. Over the tomb of KÜRNER she sheds the tear of affection; and though it does not fall in silence, long will it keep his 'memory green in our souls.' Shall we speak of MOORE,

of ROGERS, and of CAMPBELL? There they are—we cannot pass them by. The ‘light on Glory’s plume,’ the meteor that glimmers like human life; the merciless sword, that waved over gory Culloden, would flash upon our eyes, should we exclude these gifted bards from our triumphal procession.

One other name shall gild the coronet, the hero-poet’s, who died at Missolonghi. What a flood of life and light does this high-born minstrel fling over the emotions of the human heart, as the drama advances to the majestic music of ‘Childe Harold!’ ‘His praise is hymned by loftier harps than ours;’ while to select from his great creations would be impossible. No pen like his has ever thrown the enchantment of poetry around the field where NAPOLEON made his last struggle for empire; but the scene is too familiar for reference.

Have we not, in this brief allusion to some of the master-minds of England, said enough to shame the utilitarian spirit of the age back into its den? In the course of our remarks we have been diverted from the immediate consideration of Mr. HALLECK’s poems; but we rejoice to see HARPER’s new and beautiful edition of them, because we believe they will do more than any thing we can effect, toward convincing men that *there is value in poetry.*

T H E T E M P E S T .

ST. MATTHEW VIII. 23—26.

I.

THE Storm howls wildly o’er the Lake,
Yon trembling Crew are fill’d with dread,
O’er the frail bark the billows break—
But HE, their MASTER, on the deck
In slumber rests HIS sacred head.
To HIM they cry, ‘MASTER awake!’
‘We perish! Speak, oh! speak the Word
And still the Tempest. Save us, LORD!’

II.

Then HE, whose all-creative Will
From nothing call’d the glorious Scenes
Of Wonders that all nature fill,
Said to the Winds and Waves, ‘Be still!’
And all was hush’d in calm serene.
‘But, weak in faith, why fear’d ye ill?
Oh! little Flock! what should ye fear?
Are ye not safe when I am near?’

III.

‘Yes LORD! and when temptation tries
Our faith, do THOU our refuge be!
Oh! fix our hopes above the skies,
That vain pursuit of earthly joys
May never draw our hearts from THEE.
And oh! when passion’s storms arise
Still be THOU near! Still let THY word
From the soul’s shipwreck save us, LORD!’

T H E W I N D - H A R P .

WHEN o'er the pensive wind-harp's strings
 The Zephyr's sighing breath is blown,
 Afar the trembling warbler flings
 Before the breeze its swelling tone.
 Yet soon adown the vale
 The fainting murmurs fall,
 No vocal echoes to each other call,
 And silence reigns where rang the 'dying fall.'

But when beneath the nobler sweep
 Of Friendship's hand the heart-strings move,
 Or when they breathe a strain more deep,
 Brushed by the thrilling wings of Love;
 Though months and years roll by,
 Those tones can never die:
 Placed on the heart, the ear, whene'er it will,
 Around its chambers hears them echoing still.

Yet holier strains eternal roll
 Along this vale of sighs and tears,
 When Love Divine, within the soul,
 Strikes chords that sound through endless years;
 For, on the heaven-ward side
 Of Death's dark, silent tide,
 Those tones shall leap along the echoing shore,
 And ring through crystal spheres for evermore!

Burlington, (Vt.) October, 1845.

JOHN H. BROWN.

T H E S T . L E G E R P A P E R S .

NUMBER SEVEN.

TIME went on. The young laird recovered slowly from the wound received from Vautre, but a deeper wound rankled in his heart. The disgrace of being struck to the earth by an antagonist, without the power of resistance, was the all-absorbing idea which filled his mind. For myself, I was not then versed in the code of honor, and could judge of an insult or an affront only by its natural effect upon my feelings. A cowardly and assassin-like attack upon my person I should have resisted as I would the assault of some dangerous brute; but to allow that such an attack could bring with it insult or disgrace, seemed preposterous. Not so reasoned Glenfinglas. A true Highlander, he possessed the faults as well as the virtues of his race; one of the former was, never to forgive an injury, and a supposed insult was remembered even to the third and fourth generation. What a strange attribute! Whence did man derive it? Of a certainty not from GOD his CREATOR! Here was matter then for deadly feud for a century to come, did but the instruments survive to carry it on.

The moment he was sufficiently recovered, Glenfinglas was conveyed to his home. The laird had a servant who usually attended him, a young, shy, wild-looking Highland carle, named Donacha Mac Ian. He

belonged to a roving robber clan which had for years infested the vicinity of Glencoe, and had become, by their numerous depredations, a constant source of terror to both Highland and Lowland, until the Duke of Argyle, under commission from the crown, attempted their extirpation. This was fulfilled almost to the letter. The clan were surprised while reposing in fancied security in one of their most secluded fastnesses. This retreat had been discovered by the capture of one of the women of the clan, who by threats of instant destruction if she did not disclose the place where her people were secreted, and by the promise that her own life and that of her child should be spared if she would point it out, was prevailed upon to betray it. The young laird of Glenross, then not much more than a boy, had accompanied his father on the expedition, and was present when the woman bargained for the life of her child. The assault was made and the surprise most successful. The devoted clan, cut off from all means of escape, their weapons having been first secured, were massacred almost without the power of resistance. Three or four of the assailants accompanied Jean Mac Ian, (for that was her name) to protect her boy from the general slaughter. They did not find the lad in the spot where his mother had left him, and almost frantic with apprehension, she flew from place to place, urging the men to follow her. Young Glenfinglas, who had followed the party, was the only one who felt sufficiently interested in her fate, or that of her child, to keep pace with her. Of a nature somewhat sluggish, he was nevertheless energetic and daring when roused into action. At length, Jean Mac Ian discovered her son at a distance, surrounded by several of Argyle's men, who having driven the lad from one retreat to another, were amusing themselves, before putting him to death, with aiming rapid blows and thrusts at him with knife and broadsword, in order to witness his singular dexterity in avoiding them. The poor boy was unarmed, and almost naked; he had retreated to the angle of a rock, where he stood penned up by his assailants, now turning adroitly to one side, now bending dexterously to the other, as successive thrusts were made, while his eyes flashed that peculiar fire which is produced only by the feeling of intense and deadly hate, coupled with mortal despair and desperation. Tired of the sport, the soldiers were about to despatch their victim, when the frantic mother bursts through them, and casting her arms around the boy, sunk senseless at his side. Glenfinglas came up a moment after, and just in time to save both mother and son. Turning aside their weapons, he exclaimed in a fierce tone: 'Ye fause cullions! is this the way ye keep faith and obey orders? Ye cowardly knaves! to be torturing ane of your ain kin as if he was a wild beast, just in a word like the bluidy thieving karnes ye come out against! The lad is safe by MacCallum More's order, an' he were not, ye suld ha' pit him to death like braw men, and not torture him like brute beasts.'

It is most probable that the remonstrance of the stripling would have been wasted on the fierce Highlanders, now become excited by strife and bloodshed, had not Argyle's name been mentioned; as it was, they desisted sullenly from farther prosecuting their cruel sport, and left the ground, after remarking that 'it wadna be mickle gude to keep the sken from the hause of siccan a skellum.' It would have been inhu-

man to have left the poor wretches to the chances of farther violence ; so the youth resolved to continue his protection ; he consequently took them under his charge, and finally brought them to Kilchurn Castle. Here the woman died in about a twelvemonth, enjoining upon her son, who had not in the least changed from the wild untamed savage he at first appeared, to be always devoted and leal to the house of Glenfinglas, and especially to the cause of the young laird, who had saved his own and his mother's life. The boy listened with heedful attention to all that his mother said, and never left her until she closed her eyes in death. Not a tear did he then shed, not a sigh escaped him ; but that same night Donacha Mac Ian left the castle and was not again seen for more than a week. When he did return, he was in the last state of destitution ; he was emaciated and haggard ; his clothes were nearly torn off from his body ; and his hair, always in frightful disorder, looked more frightful than ever. On being questioned about his absence, he only exclaimed '*The worriecow ! — the wraith !*' and avoided all farther explanation.

The fact doubtless was, that Donacha, overcome by his passionate grief at the loss of his only surviving relative, and not wishing to give vent to it in the presence of others, had fled into the wilderness, where for a time he was in a state of phrenzy akin to madness. No farther notice was ever taken of this strange incident, and the lad soon recovered from the effects of it. He now attached himself to his young master, after the most devoted manner. Fierce and vindictive in his passions, the latter could always curb and control him at will ; but to every one else he was the same wild savage as at first. As the young laird grew up, he came to have a pride in the relation which subsisted between Donacha and himself. He had beside a real affection for the lad, for never had he swerved in his devotion, or proved recreant in moments of peril. More than once had he saved the life of his master by freely perilling his own. He would endure fatigue, hunger, privation of every kind, in his service, while he continued as intractable and wild as ever in every other respect. The above account I obtained from Hubert Moncrieff, who narrated it to me in the words I have now written it.

On the day when Glenfinglass was struck down by Vautrey, Donacha had accompanied his master to Glencoe. I remembered to have seen him near the old tower while the sport was going on, and he must have heard what passed between Vautrey and the Moncrieffs. He left the ground at the same time that Glenfinglas started to find the Count, and no one saw him afterward. He came not to render his master any assistance, neither did he return to Kilchurn castle. The supposed defection of this strange but faithful adherent was a source of deep mortification to the young man, and preyed strongly on his mind during his illness. Suspicion would at times whisper that Donacha was after all a traitor, and in some way leagued with Vautrey or his servant ; but as there was nothing reasonable in so idle a supposition, it was not long entertained. Again the thought would occur that Donacha might have fallen in attempting to revenge the supposed death of his laird, but this seemed hardly possible, considering his extraordinary strength and agility ; beside, no one could tell whether Donacha knew of his master's fall, as he was not seen near him at the time. So the matter remained in mystery, and some time after, upon inquiring if any thing had been

heard about the fugitive, I was told that although thorough search had been made, and the most diligent inquiry instituted, no trace could be found of him, and no clue to explain his absence could be discovered.

ELLA MONCRIEFF!—thou wert indeed a bright and beautiful creation! Looking back, as I do now, over eight years of existence; years, some of which seem to have been ages, so eventful was their history—for duration of life is measured by events, and not by minutes and hours, as some suppose—looking back, I say, over all these, I call thee still as I have written it, ‘bright and beautiful!’ Thou hadst more of soul than to an ordinary observer would be apparent; thou hadst somewhat less than would satisfy a deep, fond, manly heart. Yet that thou hadst not more, proved perchance thy safety.

I hardly know why I have paused a moment from my narrative, to let my thoughts con over these hidden memories. It was a natural outburst, and I did not restrain it. A few more weeks had elapsed, and my stay at Glencoe could not be much farther prolonged. After Vautrey’s disappearance, every thing went on delightfully. The Earl soon returned, and seemed greatly relieved both that Vautrey had taken his departure, and that Glenfinglas was convalescent. Ella and myself soon became more intimate; for a few days, to be sure, she was quite distant, but I soon succeeded in restoring her to good humor. Now that the Count was gone, and not likely to come back, I took the liberty of telling Ella my opinion of him with great frankness.

‘Cousin William,’ said Ella, when I had finished, ‘I agree with you in all that you say. I believe that you are among the very few who know Count Vautrey, *so far as he can be known*. You were angry with me—nay do not deny it—because I seemed not to heed your warning; but I told you (have you forgotten it, and how abruptly you ran away from me just as I was about to confess all?) yes, I told you, cousin, that you did not know me.’

‘And of a surety,’ interrupted I, ‘you have afforded me very little opportunity to improve the acquaintance during my stay at Glencoe!’

‘Not so fast, Mr. William,’ retorted my cousin; ‘suppose I should now make you acquainted, in one grand lesson, with more than you could have learned by constant intercourse for the past six weeks, would not that be making an honorable amend?’

‘Alas! not quite,’ I answered; ‘who can restore to me the loss of that same intercourse you speak of? Not Count Vautrey, of a certainty.’ ‘A truce to farther jesting,’ said Ella; ‘let me try to be serious. Of late it has not been so difficult a task as formerly. You were kind, very kind, to speak to me as you did, and I was wayward, very wayward, to receive what you said so unhandsomely; not that I doubted the goodness of your motives; not that I believed Count Vautrey to be a true man; no, no; how can I express what I wish to say? how can I explain to you why I should, knowing him to be false and hollow-hearted, permit him to be so much in my society, and allow his assiduous attentions? William St. Leger, have you never heard, in the description of the wonders of the East, of a serpent with glossy satia coat, strange lustrous eyes, with double tongue curiously forked, that shot out ever and anon like lambent flame; a serpent, cold and glassy,

deceitful and treacherous, which in very wantonness—caring not for food—sought out the place where the singing birds raised their young ; and first lying quiet and motionless, then gently rearing his head till his presence was perceived, then swaying from side to side his bright shining crest, as the poor bird flew round and round him in giddy circles, now uttering faint cries, now apparently attempting to dart off in another direction, but forced still round, and round, and round ; nearer and nearer, to the fatal centre, until at last the poor creature falls fluttering into the very fangs of her tormentor ? You have read of this : ha !’ exclaimed Ella, with nervous emotion, ‘ how very to the life ; how exact the similarity between this Vautrety and that same serpent ! I can compare him to nothing else. Don’t interrupt me,’ she added, seeing I was about to speak, ‘ till I have said all I was going to say, and then we will have done with the subject. You saw, I am sure, that I was not ingenuous with you ; you saw that with an air of candor, I was not really candid. When Vautrety first came to Glencoe, he seemed to select me as the object of his attentions. From the very first—what word can I use ?—not hate, nor dread, nor fear, nor loathing—not these ; but I had, as it were, an instinctive, inward *shuddering* in his presence, as if he were some lost malignant spirit, going to and fro upon the earth to mock and sneer at poor humanity. And yet he was always so courteous, so polite and decorous, so interesting, nay *fascinating*, when he strove to engage the attention, that it was impossible to resist his influence. Yet, while I labored under the charm, I was nevertheless not deceived. Like the wretch who, oppressed with horrible visions in the night, has yet a dreamy consciousness that he does but dream, and that when he wakes, all will be well again. So I, though I was charmed, yet still abhorred, and felt a certain consciousness that I should one day be freed from so baleful an influence. Surely, surely some evil spirit has possession of that man ; for it was not what he said to me, it was not his manner, it was not he *himself* that produced this fearful impression, for in his conversation there was nothing directly exceptionable ; his manner was always decorous, and so was his speech. It was the *atmosphere of his presence* that disturbed and poisoned all. Do you understand me, William ?’ continued the young girl. ‘ I know you understand me ; for you have read this man aright. I feel freer and happier now that I have told you this. Thank God ! he has left us ; and yet if he should return, it seems to me that I should again be charmed—again become a victim.’

‘ Fear it not, dear Ella !’ said I, with earnestness : ‘ you are safe. Believe me, I had but little fears for you ; yet I could not refrain from a word of caution ; and while I admit that Vautrety is still a mystery to me, I am sure that so far as I have spoken, I know him aright. In this you corroborate me. Now I feel that we are indeed better acquainted.’

‘ And now I feel,’ said Ella, ‘ that you are beginning to know me.’

How buoyant were my spirits when I left my cousin, after the foregoing interview ! How did my young heart throb with renewed joy ! And wherefore ? Why did my pulse quicken ; why did my heart become animated by a thousand cheering thoughts, as I left her presence ? We had only an explanation—nothing farther. And although I have put down but little of all that was said, still it went simply to the better

understanding of each other. Oh! there is something in the lovely graces of early womanhood, that speaks of all that is joyous and desirable on this earth! I mean not the influence of a direct passion; to the lover I know that every thing seems to wear a charmed aspect. But I was no lover. Ella, in this way, cared not for me. Yet there was confidence between us; two youthful souls, believing in each other. What were ages of plodding, calculating, dusty existence, compared with the fresh moments, golden moments, which I then enjoyed! Just, too, before I expected to leave Glencoe, my real happiness was commencing. . . . Is it not always so? Just when blind Man imagines that he has secured some certain lease of happiness—the curse, alas! 'not causeless'—cometh, and he is miserable. *Would this be so, if God was his FRIEND?*

C R O C U S B U R G .

'The singing masons, building roofs of gold.'—HAWAY V.

PILORIM! within the hollow of this oak
Once hummed and glowed a commonwealth of bees;
And in all Honeydom there were no folk
Of swifter wing or sharper sting than these.
The waxen fragments round the fountain strewn;
With more than Dædal artifice ywrought,
Once formed the structures of their fragrant town,
Which hung embosomed in this oaken grot.
It's name was CROCUSBURG; 'twas built, they say,
By Queen IOPHILE, whose early home
Was in a mountain-cleft of Attica;
Whence, with her bees, she oft was wont to roam
The Ægean isles, in quest of flowery prey:
And so it fell, one summer afternoon,
As she led thence her train, each wing and thigh
Clogged with the sweets of many an island bloom,
Just off Mount Sunium's marble forehead high,
A sudden storm-gust blew them all awry,
A thousand leagues beyond their native sky.
Beneath their flight a waste of surges wild,
Lonely and gray, the vast Atlantic rolled;
And o'er its waves no sail-clad vessel toiled,
Whereon they might their gauzy pinions fold.

But they escaped: a violet-scented wind,
That blew from meads below the horizon's rim
Into this blossom-tesselated vale,
They swiftly traced; a thin aerial clue,
By their keen muzzles, in the trackless blue
Of heaven detected; and they builded here
A honey-mart, that grew without a peer.
It's cells and waxen magazines ran o'er
With brimful floods of lucent yellow dew;
The choicest sweets of every gold-eyed flower
That on the earth's green bosom ever grew,
With its leaves and scented buds expand
Above the Tropics' hot volcanic mould,
O'er sunless magazines of gems and gold,
At morn and eve by spicy breezes fanned;
Or Nature weaves it with less gaudy dyes,
In monster looms, upon a colder shore;
Each flower-clad vale beneath the purple skies
Its tribute yielded to their fragrant store.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A PLEA FOR STUDY: AN ORATION BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF YALE COLLEGE, in August last. By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Printed for the Societies.

WE have read this oration, as indeed we read every thing from Dr. BETHUNE's pen, with lively pleasure. It sets forth, in spirited language, the meaning and uses of study, and its influences, intellectually, morally, religiously. We wish it were in our power to quote at large what the author has written in illustration of the influence which the love of beauty had upon the character of the elder Grecians. There is now and then a touch of wholesome satire, which will not be lost upon those for whom it was designed. After remarking that no man is fit to be a student unless he has a heart for study, a lover of the beautiful and great in thought, stronger than any other passion, and an energy of will undaunted by any encounter, Dr. BETHUNE proceeds to castigate persons of quite a different description:

'THERE are those, who claim to be men of letters, and perhaps of some note, who follow study for a trade, and make books or teach out of them, as tinsmen make or pedlars sell the most common utensils, but would in a moment fling aside their scholarship, such as it is, to take up any handicraft that promised better wages. Perhaps we ought not to scourge these money-changers from the temple, (although our fingers itch for the small cords,) because they may be useful in a degree; Providence employs the meanest and most ugly things; but, certainly a tinker or a pedlar, who loves his business, is incomparably more worthy of respect, than men who, with such advantages of knowledge, appreciate it only by the peace it brings them.

'There are those, scarcely less mechanical, who lose the end of learning by attention to the minutiae of its detail, and see nothing in a classic but its words and accents. They will turn without emotion from the sobbing sentences in the last page of the Phædon, to luxuriate among the scholia at the bottom; or stop short in the prayer of Iphigenia, hanging on the knees of her father, that they may hunt for authorities about the suppliant wreath, to which she compares herself so touchingly. They too have their uses; but it is as stone-breakers on the highway of knowledge, or at best mere proof-readers, who, the printers tell us, are more likely to be accurate the less they feel an author's meaning.

'Others, again, are feverish with impatience to shine; and since the beaten path is too much crowded by better men to allow them notoriety, they seek it in eccentric and venturesome novelties. Like Erostratus, they would fire the most sacred system to gain a name, and careless of consequences, abuse the gifts of God within them, to set the crowd agape. Such men are very mischievous, and the more so the more learning they have, as a skillful chemist, if malignant enough, would be the most adroit poisoner.

'There are yet those, who eagerly enjoy the pleasures of study without any regard for the advantage of others; too intent upon learning to teach, and upon reading to write; absorbed from all thought of the living, in their association with the dead. God has given them talent and opportunity to store their minds with richest treasures, but in miserly niggardliness they keep them locked from the world. None are wiser for their knowledge, and the FATHER of Lights receives from them no tribute of praise. Heavy will be their responsibility in that hour when the guilt of neglecting to do good shall be measured by the means granted to accomplish it!

How true, how benevolent, and how well expressed, are the thoughts which ensue: 'Our reason cannot act rightly, at least upon moral questions, except our hearts be cultivated. We must learn from sympathy with our kind what our nature really is; and mark how our common passions, infirmities and sinful tendencies develop themselves in circumstances differing from those in which we are placed. There is a little world in every man's breast, and his life is an abridged history of the race. We shall find much to

shock us, and, therefore, to humble us; but also much to pity and love, which will make us more kind. We shall think worse of human nature in general; but become less uncharitable toward erring individuals; and feel more strongly the obligation upon us to do all we can for the removal of evil, while we are driven to dependence upon the grace of God for success. The best teacher that ever taught, took upon HIM our nature, that from a personal sense of our infirmities in his human heart, which ached with all our sorrows, his divine wisdom might succour us according to our temptations. His example shows, that separateness from sinners is not seclusion from the world, and that although we are to come out from it, we must mingle with our fellow-men, to do them good.' We had pencilled a passage or two in that portion of the address which treats of the deleterious influence of too much animal food upon the health of the student, but we must forego its insertion. It is proper to add, however, that the writer shows no great reverence for 'those pretenders to be wise above what is written, who because their own gastric functions are as weak as their brains, would reduce all men to bran-bread and slop.' The 'Address' being admirably printed, appeals as well to the eye as to the mind and the heart.

FRAMERDON: RAMBLES AND SCRAMBLES IN TEXAS OR NEW ESTREMADURA. By a SOUTHERN. With a Map. In one volume. pp. 166. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

AN unpretending and very pleasant little volume we have found this to be. It is full of information and incident, and the style is gossiping, lively and natural. At a moment when Texas is in almost every body's mouth, we cannot doubt that a work which describes with a free and graphic pen its external and internal condition; its scenery, its inhabitants, its 'manners, modes and customs,' will be welcomed by a great number of readers. As a specimen of our author's manner, we subjoin a brief sketch of the melancholy change which has come over Nacogdoches, in a salutary point of view:

'THERE was formerly a Catholic Church and garrison here, but they have both met with the fortune of war, and are now invisible. The population till lately was composed chiefly of Mexicans and Indians, who are both filthy and effeminate, and whose slimy wigs and mud cabins seem scarcely a shelter from the scorching sun or drenching rain.

'The fandango, a kind of Spanish dance, is here a universal amusement among the Creoles, as well as monte, a game of cards, of which the old and young of both sexes are very fond. They play and dance all night, and for a *cicuta* they sleep away the ensuing day. 'They sleep with the sun and wake with the moon.'

'The love of dancing I believe is universal with the Mexican women, and it is one of the last pleasures they willingly renounce. During the false alarm in this neighborhood, when most of the inhabitants fled for succour and for safety toward the United States, a young and interesting Creole was seen mounted upon her palfrey, making all possible haste to escape from the village. She manifested no alarm, but with a sigh of regret pointed toward her desolate cabin, and gazed

'As she used to gaze
On the magnificent stars and skies
Of her own land, in happier days.'

And when asked by some of our company who passed her if the enemy was near, she sighed again as from the bottom of her heart, and with the most desponding countenance imaginable exclaimed, 'Ah! Señors, *Fandango no more!*' Thus realizing and exhibiting a desolation of heart and soul in perfect consonance with the lament in Childe Harold:

'No more beneath soft eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund casnet;
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the teils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse, dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet.'

'It was only the summer previous that I had found the inhabitants of Nacogdoches wildly gay and enthusiastic at some important and interesting news which had just reached them from the army. The drums were beating and the banners of liberty and independence unfurled and waving in the public square.'

Who can appreciate the force of the grief which gnawed at that poor damsel's heart, when she exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, 'Fandango no more! — fandango no more!' The thought is too affecting, and we close the volume which contains it; yet not without commending the work to the attention of our readers, as one well calculated to reward perusal.

HISTORY OF WYOMING, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, from CHARLES MINER, to his son, WILLIAM MINER, Esq. In one volume. pp. 490, with a copious Appendix. Philadelphia: J. CRIST.

FROM this time forward, the work before us will be considered as a standard history of the interesting region and stirring events of which it treats. There was no man in America so well qualified as Mr. MINER for the trust he has discharged with so much fidelity, and such honor to himself. Mr. MINER came to Pennsylvania in 1799, a settler under the Connecticut claim; he resided in Wilkesbarre, as the editor of a public journal, for thirteen years, embracing the period of the sharp conflicts under the Intrusion law, when the services and sufferings of the early settlers were inquired into, until the whole subject became one of absorbing concern, interwoven with the most interesting associations of his life. In researches the most untiring, he has from time to time succeeded in obtaining the most important facts bearing upon his theme; and especially such as were recorded in the Westmoreland or Wyoming Manuscript Records, which he was so fortunate as to find in the possession of an old resident in the borough, who had used the blank leaves. Every page of this treasure opened new views to the historian; and in this and other ways he went on, until he had obtained all the facts which time and death had spared, relating to the History of Wyoming. With small folded books of blank paper, he visited in company with his excellent daughter, (who although blind, was 'quick to hear, ready to understand, sound to judge, retentive of memory,' and like her father deeply interested in the subject) thirty or forty of the ancient people who were in Wyoming at the time of the expulsion. In this way communications full and free were obtained, which were at once taken down, and carefully examined and corrected at the time. The incidents growing out of the Revolutionary war, the civil war between Wyoming and Pennsylvania, and the events attendant on those unhappy conflicts, are described with equal force and truth, and in a style natural and graceful; such a style, in short, as every one acquainted with Mr. MINER would look for from his pen. Next to the pleasure of crossing through the beautiful grove, and visiting our historian at his old delightful and most hospitable residence near Westchester, and conversing with him face to face, surrounded by his amiable family; next to this never-to-be-forgotten pleasure, we count the enjoyment of reading our ancient friend's admirable pen-and-ink narratives and graphic descriptions. We most cordially commend the '*History of Wyoming*,' (a well-printed volume, let us add, and illustrated by excellent maps,) to the patronage of every true American, interested in those national scenes and events which have been already immortalized in song and story.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Seventh volume of the Second Series. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE and JAMES BROWN.

THIS excellent volume of an excellent series contains the lives of JOHN RIBAUT, SEBASTIAN RALE, and WILLIAM PALFREY. The first of these was the pioneer of a great enterprise, undertaken by the French government for founding a colony in North America; and who sacrificed his life in an energetic and zealous, although ineffectual effort to achieve its final execution. The second was a Catholic and a Jesuit, who spent a laborious life, and met a tragical death amidst the ancient hostilities in Northern America between the French and English colonies, in connection with the Indians. His name and agency have occasionally appeared in our literature of poetry and fiction. The third is a sketch of one who filled posts of duty which demanded uprightness, capacity and energy of no ordinary kind; who was officially brought into intimate relations with some of the most prominent events and actors of the revolutionary period; and who perished in the public service, under circumstances of peculiar embarrassment and distress. The excellent printing and paper of the series are well preserved in the volume before us, which is illustrated by a very fine engraving on steel, describing the death of Father RALE.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST, CHIEFLY IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR. By JOHN F. DURBIN, D. D. In two volumes, 18mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

DR. DURBIN'S previous work, 'Observations in Europe,' led us to anticipate no little entertainment and instruction from the volume before us; nor have we been in any degree disappointed. Our author has judged wisely in believing 'that readers of a book of travels are not likely to take an interest in any scenes which have not impressed themselves so strongly upon the writer's mind as to remain distinctly in his memory.' He has therefore excluded from his pages such portions of his journals as he found, upon reading them after the lapse of a considerable time, to have escaped his recollection. The brief descriptions given of scenes and incidents that left a permanent impression upon his own mind, will be a source of pleasure and of profit to the public. Although the reader may be disappointed if he looks for profound research, topographical or antiquarian, in his pages, yet in the observations on various questions connected with the fate of Christianity in the East, which are scattered through the volumes, sometimes interwoven with the narrative, but generally embodied in distinct chapters, he may well assume that there will be found many important views that have not been presented by his distinguished countrymen who have so lately travelled over the same regions. Indeed, a part of the ground, especially in Syria and Asia Minor, is nearly untrodden by American travellers. 'My principal guide-book in the Holy Land, beside the Bible,' says Dr. DURBIN, 'was the *Biblical Researches* of MEASSRS. ROBINSON and SMITH. Their exceeding accuracy was a matter of daily surprise to me in my travels through Palestine; and I must express a deep sense of obligation to such indefatigable and successful observers.'

AMERICA AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By FREDERICK VON RAUMER, Professor of History in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German by WILLIAM W. TURNER. In one volume. pp. 512. New-York: J. AND H. G. LANGLEY.

WE have examined this work with sufficient care to assure ourselves of the justice of the remarks in relation to its character which are made by the American editor in introducing the veteran historian and his labors to our countrymen, who are conceived to have a personal concernment in the topics discussed by the eminent German. 'His opinions, on the whole, respecting the institutions, the past history and the future prospects of this country, are in the highest degree favorable; and whenever he allows himself to find fault, which is but seldom, he does it with evident reluctance, and with the air of a friend whose admonitions are wholesome, and not with the bitterness of an enemy. The comparisons too which he makes between many of the American institutions and the corresponding institutions of Europe are useful and instructive. One virtue of his will not be the less esteemed on account of its rarity among writers in this country; and that is, that he has at least endeavored to make himself well acquainted with what he has undertaken to write about. He has also shown great and commendable carefulness in every instance not to violate the privileges of a guest by exposing to the world the confidences of private and social intercourse; a proceeding which some writers on both sides of the water might imitate with advantage. . . . Although his anxiety not to decide on hasty or one-sided grounds, but to do justice to all the valid arguments advanced on either side, may sometimes give him an appearance of wavering, it will be found that the principles of the widest liberty are every where adopted as his own. The opinions which he thus expresses are not without their value in another point of view for those whose sympathies are not confined within the physical boundaries of their own country; for they show us what are the thoughts and aspirations that now engage the minds of the foremost men among our German brethren.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOLMES IN ENGLAND: A LONDON EDITION OF HIS POEMS.—We have before us, through the kindness of an esteemed friend, the sheets of a new and very handsome volume, from the press of O. RICH AND SONS, London, containing all the poems of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, which have appeared in any previous American edition, together with many which have not until now been collected. In looking over the work, we have been so well pleased with it that we cannot resist the inclination to introduce or recall some portion of its contents to the minds of our readers. We have always contended that in the satirical, humorous and burlesque, HOLMES has hardly a superior among the highest of his fellow-bards in America. And we quite agree with him, in his argument for the hyperbolic, that a tendency of the mind which has been shown in all ages and forms, and has its foundation in nature, cannot justly be condemned by any reasonable critic, and least of all by the same judges who would write treatises upon the sculptured satyrs and painted arabesques of antiquity, which are only hyperbole in stone and colors. 'As material objects in different lights repeat themselves in shadows variously elongated, contracted or exaggerated, so our solid and sober thoughts caricature themselves in fantastic shapes inseparable from their originals, and have a unity in their extravagance, which proves them to have retained their proportions in certain respects, however differing in outline from their prototypes.' Before proceeding however to a few quotations from the volume before us, it is proper to say that Mr. HOLMES, since a memorable event, which he has recorded, has never dared to task his readers too severely in one particular 'line of talent.' He once gave a servant a little piece to take to a newspaper, remarking that when it appeared 'there would be the devil to pay;' when 'lo! you what befel:'

'He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

'He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

'The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

'Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.'

Notwithstanding this prudent reservation, we can bear witness that our poet has continued to be more 'funny,' more irresistibly grotesque and droll in his fancy and in his style, than any modern poet, native or foreign, with whom we are acquainted. It is not hence to be inferred however that he has not excelled in other branches of the divine art. Sublimity is often his, and deep feeling; and mingled with and informing all his verse there runs a vein of strong common sense, without which (for *truth* is common sense) no man can become a deservedly popular author. But what we especially admire in the writings of HOLMES is the *picturesqueness* of his descriptions, and his inimitable ease and grace of rhythm. In this he is *facile princeps*. Take for example the two stanzas which ensue,

from the well-known poem, 'The Last Leaf,' and point us out more perfectly natural verification in any production extant:

'But now, his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

'I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!'

Amusing as these stanzas may seem, 'The Last Leaf' is replete with a touching pathos, which will find its way to every heart that is capable of feeling. As a theme for poetry-probability rather favors the conclusion perhaps that a *toad-stool* would be considered by the million as inferior to several other things, if not more, that are familiarly known to botany. Mr. HOLMES apparently imagines otherwise; and he proves, we think, that he is not far out of the way in his decision; for he has certainly thrown a charm around the fungii of the woods, and the hopping 'lover' of 'the same,' with his breeches of spotted skin, his tight jacket and thin pumps, which could not well be surpassed. But 'let us on.' We harbor none of the unkindly feelings which exist in some minds against *Old Maids*. We think, on the contrary, and evidently with our author, that they ought rather to be cherished and consoled, in consideration of their neglected, loveless, companionless state. Yet one must needs laugh at such a picture as the following, simply because the good old maiden was unwilling to 'define her position.' She had doubtless seen the time, this excellent old aunt, when she 'was as good as ever she was':

'My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown,
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

'My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

'Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring tip its smiles—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school,
"T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
'Two towels and a spoon.'

'They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

'So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track)
'Ah!' said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
'What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?'

'Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor baudit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.'

In the 'September Gale' our author laments, with irresistible humor, the loss of his 'Sunday breeches,' which in a high wind one day rode off straddling through the air, accompanied by bellying shirts and flaunting petticoats. At night the ghost of his departed trowsers, steeped with dews, and with a ghastly rent in 'their amplest part,' haunts his half-waking dreams. All this is sufficiently grotesque, certainly, but the whole description is in admirable 'keeping,' although the *subject* did not happen to be. Quite in the same vein is 'The Spectre-Pig,' a ghostly tale, in the ballad style. The lines are very affecting, and in the hands of a humane person, opposed to the 'sacrifice of dumb creatures to afford mankind animal food,' might cut up into capital epigraphs to a great number of chapters on 'cruelty to animals.' The 'opening movement,' as the musicians have it, is solemn and imposing. Against the remonstrances and tears of his little son and daughter, the butcher-man slaughters with a cruel knife a gentle pig, trails him along the ground, puts a chip in his mouth, and hangs him on high by his heels, where 'like some mighty pendulum' he

swingeth to and fro. But mark what chanced to the cruel butcher-man, when he sought his pillow that night:

'He slept, and troops of murdered Figs
Were busy with his dreams;
Loud rang their wild unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

'The clock struck twelve; the Dead hath heard;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

'One quiver of the hempen cord,
One struggle and one bound—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground!

'And straight toward the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended;
And hooting owl and hovering bat
On midnight wing attended.

'Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

'Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
The Living and the Dead!

'Now wake, now wake, thou butcher-man!
What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail?

'Untwisted every winding coil,
The shuddering wretch took hold;
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

'Thou com'st with me, thou butcher-man!
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

'And open, open swung the door,
And, fleetest than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

'Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim;
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

'Straight, straight toward that oaken beam
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was awing there—
It was the butcher-man!

The 'Lines by a Clerk' remind us of certain reproaches made in verse by some false English swain, whose slighted innamorata had invited him to restore to her sundry presents which in her too confiding moments she had given him, but which, 'for a consideration,' he had left for a few days with 'his uncle;' among them a shirt-brooch, concerning which the ci-devant lover says, remonstratingly:

'CANST thou forget that cheerful morn
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
I can't restore it—it's in pawn—
But, base deceiver! there's the ticket!'

'The Mysterious Visitor' is a capital sketch, in the ballad style, describing an uninvited guest, who in a faded bottle-green coat came in to college-prayers one morning, and when the students went down to breakfast, followed them into the commons-hall, where, having hung his hat on a peg, and his coat on the back of a chair, he displayed feats in feeding which would have reflected credit upon an alderman; and then, having donned his garments, disappeared as mysteriously as he came. What could be better too, in its way, than our author's dyspeptic vision of a comet, that 'spectre of the skies':

'I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye:
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Popcracked the guns! whizz flew the balls!
Bang! went the magazine!

'I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
'The dream of Beelzebub';
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

'I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

'I saw a roasting pallet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fall
Crisped to a crackling coal.'

Our readers may have forgotten the trenchant satire upon two very plain portraits in the Athenæum Gallery at Boston. Both sketches are admirable, but the lines to the lady strike us as rather the most felicitous. We must close our quotations with them; regretting only that our limits will not permit us to set forth by extracts the great excellence of our author in other styles of verse, and on different themes. This we may do hereafter:

'WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame;
Perhaps you were a favorite child,
Perhaps an only one;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done!

'Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice
With such a stake to win;
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

'Pray, did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out?
I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place;
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face!

'I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like, myself,
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf;
But nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!'

We take our leave of this very beautiful volume, with the hope that a similar edition may be speedily called for in this country. When quacks in literature are sounding their own penny-trumpets, and writers who have not the slightest real claim to humor or originality are expanding their lifeless productions upon the shelves and counters of their luckless publishers, it is refreshing to meet with such an author as Dr. HOLMES; a man of education, of sense, imagination, humor and wit; and it is always with pleasure that we commend the productions of such spirits to the notice and favor of our readers.

UNION COLLEGE CELEBRATION. — We have received from our friend and time-honored agent, Mr. W. C. LITTLE, at Albany, a large and well-printed volume, of an hundred and eighty-six pages, containing the proceedings at the first '*Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Union College*,' in July last. It is replete with matters of interest to the alumni of 'Old Union,' a host of themselves, not one of whom should be without a copy of the book before us. Among the speeches, we have read no one with more pleasure than that of the venerable president, Dr. NOTT. We annex an extract, imbued with a natural and touching eloquence — the eloquence of true feeling. Its delivery was exceedingly effective:

'SUCH an occasion as the present has never occurred here before; and though it will again occur, I shall not witness it; many of you who hear me, will not witness it. Then, another fifty years having sped away, other teachers will preside in yonder lecture-room; other pupils listen to their instruction, and other Alumni assembled, perhaps, on this spot, and beneath some outspread canvass, exchange the fraternal salutation, and surround the festive board. Some of you, ye younger members of this joyous brotherhood, may be present; but I shall not be with you. Be it even so; the will of the LORD be done! It is a consolation to be permitted to live in the lives of those who shall live after us. This world would present a more gloomy aspect than it does, were the race to perish with us. But so it is not to be. In the mysterious plan of Providence, though the individual dies, the race continues. In this continuous flow of being, this perpetual series of alternate life and death, we have our appointed place. For this, let us be thankful! . . . 'I have been young, and now am old; and in the review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare to you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would, by the help of GOD, from the very outset, live better. Yes, from the outset I would frown upon vice; I would favor virtue; and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I lived in, like the Heaven to which I aspired, the residence of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I were to exist no longer than those ephemera that sport away their hour in the sun-beams of the morning, even during that brief period, I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptile.' . . . 'What more shall I say? The salutations and adieus of this semi-centennial ended, we shall separate; but not for ever. In a few years many of us shall meet again; in one brief century, all of us. Where? Beyond the grave, and on the borders of that untravelled country whence no message is sent back to earth, and from whose bourne no traveller returns. You will live and act when he who now addresses you will neither be known or numbered among the living. Soon the cold

earth will press upon this bosom. This voice, silent in death, will cease to warn the wanderer or soothe the sufferer; nor will this arm, stiffened and nerveless in the grave, ever again be raised to wipe away the tears of orphanage, or to distribute to the suffering poor the bread of charity."

A very fine steel engraving of the Union College Buildings, as originally planned, ornaments the cover of the volume from which we have quoted, to which it must add, in the eyes of all who love their *alma-mater*, no small attraction.

THE DRAMA: PARK THEATRE.—The 'legitimate drama' has flourished like a green bay tree, during the engagement of the KEANS. Tragedy has found its fitting representatives, and the muse of SHAKESPEARE has escaped scandal. The cant which ever and anon is doled forth in whining phrase of the 'decline of the drama' has been hushed for the time, and the full benches of the Park Theatre have borne testimony to the existence of true taste, even here in Gotham. 'Damns have had their day,' and there needs but the occasional presence of real talent on the stage, to convince us that there are other vulgarities which have had their's. Mrs. KEAN has abundantly added to her claims as an actress since her last visit as ELLEN TREE. Somewhat in a humbler way, but after the manner of her own SHAKESPEARE, she first 'exhausted worlds and then imagined new;' or at least she won all the honors which the world of Comedy had to win, and now she is a most successful candidate for the triumphs of Tragedy. We never suspected in the gay, laughter-provoking comedienne, ELLEN TREE, the serious, deep, impressive tragedian that Mrs. KEAN has become. Who could believe that the arch, mischievous BEATRICE could ever assume the spirit of the ambitious, stern and cruel Lady Macbeth! In the stately Iow there was it is true a contrast to any creation of the merry muse; but there was no suspicion that the exquisite comedy of ELLEN TREE would be overshadowed in the future by the thrilling personations in tragedy of the same genius. Mr. CHARLES KEAN too has improved vastly since his last visit. His style has become more chaste and subdued, more truly classical, and more in accordance with the spirit of SHAKESPEARE's heroes. It is a fair presumption, although a most unfair pun, that grafting himself upon so promising a Tree, he should give evidence of the presence of its peculiar beauties.

MADAMOISELLE AUGUSTA, after an absence which her many admirers thought long, 'the charming AUGUSTA' has again bestowed her sunny smiles upon us cold northerners. The balmy airs of France seem to have taken away from, instead of adding years to, her blooming face and fairy step; and although the ELLSLER has in the mean while astonished and delighted us, we cannot forget our early love; the Peri who first taught us to admire the graceful witchery of the Dance. 'Comparisons are odious' to ears polite, and in the present case they would be unfair to both parties; yet to AUGUSTA must be given the palm of personal beauty; while grace, which is one of its chief components, may well be equally divided between them. There is a lightness so fairy-like in AUGUSTA's step upon the stage, that one involuntarily looks for her wings. Her pantomime is truth itself; the very ends of her fingers speak; and where action is so vividly graphic, there is no need of words. Of her first engagement upon this second visit to America, we have only to remark, that a general impression prevails that she has been shamefully sacrificed by the manner in which her scenes have been put upon the stage. In the old and nearly worn-out Bayadère, something at least equal to its ancient appearance was expected; instead of which, with the exception of Md'le AUGUSTA herself, and the venerable scenery, every thing has been changed for the worse. Neither singer, dancer, nor coryphée has been substituted that can in any way replace these former constituents of the representation. This may be all very convenient to the management, but it does not evince a very great stretch of liberality toward an old favorite, or much respect to the audience. The best evidence of AUGUSTA's excellence is to be found in the fact that she was able to combat these serious obstacles, and to step up at once into her own high position, in spite of the weakness of her accessories; a defect which most play-goers do not sufficiently take into account.

We have not heretofore taken such notice of some of the later acquisitions to the Park boards as their merits demand. Of Mrs. BLAND, a sister of the distinguished English actress, Miss HELEN FAUCITT, it is not too much to say, that she has made, in the higher walks of her profession, during her brief residence among us, a most favorable and permanent impression. We shall take another occasion to advert more particularly to her correct conception of the meaning of her author, and the impressiveness of her style. Mr. BASS is among the best actors in his line at this moment upon the New-York boards. We have seen him in many parts, and in none to which he did not do the amplest justice. His power of face is remarkable; his eye is like *MEPHISTOPHILES*, and one is always quite certain that he *understands* and *feels* the character which he is personating. He is an important acquisition to our metropolitan stage, and we shall regard his career with no little interest.

MR. HALLECK, AT HOME AND ABROAD. — The reader will find in preceding pages an article upon the writings of our distinguished countryman, to which we invite attention; and we would also suggest that the theme be completed by a perusal of the subjoined passage from a sketch which we take from the columns of a pleasant contemporary, '*The Evening Gazette*,' for which journal it was written by an eminent New-York merchant, recently returned from abroad, of whose 'pen-and-ink work' in these pages our readers are not ignorant. It should be premised that the writer has been giving a graphic sketch of the cottage in which BURNS was born, its early associations, present condition, occupants, etc., together with a description of some of the scenes by which it is surrounded:

'A SHORT distance beyond the cottage stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, a small remnant of a small building: its two gable-ends still remain, with a portion of its side-walls; its roof and rafters, with every vestige of wood-work belonging to it, are gone long since into chairs and snuff-boxes. The 'Bonnie Doon' was near; the space between its 'banks and braes' occupied by a beautiful cottage, of exquisite form and finish, bearing the name of *Doonbrae-Cottage*, and covered with vines and surrounded with roses and other flowers. While walking around the ruins of the 'Old Kirk,' an elderly person approached me from the cottage, whose manner and appearance at once invited me to a conversation with him. I soon found that he was the owner and occupant of the dwelling I had been admiring, and he kindly invited me in, which invitation I readily accepted. I found him a second and improved edition of the good dame of the old cottage, in all matters associated with BURNS; his rooms were filled with beautiful pictures and drawings of scenes and events rendered immortal by the genius of the past; and under glass cases were secured various letters and other papers in the hand writing of ROBERT BURNS.

'I told him I had come from afar to visit the spot.

'Aye, mon,' said he; 'many come even fra London.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and so have I, even from New-*London*.'

'He looked inquiringly; and to satisfy him at once, I told him I had come from New-York, in the United States of America; and although I had visited many interesting points in Scotland, I felt that I had seen little without visiting the birth-place of BURNS, Alloway Kirk, the Braes of Doon, and other scenes consecrated by his genius.

'You came from New-York? — then you may have heard of HALLECK'

'O, yes,' I said; 'he is a neighbor of mine; I know him intimately; and well does every body know him in America.'

'Ye ken HALLECK!' — and looking at me with a mixture of wonder and joy, like a man who having just picked up a coin covered with mud, stands rubbing and looking at it alternately, to see whether it comes out gold or brass; 'ye ken HALLECK, say ye? Gi' us your hand, mon, again!'

'I soon assured him of the fact; and accordingly he went to his library and brought me a very beautifully-bound book, lately published, containing all the writings of BURNS; sketches of honors paid to his memory, and filled with beautiful pictures of scenes and events associated with the past; and hurrying back to its first pages, 'There,' said he, 'look at that; there is not in all that book, except what BURNS himself has written, any thing that compares with HALLECK's lines on that 'Wild Rose of Alloway.' Sure enough, there stood, in proud and merited eminence, that beautiful poem of

my countryman. I commenced reading it, and at every line he would make some exclamation : 'Is na that poetry ! does n't that warm the heart ? eh mon ! There is nothing like it, Sir, in a' the language, sin' the days of Burns himself !'

'I had often thrilled with pleasure in reading those lines, when far distant from the scenes they described ; but reading them here, on the very spot, made the blood dance, to say nothing of the accompaniment of DAVY AULD, my kind host, who stood by, slapping his hands, stamping his foot, and smacking his lips, and fetching a deep 'eh, mon !' at intervals.

'After accompanying me to the monument, hard by, and to the 'Brig o' Doon,' calling my special attention to the 'key stone' where 'Tam O' Shanter' just saved himself, but lost the tail of his old mare 'Maggie,' and pointing out every scene and incident around, with all which Mr. AULD was as familiar as with his own fingers, I left him, and returned to Ayr, where I promised to wait for him till he had carefully packed up some 'mementoes for HALLECK,' which he desired me to carry to him, and which pleasing duty I strictly performed ; for as old DAVY AULD said : 'Wha kens HALLECK, and does na feel proud o' him ?'

We have reason to know that kindred tributes to the genius of HALLECK, and especially to the poem referred to by DAVY AULD, have often reached our friend from Scotland. Honorable bays ! — and long may he live to wear them !

VICISSITUDE : A 'STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.' — A friend and correspondent at Constantinople introduced to us by letter, some two or three months since, the writer of the ensuing notes. He had other letters, as we gathered from himself and the note of our correspondent, to a resident member and officer of the Foreign Mission Society in this city. Soon after his arrival he furnished us, at our request, with the ensuing facts connected with his life, and which were briefly alluded to by our eastern friend. We choose to let the writer speak in his own simple words ; remarking only that 'the writing' was intended to apply to the American 'friends' who might be disposed to aid him :

'MY DEAR SIR : I take the liberty to write this letter, to make known or evident to you, my friends, a few things concerning which I pray you of your clemency to hear me. It is perhaps known, my situation to you ; that I am a native of Alexandria, converted from my Turkish parents into the Armenian religion ; and I was baptized in the Convent of the Armenians at Jerusalem, by a certain priest without the knowledge of the Patriarch ; but when the Patriarch heard it, he being a subject of Turks, was very much afraid, and sent me to Cairo ; and from there the Armenian priest sent me to Alexandria ; and from that place they recommended me to an Armenian gentleman, to carry me to Constantinople, who was on his way to the same place with his family. When we arrived at Constantinople, this gentleman committed me unto an Armenian Archbishop, whom I knew before. This archbishop kept me long time in his residence. But when he appointed to go to Jerusalem, he being afraid to take me with him, sent me to Smyrna by the hand of a friend of his, who was subject of the Russian flag. This gentleman being educated man, and knowing the value of education, sent me to the Armenian school, where I learned the ancient Armenian, Turkish, Greek, etc., in the course of two years and half. When my situation, however, was spreading among the people, he was afraid, lest they would bring me into a great danger of secret vengeance. He being intimately friend to the missionary at Smyrna, sent me to the American boarding-school in Constantinople, where I, having been nearly four years, learned English, and obtained some useful sciences. I have a general letter from the principals of the above-mentioned school. Being in danger all the time, I was obliged to leave that land, and to seek for another safer. Afterward I came to you, my benevolent friends, with a great desire of education, concerning which I pray and beg of you help me what you can, and thus you will help me to reach the desire of my heart, and to make happy my whole life.'

He farther referred to two or three gentlemen, whose names are with us, who could confirm, through letters from their correspondents in Turkey, the correctness of his statements. A few days ago he left for us the following note at our publication-office :

'MY DEAR SIR : I take the liberty to write this letter, to make evident to you, my friend, a few things concerning which I pray you of your clemency to hear me. It is well known to you my situa-

tion; that I have no relatives in this land; and it is familiar to you also that it is now about two months I was here in America. In this course of two months I tried beyond my measure to reach the desire of my heart, but all was in vain. Many persons, ministers, gave many encouragements for my subject, and assured me that they would help me in it, but all in vain; and afterward they say it is impossible. I, however, determined to leave this land, to go back as soon as I can; because I am out of fund, and the winter is coming on—I have no enough cloth to put on. Therefore I beg of you to help me, out of your generosity, what you can; and if you have any benevolent friend, let him read this letter, and perhaps he also will aid me. I have waited long, and tried much for employment to supply this need, but it was almost impossible.

We have purposely avoided mentioning the name of the writer, for reasons which the letters themselves explain, and which, in case of his return to Constantinople, must be deemed especially potent. The matter however, is before our readers, and with them we leave it, without farther comment.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Here we are!' as Mr. MERRYMAN says in the ring; 'here we are,' at the end of our twenty-sixth decade; and on the first day of January proximo begins the *Twenty-Seventh Volume of the Knickerbocker*. We have endeavored to do our duty by our numerous readers; and certainly we have no reason to complain of them. Our books show their appreciation of our labors, and we have from every quarter the best assurances of the increasing reputation of our Magazine. For this, we hope to show that we are duly grateful. The next number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* will appear upon entirely new and beautiful types, in all its departments; and we are willing to have our literary judgment and taste tested by this expression of our firm belief, that the literary *matériel* on file for forthcoming issues is superior to any which has heretofore been so fortunate as to secure the admiration of the public. We speak 'by the book,' or rather by our port-folios, and 'do know that to be true, whereof we speak.' But our readers shall judge, when they 'shall see what they shall see.' . . . AMONG our imported musical wonders, the pianist LEOPOLD DE MEYER is considered to stand preëminent. He has for some time past divided the public attention in Europe with THALBERG, LISTZ and DREYSCHOCK. Opinion has been alternating from one to the other, but the preëminence has not been awarded definitely to either; each having some distinctive admirable power peculiar to himself. The many with us who hear DE MEYER, discourse chiefly of his wonderful power of producing tone from the piano, and the rapid passing to and fro of either hand; but a most competent musical critic, in a note to the EDITOR, says: 'We consider the crowning excellence of his performance to be his *cantabile* movements. In these he displays all the powers of the mechanician and all the mind of the musician. These movements are by far the most beautiful portions of his compositions; and the lovely forms which the exuberance of his imagination supplies with a rapidity quite astonishing, are made to live and breathe beneath his magic touch. They form indeed a tone-poem of ravishing beauty, and affect the feelings as sensibly by their passionate fervor, sustained sentiment, and speaking pathos, as the most eloquent language of the inspired poets. We do not mean,' continues our correspondent, 'to undervalue his marvellous executive ability, for the reason that it exceeds all that we ever imagined of manual rapidity, certainty and power; but we have pointed out in brief that portion of his performance which struck us as his most remarkable beauty, and which will, we are confident, become to the public the most attractive feature in his playing. This will affect the heart and satisfy the intellect; the other is a theme for wonder, which invariably diminishes as it becomes familiar.' We quite agree with our correspondent in his closing remarks. We ourselves have heard DE MEYER in several of his varied performances; and while his '*adagio passages*' touched

the 'deep well of feeling,' his 'marvellous executive ability' on one or two occasions almost overwhelmed us, until his 'tiger-strokes' ceased, and

'Silence like a poultice came,
To heal the wounded ear.'

By the by, let us observe here, that no where does one encounter so much ridiculous *affectation* of enjoyment, as at the performances of some eminent musical foreigner, whom it may be the reigning fashion to admire. It is an undoubted fact also, that those who feel and enjoy the least, pretend to the most ecstatic delight. And this is so transparent, that we begin to think with MARVILLE, once a distinguished musical professor at the French capital, that the power of music may be less real than imaginary: 'If there were not something 'genteel' in the entertainment, I doubt whether there would be half so many who seem to enjoy it. It moves the passions of some, perhaps; but as soon as it ceases, nay oftentimes before, *craqui* seems to prevail, and nothing is left for the mind. Being in the country one day, I had a mind to ascertain whether brasts, as has often been said of them, take any pleasure in music. While my companion was playing upon his violin, I considered attentively a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a deer, some cows, some little birds, and a cock and hens, which were in the park below the window where we stood. The cat paid no regard to the music, and to judge by his physiognomy he would have given all the symphonies in the world for a mouse; he stretched himself out in the sun and went to sleep. The horse stopped short before the window, and as he was grazing, he raised his head from time to time: the dog sat him down like a monkey, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the musician, and continued a long time in the same posture, with the air and attitude of a connoisseur. The ass took no notice of us at all, but kept on munching his thistles very demurely. The deer set up his large ears, and seemed to be extremely attentive. The cows gave us one look, and then marched off. The little birds in a cage and on the trees strained their throats, and sang with the utmost eagerness; while the cock minded nothing but the hens, and the hens busied themselves in scratching the dung-hill. Imagine these creatures to be human, and you will have no bad representation of one of our politest assemblies at an elaborate musical performance.' . . . We shall have something to say in our next of three or four of our artists, whose studies we have lately had the pleasure to visit. INMAN, the chief, has recently completed an admirable painting, called '*October Afternoon*,' which is brim full of poetry. JARVIS, following close upon the reputation of his father, has been doing himself and distinguished sitters great justice; our friend ELLIOTT, with his true and facile pencil, is by no means in the back-ground; and GEORGE HARVEY is emulating the best of his compeers. Public servants, are these, and they must not be lost sight of. . . . We do not ourselves admire, although our readers perhaps might, as our correspondent 'B. D. Y.' hints, the story of '*The Mathematical Infant*.' Such precocity in *any thing* 'will not and cannot come to good.' Apropos of this, there 'comes us up' the following from WALPOLE, concerning one JEDEDIAH BUXTON, a man possessed of a very singular faculty of memory: 'A gentleman was mentioning his having been sent up to London, from where he lived, to see GARRICK act. When he went back into the country, he was asked what he thought of the player and the play. 'Oh!' he said, 'he did not know; he had only seen a little man strut about the stage, and repeat seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-six words.' We all laughed at this, but a person in one corner of the room, holding one hand to his forehead, and seemingly mightily delighted, called out, 'Ay, indeed! And pray, was he found to be correct?' This was the supererrigation of literal matter-of-fact curiosity. JEDEDIAH BUXTON's counting the number of words was idle enough; but here was a fellow who wanted some one to count them over again to see that he was correct. 'The force of *dulness* could no farther go!' . . . You may as well make up your mind, reader, to be deeply moved; for violently affected we cannot doubt you will be, when you come to peruse a poem of some seventy-five stanzas which has been sent us for publication by an obliging correspondent. But do not fancy, for a mo-

ment, that we are going to favor you with the precious production all at once. 'Not a bit of it!' We shall give you a score or so only of verses now, reserving the rest for an occasional *bonne-bouche* hereafter. Oh! but it is rich, though, this '*Poem composed on the Death of Miss Adeline Cobb, who was killed by Lightning, by her friend Nancy Hinks!*' Take out your pocket-handkerchiefs, and 'hursh!'

Come all good people far and near,
Listen awhile and you shall hear;
Attention give while I relate
The worthy Adeline's dreadful fate.

It was in Conesus, that flourishing town,
All in the county of Livingston,
The dreadful fate that her befel,
It rends my heart the fact to tell.

This worthy lady in school was placed,
In which employment she seemed well pleased;
Great satisfaction did she give
Unto the district where she lived.

She made her sister's house her home,
On Saturday evening there she come;
On Sunday she to meeting went,
And returned home in sweet content.

It was eighteen hundred and twenty-nine,
It seems the Lord he did design
One for to take out of that town,
And determined she should be the one.

It was on the thirty-first of May
That Adeline was taken away;
The monster Death he did appear,
And took her in a flame of fire.

God did command the clouds to rise,
Which seemed to darken all the skies;
The rolling thunder pealed on the ear,
And forked lightnings pierced the air.

While on the earth the rain did shower,
It seemed to show the Almighty power;
But in that He made greater display
In taking Adeline away.

That instant did it thunder loud;
The electric fluid from the cloud
Instantly struck the house-top then,
And split the ridge-pole from end to end.

Then taking a downward course,
It seemed to run with impetuous force
Until it came to a cross-cut saw,
Which Adeline set just below.

Having no mineral substance then,
It quickly dropped off from the end,
Which gave her head the fatal blow,
And thus across the room did go.

She instantly did then expire,
Her clothes on her were set on fire;
The fluid ran from head to foot,
And found a passage through her boot.

Her gown it did of silk consist,
Likewise a silk dress handkerchief,
They are now plainly to be seen,
Witnessed by many they have been.

Her combs which she had in her hair,
In pieces flew into the air;
But seemed to be all scattered round,
As many of them since have been found.

That noble youth was setting by her,
He shared the fate of electric fire;
Those in the room thought both were dead,
Took them and laid them on the bed.

A ball of fire it doth appear
In size like a small meteor,
But far brighter resplendent light,
No human eye could behold the sight.

Now the combustibles which broke
Did fill the room with fire and smoke;
The fire did fly ten thousand ways,
But still it did not seem to blaze.

The windows they were busted out,
In a thousand pieces flew about,
As if they did not wish to view
The inmate's hearts so filled with woe.

At length a youth made his escape,
The dreadful fate for to relate;
The neighbors they came flocking there,
To drop the sympathizing tear.

But oh! the sight when they came there!
To see Adeline so young and fair;
The sight of her each heart doth rend,
For Adeline had many a friend.

We close the scene at this point for the present. 'Thus *bad* begins, but *worse* remains behind.' You shall see anon. . . . WHAT a pudder our last number has created among two or three inferior members of the small 'Mutual Admiration Society,' who for 'mutual' ends swear just now by the author of 'Puffer Hopkins' and 'Great Abel,' but usually by each other reciprocally! The Fidus-Achates of the 'great' author, in a communication in the 'Evening Mirror,' regrets the KNICKERBOCKER's attacks upon our *best* writers, including especially the author of 'Puffer Hopkins' and 'Big Abel;' and after some equally elaborate and weak demonstrations of oppugnation to our literary opinions in general, pronounces them of 'no sort of consequence.' In the 'Morning News' the same commentator complains of our notice of 'Big Abel' as 'a departure from common decency, purporting

to be a criticism ;' but says it ' can do no injury to the book ;' such ' treatment is to be considered as of no importance ;' that we should not meddle with ' good men whom we cannot understand ;' (meaning the author of ' Big Abel,' and who *can* understand him, we should like to know !) — adding also, that if it were not for the ' Editor's Table,' which is always a great bore, and quite unreadable, he could peruse monthly many things in the *KNICKERBOCKER* with considerable pleasure. Probably it is the same writer who adopts or dictates kindred ' reasoning' with the foregoing, in a weekly journal now living ; a print which in one number deems the *KNICKERBOCKER* ' utterly beneath notice and beneath contempt,' and in a succeeding issue, in a communication replete with what *SHAKESPEARE* calls ' a sad humor,' a species of fun born of mortification, contends that the censure of this Magazine has been and is of the greatest service to the parties condemned ! Our ' complainants' then, instead of being so very wroth with us, should thank us ; in lieu of which, the ungrateful varlets pile up opprobrious words against us, simply for favoring their interests ! But, irony apart, we look upon all this fuming with ' a still smile ;' yet as there may be some among our readers who do not know that a new dynasty has been established in the American Republic of Letters, for their enlightenment in part, and in part to justify ourselves from the serious charge of uttering slanderous words against the Corypheus of ' Young America,' we must needs waste a leaf or two of our Magazine, which might certainly be filled with better matter. It is generally known among the readers of magazines and the advertisements of newspapers, that the ' *WORKS*' of a gentleman bearing the name of *CORNELIUS MATTHEWS* have been from time to time, during the past eight or nine years, offered for sale by different publishers ; but we believe that no publisher has ever advertised more than one specimen of the gentleman's productions. *MR. TREVETT* published ' *Arcturus* ;' the *LANGLEY'S* ' *Behemoth* ;' somebody, whose name is forgotten, ' *The Motley-Book* ;' *APPLETON AND COMPANY* ' *Puffer Hopkins* ;' the ' *Sun-Office* ' ' *The Various Writings of CORNELIUS MATTHEWS*, with an introductory Preface ;' and lastly, *WILEY AND PUTNAM* ' *Big Abel and Little Manhattan*.' The chief of these ' works' were sent to us, as we imagined, for the sake of eliciting our opinion of the same in the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER* ; and in order to discharge this duty, we honestly endeavored to read them, and from the portions which we did read, formed an opinion which we honestly published, of *MR. MATTHEWS* and his ' various writings,' taking the precaution always to give sufficient extracts to enable our readers to determine for themselves whether or not our opinions were correct. It so happens that the press of the country, and the voice of private friends, not only justified our opinions, but even expressed a stronger condemnation in stronger terms, of *MR. MATTHEWS* and his ' writings.' We have certainly as great a regard for the author of ' *Puffer Hopkins*' personally as for any gentleman, not a personal friend, who publishes books ; and we should be very happy, if he could or would produce a work which we could conscientiously praise, to give it a glorification in our pages. Indeed our patriotism would we fear blind us so far toward the defects of our own countryman, as to lead us rather to exaggerate than lessen his merits ; and if he were only half as good as *DICKENS*, we should very likely think him superior. We believe that our readers will not charge us with manifesting any thing like a disposition to decry our own authors. Oursins all lie in an opposite direction. But *MR. MATTHEWS*, it appears, has created a new dynasty of literateurs ; and, as we have already hinted, the whole pack have been ' roaring us gently as sucking doves,' in concert, over the candid and forbearing remarks on the ' *Little Manhattan*' in our last number ; while *MR. MATTHEWS* himself has talked in a mysterious manner about ' libel suits,' and the *Forcible-Feeble* of a weekly sheet ostensibly or temporarily in his interest, politely informed our publisher that our Magazine was doomed ! ' These be bitter words ;' but as there is some sweetness in all bitter things, excepting a bitter cold day, as *JOSEPHUS* says, we shall endeavor to extract all the honey out of them that they contain. The ' mutual' admirers of *MR. MATTHEWS* profess to be animated by a fiery zeal for American letters, (God help the letters !) and to be particularly distressed on the score of injury sustained at our hands by the author of ' *Big Abel*,' and other illu-

trious co-workers, in building up a national literature. But what a paltry opinion (rather an instinctive feeling) must these tremendous fellows have of the solidity of Mr. MATTHEWS' reputation, to fear its utter demolition from a candid review of his pretensions! Let his 'fiery particle' be fanned into a flame or wholly extinguished by an 'article'; it is the lot of genius; but we can perceive no propriety in the whole dynasty's going out with him. It is heroic, we acknowledge, but not classical. As for Mr. MATTHEWS himself, and his champions, we can only apostrophize them in a quatrain from the 'Poems on Man in the Republic':

'HELL not the quiet of a chosen land!

Leviathan, obey the fisher mild and young;
Vexed ocean smile, for on thy broad-beat sand
The little curlew pipes his shrilly song.'

Yes, 'the little curlew pipes his shrilly song,' and Mr. MATTHEWS and his doughty champions will be all ears, no doubt, to hear it. One little curlew, hight the *London Spectator*, thus trills his last note of a song, the burthen of which is 'Big Abel':

'THIS is an American tale, whose drift, if it has one, we are quite unable to comprehend. The objects of CORNELIUS MATTHEWS appear akin to those of DICKENS; and 'Big Abel and the Little Manhattan' occasionally suggest a reference to 'The Chimes.' 'Big Abel,' however, wants the purpose and distinctness of *Boz*; and wild as was the plan of 'The Chimes,' that of 'Big Abel' is still wilder. But *perhaps* the likeness to DICKENS is accidental.'

Perhaps so! Here is the closing note of another 'little curlew,' the personal friend and client of Mr. MATTHEWS, his admirer and reviewer, the Aristarchus of the *Ladies' Magazines*. Surely his pipe may be trusted:

'It's (Big Abel's) chief defect is a very gross indefiniteness, not of conception but of execution. (What chieftier defect could it have!) Out of ten readers, nine will be totally at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the author! Of course, nothing so written can hope to be popular.'

Of course not. But if 'Big Abel' should be nursing any such hopes, he should stifle them at once. In works of humor, popularity is an infallible test. There is no other. There is no salt, not even a brackish taste, in a humorous writer who fails of popularity; and for reasons very plainly stated by DRYDEN, a competent authority:

— 'Comic wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit;
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humor is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every public street.'

The 'Providence Journal' — But we won't quote this 'little curlew,' because he hints some uncivil things of our friend the worthy publisher of 'Big Abel,' and we do not hold him accountable in the matter. We have cited proof enough, and we could cite a greater quantity if it were needful, to establish all that we have said of 'Big Abel'; that it is an utterly incomprehensible farrago, or rather, that the only comprehensible thing about it is a very palpable aim to copy the peculiarities of *Boz*. A monthly contemporary says the same of it, and makes itself exceedingly merry over Mr. MATTHEWS' imitations of Lord TIMOTHY DEXTER, in the use of colons and semi-colons. The *North American Review* cannot be charged with hostility to American authors; but that respectable 'curlew' uttered the following 'shrill song' on the appearance of Mr. MATTHEWS' 'Various Writings, with a Preface':

'Mr. MATTHEWS has shown a marvellous skill in failing, each failure being more complete than the last. His comedy of 'The Politicians' is 'the most lamentable comedy;' and the reader exclaims, with Hippolyta, 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.' The 'Career of Puffer Hopkins' is an elaborately bad imitation of DICKENS; and must be ranked in fiction where 'The Politicians' stands in the drama. It aims at being comical, and satirical upon the times. The author studies hard to portray the motley characters which move before the observer in a large city; but he has not enough of the vision and the faculty divine, to make them more than melancholy ghosts of what they profess to be. The attempts at humor are inexpressibly dismal; the burlesque overpowers the most determined reader, by its leaden dulness. The style is ingeniously tasteless and feeble. He who has read it through, can do or dare any thing. Mr. MATTHEWS suffers from several erroneous opinions. He

seems to think that literary elegance consists in the very qualities which make elegance impossible. Simplicity and directness of language he abominates. When he has an idea to express, he aims, apparently, to convert it into a riddle, by inventing the most forced, unnatural, and distorted expressions. If the thing can be obscured, he is sure to obscure it. He seems to say to the reader: 'Can you guess? do you give it up? But then, less obliging than the maker of charades, he leaves the puzzled victim without an explanation at last. He studies a singularity of phrase at once crabbed and fanciful, and overloads his pages with far-fetched epithets, that are at once harsh and unmeaning. *He seems to have been told that he has wit and humor and—strange delusion!—to believe it. He writes as if he imagined that he possessed the inventive power: never was a greater mistake. These qualities and these mistakes make his prose writings unreadable and intolerable, at least all the later ones.* But when to the charms of his ordinary style are added the attractions of verse, then the sense aches with the combined and heightened beauties. *Most of his poems are deformed by harshness of versification, feebleness of thought, and every species of bad writing. Compounded words, never seen before, and impossible to be pronounced, epithets detailed on services for which they are wholly unfit, figures that illustrate nothing but their own absurdity, and rhymes that any common took would die of, astonish the reader on every page.* Had the poet purposely aimed to twist the English language into every conceivable form of awkwardness; had he designed to illustrate, for the use of beginners, every possible defect and every positive fault of diction; his success in accomplishing the object could not have been more complete.'

Why do n't our 'mutual' complainants pounce upon the North-American Review for its bold heresy? It is quite as easy to pretend that that grave Quarterly journal is influenced by 'personal malignity' toward Mr. MATTHEWS, as it is that the KNICKERBOCKER is thus actuated. It is, in fact, 'as easy as lying,' to assume that position, in relation to either publication. We need scarcely say, that we hail with sincere gratification every new aspirant for literary honors that appears among us, and have always bestowed the utmost commendation upon the first efforts of young writers that our conscience would allow; and even toward Mr. MATTHEWS we extended early encouragement, by clipping, correcting and publishing two of his first essays in our Magazine, which he is by no means loth to acknowledge in his 'Collected Writings.' But after a candid examination of his books, we are constrained daily to deny his pretensions to be considered an 'American Author.' Authorship implies creativeness, but Mr. MATTHEWS has added nothing to our stock of ideas; he has not given one new character to the republic of fiction; he has added no new graces of style to prose composition, not enriched our literature, in any department, either by his learning, his industry, or his imagination. There are thousands of respectable gentlemen in this country who have produced books on various subjects, possessing far more originality than any of those published by Mr. MATTHEWS, who have never been called 'authors,' and who would doubtless be startled to hear that divine term applied to them. As we utterly disclaim and deny the pretensions of Mr. MATTHEWS, as put forth by himself, we also deny the right of the new dynasty of litterateurs, his *soi-disant* literary friends, to call in question our opinion of his merits. There are two things for which we applaud the author of 'Big Abel;' first, his choice of American subjects in composing his books, although his bald imitations of foreign authors make his merits in this respect of very little account; and secondly, his advocacy of an international copy-right;* although his pertinacity in obtruding his name in connexion with this object has done it infinite harm, by preventing infor-

* BY THE BY, it may not be amiss to remark here, that there have been some amusing 'illustrations' of the necessity of an international copy-right law by two or three of the new dynasty of litterateurs, whose pen-and-ink works are 'without demand,' as the prices-current have it. These 'minor' complainants, who lament that their 'book-making' efforts are rendered nugatory solely by the want of an international copy-right law, are very justly rebuked in these words, by the '*Courier and Enquirer*:' 'We dislike the prevalent cant about the hopeless condition of American authors. American books are not now published for the first time, nor have books worthy of favor failed in general to receive it; as the works of LIVING, PARSCOTT, COOPER, BANCROFT, KENT, STOUT, WHEATON, and at least a score of others, can abundantly testify. These we regard as the 'red-letter names' of American literature; and although we are glad to see the productions of some of our minor writers about to be issued we dislike the effort to hide greater and brighter names beneath their shadows. There is no 'patriotism' or 'family pride,' which should lead an American to prefer a bad book, or one of mediocre merit, to a *horribly* good one.' These are our sentiments precisely; for the expression of which, when we have had occasion, we are denounced by one of the scribes whom we have exposed, as an 'enemy in the camp of American literature.' American 'litterature!' Pish!

ential men from giving it their countenance, as they naturally felt unwilling, in a cause like this, to play 'second fiddle' to the author of 'Puffer Hopkins.' But enough: let it suffice to say, in conclusion, that Mr. MATTHEWS has been so often, and in such a variety of ways, tried in the literary balance, 'and found wanting,' that we have no alternative left us but to dismiss him to the unsatisfactory notoriety or the enviable oblivion which awaits him; for as an 'author' he can only pass without ridicule when he passes without observation. . . . We count it no small pleasure to have been favored by an obliging friend and correspondent with the perusal of portions of a prospective college-poem, which in its entire state will not reach the public under a twelvemonth. We should be pleased to hear these lines applauded by the Vermontese, when they shall fall from the writer's lips:

'In ancient times, I've heard my grandame tell,
The girls were taught to read, and write, and spell;
Neglected arts! once learned by rigid rules,
As 'prime essentials' in the 'common-schools';
Well taught, beside, in many a useful art,
To mend the manners and improve the heart;
Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy wheel,
To ply the shuttle, or to twirl the reel;
Could thrifty tasks with cheerful grace pursue,
Themselves 'accomplished,' and their duties too.
Of tongues, each maiden had but one, 't is said,
Enough, 't was thought, to serve a lady's head;
But that was ENGLISH—great and glorious tongue,
That CHATHAM spoke, and SHAKESPEARE, MILTON sung!
Let thoughts too idle to be fitly dressed
In sturdy Saxon, be in French expressed;
Let lovers breathe Italian; like, in sooth,
Her singers, soft, emaculate and smooth:
But for a tongue whose ample powers embrace
Beauty and force, sublimity and grace;
Ornate or plain; harmonious, yet strong,
And formed alike for eloquence and song,
Give me the English!—aptest tongue to paint
A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint;
To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,
To lash the oppressor and to soothe the oppressed:
To lend fantastic Humor free'th scope,
To marshal all his laughter-moving troop;
Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,
And Wit his deepest and his keenest stings.

'EXCELSIOR' is to be the capital title of a new illustrated weekly journal, about to be issued by Mr. HEWET, late publisher of the American 'Pictorial SHAKESPEARE.' The editorial department will be in the hands of C. F. HOFFMAN, Esq., author of that excellent work, 'A Winter in the West,' the spirited novel of 'Graylaer,' etc.; a gentleman well qualified for the duties which are to devolve upon him. *Apropos* of Mr. HOFFMAN: Mr. CORNELIUS MATTHEWS' indefatigable critic-in-ordinary accuses us we observe in an evening journal of having 'abused' Mr. HOFFMAN in our pages. We need not say, that there never was a syllable to the disparagement of that gentleman or his talents, in the KNICKERBOCKER, if we except a passage in an extract from a scurrilous foreign review, which in copying we took care to characterize as it deserved to be. . . . We would commend to our young friend at New-Haven, who sends us the *Autumn-Reflections on Human Life*, these solemn yet cheerful thoughts of ADDISON: 'I know of but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy passages and terrors of mind in relation to death and the grave, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that BEING who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.' As to the Departed, who have

gone hence to be here no more forever,' let our correspondent reason with the good HENRY, (in the true spirit of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,) in a poem which although old can scarcely be too often quoted :

'THY eye must be dark that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revelations of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign :
I need but look up, with a vow, to the sky,
And a light like thy beauty is there ;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

'And though, like a mourner that sits by the tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom, oh ! call it not gloom,
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow reveal'd, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

'I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I knew thou art gone where the weary are blest.
And the mourner looks up and is glad ;
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

'I know thou art gone where thy forehead is star'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor thy heart be hung back from its goal ;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

'Is thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine ;
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I have not yet learn'd to resign :
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.'

THAT is a capital story of 'FRED's, of '*Hopkins' First College Adventure*,' but it is somewhat prolonged in the narration. The best of the joke is, that it is strictly true. Let us jot down an 'Orphic' synopsis of it : 'We went to steal some Spitzbergen apples from Deacon WILLIAMS on the fourteenth of November. It's a delicious fruit. SIMMONS was appointed captain of our party. Whatever he said, we were to do. What ever he did n't say, we were to let it alone. That was agreed on. 'Forward, march!' said he. We walked in single file after the captain, on the Schenectady road. Mr. SIMMONS loved 'nuts' more than apples. He did not do as he would be done by in this case. He despatched three sophomores in advance, with guns charged with powder alone, to lie in wait behind a hay-stack. When he gave the signal 'Shake harder!' they were to fire. The night was propitious; no moon, but a 'pretty considerable sprinkling' of stars. The milky-way was particularly well lighted. Mars shone bright at first, but presently went under a cloud. '*Marte carbinus!*' exclaimed the scholars, almost with the voice of prophecy. Captain SIMMONS said a good deal about three dogs, which alarmed HOPKINS; also, that the Deacon was a tart man, and stingy of his Spitzbergen, like the old fellow in WESTER's spelling-book, who told the boys that 'if dirt would n't do, he would try what virtue their was in stones.' HOPKINS would have retreated, but like many a brave soldier in mid-fight he was afraid to be afraid. All went well. We reached the orchard 'in fine health and spirits.' Not a creature was stirring. Not even a mouse. 'HOPKINS, climb the tree!' said Captain SIMMONS. He did so, having first taken off his coat and shoes. The Spitzbergen tum-

bled down profusely on the lap of earth. Every scholar took a bite out of their rosy cheeks with the greediness of JEMMY TWITCHER in 'The Golden Farmer.' 'Shake harder!' roared the Captain. 'Bang! bang! bang!' The hay-stack was turned into a volcano. HOPKINS fell down off a limb like a withered apple, plump! — tearing his shirt in the fall. He was very much hurt. He bounced about a moment like a chicken without a head; then he 'fetched himself off,' with one hand on his knee-pan, and the other on his hip, limping like TORTILLARD in the 'Mysteries of Paris.' His companions were already gone. The explosion set a dozen dogs a-barking, 'making the night hideous.' With great difficulty he reached a grove replete with swine, eating nuts. In his agony of fright he mistook them for greedy dogs. Without coat or shoes, he clambered up into a tree, where he 'took lodging for the night.' Yes, poor HOPKINS staid there till early morning twilight, banging all the while his arms against his sides, to keep from freezing. Bare-footed and coatless, still in terror of dogs, he had not taken many steps, when he was so unfortunate as to fall headlong into a ditch of the Mohawk river. Presently he came to a bridge. He rammed his hand into his breeches-pocket, but 'had n't a d — n cent to pay the toll!' He strove to climb *under* the bridge, in order to get *around* it, and *over* his difficulty, but it was 'no go.' He told the toll-keeper that he was about to 'enter college,' and to trust him; but he 'could n't come it.' On the green he trembled to behold a member of the Faculty approaching. He hoped it was not the President. Yes, it was *Nott*. HOPKINS, in the term of expulsion, left the place, and now teaches a small school in Massachusetts. . . . 'Simms' *Southern Monthly Magazine*, it is announced, is to be merged in the Richmond 'Literary Messenger.' The editor resigns his office in evident disgust. 'Its duties,' he says, 'have been irksome,' and the magazine 'compensative neither in money nor other reward;' and he intimates that it is 'the last time he shall ever commit himself to similar labors.' We are sorry to see, in the number before us, in more than one instance, the Parthian arrows which are aimed at Mr. LONGFELLOW, one of our most popular poets. Every where in this country it is evident that MEMORY, that best of critics, treasures up and cherishes the effusions of LONGFELLOW's muse. Of the writings of his detractors and sneering commentators, how much is remembered, or laid up in the heart! Edition after edition of LONGFELLOW's writings, in prose and verse, are demanded by the public; and it is *The Public* who constitute his tribunal. As to the 'riff-raff translations' to which Mr. LONGFELLOW is said to have 'helped himself' in the 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' it must strike the sensible reader, we think, that valid condemnation of them should proceed from critics conversant with the languages from which they are rendered. We should consider Mr. BRYANT, for example, or the accomplished editor of the work in question, good authority on this point. Mr. LONGFELLOW has had the misfortune to be very successful, and he need not, and is happily so constituted that he does not, regard the 'natural consequences.' . . . We do not generally believe in the supernatural; but the following circumstance, narrated by a friend, has sadly shaken our faith. He had lost, some months before, a young and lovely wife. Returning late one stormy November evening from his place of business to his desolate home, revolving many sad memories, he distinctly felt, in one of the pauses of the fitful blast, that came burdened with hail and sleet from the north-west, a gentle tap upon his cheek, as if from a soft, cold hand; and this little token of endearment was one of the many upon which he had been pondering, in thinking, as he walked along, of his departed companion. Was that a touch of a spirit-hand? said he to himself; and while he yet trembled at the thought, another gentle tap, upon the other cheek, light indeed, but oh, how cold! startled him into an agony of undefinable apprehension. Again and again the same cold, soft touch visited his cheek; yet there was no human being in sight; no sound save the fitful wailing of the wind of night. He reached his door, almost exhausted with excitement; and when he opened it, by the dim light of the hall lamp, he saw as plainly as he ever beheld any object in his life — the cause of all his fear and dread! The long black crape 'weeper,' which it was the custom at that time to wear depending from the hat behind, frozen with sleet, had been at intervals flapping invisibly against either

cheek, as homeward he plodded his weary way. 'Enough said.' . . . Mr. CHAS. HOOVER, an accomplished writer, whose pen has often illustrated these pages, in an article in a late number of the 'Christian Parlor Magazine,' speaks thus eloquently of the *amor-patriæ* which should distinguish the American citizen: 'Amid the eternal frosts and storms of the poles, not less than among the perpetual verdure and spice-gales of the south, the thought, 'This is my own, my native land,' awakens a joy which gold cannot purchase, which time and distance cannot destroy. We all remember the historical fact, that it was found necessary to forbid the playing of certain national airs by the Swiss guards of the old French monarchy, because so powerful were the emotions excited by those remembrances of their Alpine homes, that the troops were unfitted for duty. So when the allied armies were returning from France, after the downfall of NAPOLEON, and came in sight of the river Rhine, the well-known southern boundary of Germany, the troops of that country were so overwhelmed with joy that many fainted, and whole regiments were for a time paralyzed with ecstasy. What then should naturally be expected to be the measure of an American's love for and devotion to the country that cradled him, amid whose varied and multiform beauty and magnificence of natural scenery, beneath whose benignant sky and mellow and mild political and moral influences, he has received his training? If the Caledonian finds poetry and beauty in the stern wildness, in the brown heath, and shaggy wood, and beetling crag of his native strand, and the very thistle that proclaims the poverty of his soil is dearer to his heart than a crown jewel; if the Switzer hears music in the rush of Alpine torrents, in the roar of mountain storms, in the crash and thunder of the avalanche; if the eye even of the pale Siberian and the shivering Iclander sparkles when you name his country, nursery though it be of tempest, and darkness, and eternal frosts, what in reason should be the emotions of an American citizen, when he looks abroad upon the noble heritage which God has given him?' By the by, one should travel abroad, in order properly to appreciate the many advantages of his own country. An excellent friend of ours, recently returned home after a prolonged sojourn in England; where magnificent wealth and squalid poverty, profusion and want, rank and servile condition, were in such marked contrast, that he was rendered constantly unhappy; this friend informs us, that when he neared the blue line of Neverink, and the American pilot came on board, with erect head and alert step, rolling a huge quid of tobacco in his cheek, spitting when and where he listed, and bearing himself like a freeman that had nobody to truckle to, nor to be afraid of, 'I could have hugged him,' said our friend, 'as fair a specimen of the *'don't-care-a-d--n-attismen'* which indicates the unfettered spirit of 'the American masses,' as they call our 'people in England.' There could scarcely be a better synopsis of what should constitute 'distinction,' in a republic like ours, than is contained in these two brief stanzas:

'I ASK not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of this world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If 'Yea' you answer, when I ask,
Hath he a true man's heart!

'I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed;
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of; but answer this:
Is he an honest MAN!

OUR esteemed correspondent, the author of the '*Pen-and-Ink Sketches*,' now in England, our readers will be glad to hear, will hereafter favor us with productions from some of the best and most popular pens in 'that ilk.' We wish our friend a pleasant sojourn in the land of his fathers, and a return, in the fulness of time, to the land he has left behind him. He is 'one of 'em' . . . 'JULIAN (ah! the 'artful deceiver!') has but recently joined the great fraternity of 'young married people!' Where now are gone his picturesque rejoicings over a newly-made father's hope, which were 'snatched up by the press' from the Bay of Fundy to the Rocky Mountains! Our readers have good cause to complain of his deception; and he owes it to himself, as well as to 'his friends and the public,' to make his original proposition good. In nautical phrase, therefore, oh! deprec-~~the~~ JULIAN, 'make it so!' In the mean time, may the sun of Happiness shine round thy head, and the gates of Plenty

and Honor be always open to thee and thine; may no sorrow distress thy days, may no grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek and that of thy beloved one, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams! And when years shall steal upon thee and thine, may thy age be full of pleasure instead of care; not like winter, but like a fine summer evening, or a mild Autumn, or like the light of a harvest-moon,

'WHICH sheds o'er all the sleeping sense
A soft nocturnal day!'

WE have been wofully berated lately by a correspondent of an evening print, for representing a voluminous southern novelist as experiencing 'the decadence of a limited sensational reputation.' And yet we spoke 'by the book.' Prices, supply and demand, were our *data*. Moreover, the very journal in which appears the communication referred to, did not hesitate to say: 'We doubt if the copy-right of all Mr. SIMMS's works, (some forty volumes, it is said,) would bring as much money in America or England, as the 'Sketch-Book' of IRVING, or the 'Norman Leslie' of FAY. In literature,' adds the editor, 'the popular man, the author who sells the best, who is read most, and oftentimes quoted, is the man whom the people will honor, in spite of all the critics.' We quite agree with our contemporary, that it is above the power of any single critic, or of all the critics in the country, to make an author popular who does not *make himself* so. . . . 'WHAT are you staring at Sir, may I ask?' said an imperial'd, moustached 'blood' to a 'Hoosier' on a Mississippi steam-boat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes: 'I thought so, by G—D!' exclaimed the 'Hoosier,' the moment the other spoke; 'I said you'd got a mouth, and I was only waitin' to be sart'in about it, to ask you to 'liquor.' Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care a d.—n which, *myself*.' The oddly-matched pair were left touching glasses at a crowded bar. . . . *The National Union Circus*, at the old 'Richmond Hill,' is now rejoicing in an *artiste* of incomparable grace and sustained power, Madame MACARTE, from Astley's London Amphitheatre. The house itself is extremely neat and well-ordered, and it is crowded with admiring auditors. We are pleased to see this establishment so well sustained, for it deserves the public favor. . . . 'M. C.'s apology of a 'bad pen' is no *excuse*. No citizen, who by simply calling upon our friend Mr. BARNET, at Number Two Barclay-street, can obtain, in C. C. WRIGHT AND COMPANY'S 'Croton,' 'Maintaining Spring,' 'Back Spring,' 'Minerva' and 'WASHINGTON' pens, a perfect substitute for the best quill-pen that was ever made, can have a good excuse for bad writing. . . . *Quips, Quirks and Quillets, by a Quill-Driver*, is a pleasant *melange* enough, but many of the 'concoctions' are *selections*, we suspect. Howbeit, here is a good conundrum 'asked and answered':

'WHEN did Fruit begin to swear?
When the first Apple d—d 'the Pair!'

This is going back to 'the good old days of ADAM and EVE' in reality. Here is a capital thought, and there are not a few examples of its truth in this same growing Gotham of ours: 'If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out.' . . . 'What is Learning?' writes a clever correspondent; 'I mean such 'learning' as one sees now-a-days assigned to men who boast perhaps of collegiate 'honors by courtesy,' and yet who never prepared to enter, much less to leave, a college in their lives! A man may *appear* learned, may he not, without talking in long sentences? — just as in ordinary gestures he discovers the fact that he can dance, though he does not get up on the floor and cut capers! There are certain American authors, of the 'secondary formation,' so to speak, who not only make the most of every thing that they do know, or acquire day by day, in 'cramming,' as it is termed, but who actually gain more credit by their adroit mode of hiding their ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempts to exhibit his erudition. Such persons have their *uses*, if 'uses' they may be called, no doubt; but can 'learning' justly be predicated of them?' . . . SEVERAL matters intended for this department, with notices of five or six new publications, are unavoidably postponed to the first number of our new volume.

LITERARY RECORD.—'Montezuma, the last of the Aztecs,' is the title of a historical romance, now passing through the press of Messrs. FAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, and which we think is destined to create what is termed 'a sensation.' The author has depicted MONTEZUMA as a man naturally brave, who in his earlier years had perilled life and limb in the service of his country; but with the spirit of resistance which under ordinary circumstances would have brought forth every energy of his mind, and all the resources of his vast empire, in an effort to drive the invader from the soil of his beloved country, is mingled a superstitious fear that the gods of Anahuac have decreed the destruction of his people, and the subversion of his throne to the white gods. This consciousness, acting upon his religious fears, palsies every effort of his mind, and renders him the willing slave to a designing priest, who, cloaking his deep-laid plans under the holy robe of religion, by supernatural omens and dark prophecies, which as the High Priest he alone can read, seeks to make MONTEZUMA what history tells us he became, the slave to unmanly terrors, the imbecile monarch, who yielded empire and throne without one effort for their safety. There is an episode, a manuscript found by TAUMFULITA, the priest, in the treasure-vaults of the palace of the late emperor, which is read by him within the sacred walls of the great Teocalli, to a vast assemblage, consisting of MONTEZUMA, his court, CORTES, his gay cavaliers, and the Aztec people, and which served to stifle the last energies which throbbed in the breast of the Aztec monarch. It is termed 'The Curse of QUETZALCOATL on the Sons of Anahuac,' and as a specimen of bold imagination and eloquent description will compare favorably with the best productions of the author, who is not unknown to fame. The work will doubtless be in the hands of many of our readers before our next issue. We have also received our friend Gen. MORRIS's popular songs and ballads, in a neat and handsome miniature volume, which will be likely to disappear from the publishers' shelves 'like snow-flakes in the river;' 'Rambles by Land and Water,' or notes of travel in Cuba and Mexico, including a canoe-voyage up the river Panuco, and researches among the ruins of Tamaulipas, etc., by B. M. NORMAN, author of 'Rambles in Yucatan,' and fair FANNY FORRESTER's 'Trippings in Authorland,' a collection of that lady's contributions to the 'Evening Mirror' and other journals. . . . A FRIEND and contemporary says truly of *Ceres and Hart's 'Diadem, for 1846,'* that it 'is a beautiful souvenir—beautiful in every respect.' It is of quarto size, and the engravings are ten in number, all mezzotints by SARTAIN. 'The Page,' frontispiece, is after a fancy head by HENRY INMAN, a highly finished and spirited engraving. The title-page is from a painting by LEUTYCH, and is exceedingly appropriate, representing the good angel of the Christmas and New-Year seasons bringing gifts for those festive days. 'The Homeless' is from an original picture by P. F. POOLE, an English artist. 'The Momentous Question,' representing a scene from CHAMBER'S Tales, and 'The Heart's Misgivings' are all very superior engravings, and would do credit to any English annual, while they far excel the great majority of the embellishments in those publications. 'The Falconer's Son,' and 'The Fisherman's Daughter,' taken from LANDSEER's fine picture known as 'Bolton Abbey,' and the 'Early Dawn' from CRISTALL, are even still more beautiful gems of art; and there is also a portrait of the late Mr. H. C. CAREY, which, as partly taken from memory, is highly creditable to the artist. The literary contents of the 'Diadem' are from good sources, and seem quite above the average of 'annual' literature. . . . SINCE their issue of Dr. DUBBIN's volumes on the East, elsewhere noticed, the BROTHERS HARPER have published DENNY's '*Philosophy of Mystery*,' a work of singular interest, comprising, in the form of a quaint colloquy, a discourse on supernaturalisms, and all such occult and unfathomable topics. The work forms number three of '*Harper's New Miscellany*,' a series full of promise and attraction; the forthcoming issues will afford some idea of its high character: HOLMES's 'Anecdotal Memoirs of MOZART'; PAROTT's 'Ascent of Mount Ararat'; 'Genius and Wisdom of BURKE'; 'BROWN's Life of HOWARD,' etc. The splendidly illustrated edition of '*The Wandering Jew*,' is advanced to its fourth number, about one-fourth of the entire work. The designs are truly gems of art. The French are far in advance of us in the drawing of the human figure: they exhibit grace and vigor of touch, unknown to almost any other school of design. The HARPERS are immediately to issue the literary and critical miscellanies of PARSCOTT, the historian of Spain and Mexico; the announcement of which fact will put the reading public on the *qui vive* for something 'reliable and savory.' A portrait of the author is to accompany the volume. The celebrated French '*Pocket-Atlas of Anatomy*' has just been translated by Prof. PATTERSON: the plates are admirably colored after nature. No work of the kind can pretend to any comparison with it, in point of beauty of execution. The HARPERS have done themselves honor, and the professional student a great service, by this liberal enterprise. A word about their '*Illuminated Bible*,' a superb work, now approaching its consummation. It is perhaps as well to whisper a secret in the ear of some of our friends as to the expediency of their losing no time

in securing the completion of their sets, or if they have not already commenced, to obtain a complete copy without fail, as the impressions of the first edition possess undoubted preference over the later issues. . . . AMONG MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S late publications we find a very charming little annual, '*The Rose, or Affection's Gift*' for 1846, edited by EMILY MARSHALL, illustrated with ten highly-finished steel engravings, and replete with interesting and instructive articles, in prose and verse. The 'getting-up' of the volume is in excellent taste. *Carlyle's Life of Schiller*, comprehending an examination of his works, a new edition, revised by the author, comes next; and a capital work it is, as we have already had occasion to show in these pages. The book forms the fifth number of APPLETON'S popular 'Literary Miscellany.' The same publishers have issued a small tome, giving '*The Masses and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church*,' translated into English, with notes and remarks, by Rev. J. R. COTTAR, A. M.; and a narrative of the '*Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842, and to Oregon in 1843-4*,' by Brev. Capt. J. C. FARMONT, of the Topographical Engineers.' . . . We have just received the '*Missionary Memorial, a new Religious Gift-Book*,' from the publisher, Mr. E. WALKER, Fulton-street; an elegant specimen of book-making; the design of which is to supersede the use of the inferior kind of *annuals*, which for want of a choice have so long continued in vogue. The contributors to this work include many of the most eminent writers of the country; they amount to thirty six; affording to a single volume an unusual variety and strength in its literary contents. A work so efficiently sustained in its literary department cannot fail of general popularity; and this is rendered doubly rare, by the fact that the work is splendidly produced, and *illuminated* by a rare and most effective colored frontispiece of a ship on fire from lightning. We recommend with pleasure this new candidate to the religious public at large, and to their liberal patronage. . . . MESSRS. CLARK AND AUSTIN have only answered a general demand, in publishing the very beautiful volume containing the poems of Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD. We are *glad* to announce the work, and *sorry* that we can do no more, at the late hour at which it reaches us. . . . Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's *New Publications* embrace '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,' LAMB'S '*English Dramatic Poets*,' in two volumes, and HAZLITT'S '*English Comic Writers*,' in the '*Library of Choice Reading*.' In their Foreign Library, we have '*The Rhine*,' by VICTOR HUGO; and in their '*Library of American Books*,' '*Western Clearings*,' a collection of admirable tales and sketches, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent and friend, Mrs. KIRKLAND. We remark among them several papers which appeared originally in these pages, and were at the time widely admired. To old and new readers, however, they will be equally welcome. '*The Mysteries of Tobacco*' is the title of a volume by the Rev. BENJAMIN I. LANE, with an 'Introductory Letter' by Dr. SAMUEL H. COX, of Brooklyn, also recently published by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. It illustrates the nature of tobacco, its influence upon the body, mind, and morals, its illusory powers, its filthiness and its expensiveness; a pretty copious catalogue of evils, which are traced out in elaborate detail. From the same publishers we have a well-printed volume, entitled, '*The Oath a Divine Ordinance, and an Element of the Social Constitution*,' an elaborate treatise on the origin, nature, ends, efficacy, lawfulness, obligations, interpretations, form and abuses of the Oath; by D. X. JUNKIN, A. M. . . . Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS have sent us quite a thick volume, containing the '*Proceedings and Debates of the late Episcopal Convention*,' held recently at St. John's Church in this city. The records are from the competent pen of ROBERT A. WEST, Esq., who has embodied all that was deemed worthy of preservation on the interesting occasion referred to. . . . FROST'S '*Pictorial History of the World*,' embellished with upward of five hundred historical engravings, executed in the best style of art, now publishing in numbers by Messrs. WALKER AND GILLIS, Philadelphia, is a work which deserves the amplest patronage. It will be embraced in three royal octavo volumes, each complete in itself, comprising Ancient History, the History of the Middle Ages, and Modern History. The paper, printing, designing, engraving, and general execution, literary and external, are of the first order of excellence. We wish the publishers entire success in their laudable and liberal enterprise. . . . THE Views and Ground-plans of the *Highland Cottages at Roxbury, near Boston*, designed and erected by Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY LANG, are certainly very creditable to that gentleman's taste and skill. The '*Bute Cottage*' is a charming residence; so too is the '*Youle Cottage*,' yet we prefer the first-named. The '*Glenn Cottage*' is certainly picturesque, but it strikes us as a little too much confused in the junction of some of its accessory additions. The drawings and engravings are excellent, and the typographical execution does great credit to the press of Messrs. BRIDGHAM AND FELCH. We welcome cordially all such works as the one before us. They are the results as well as the precursors of a present and growing taste in cottage architecture. . . . Mr. HENRY C. WATSON has assumed the editorship of a very valuable semi-monthly publication, entitled '*The Musical World*,' which will contain the most popular and standard songs, waltzes, marches, rondos, polkas, duets, glee, etc., for the piano-forte. The work is excel-

lently got up, and the two numbers before us contain several favorite airs, and two or three new pieces of music which could not elsewhere be obtained for double the price demanded by the publishers, Messrs. HOMANS AND ELLIS. . . . 'The Suedenberg Library,' edited by Rev. Dr. BUSE, and now being issued in numbers by Mr. JOHN ALLEN, 130 Nassau-street, is attracting much of the public attention. We believe that thousands upon thousands, who have heretofore wholly misconceived the character and doctrines of SWEDENBORG, will derive from these publications new views of both, beside obtaining from them many things which will give them a new insight into the spiritual world. The numbers are well printed, upon good paper, and afforded at one shilling per part. . . . 'The May-Queen; a Cantata in three Parts,' the poetry written by ALFRED TENNYSON, the music by Mr. WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, has been completed by Mr. OLIVER DITSON, Boston, in a style of execution in keeping with the excellence of the noble poetry and touching music which it 'arrests, and hands down to all time.' Let no one, who can gain the opportunity, fail to hear, once at least, the music of 'the May-Queen' from the lips of the composer himself. We learn, that of all the many popular pieces which Mr. DEMPSTER sings at his concerts, none can compare in 'force of attraction with the 'May-Queen.' It has already reached an unprecedentedly large sale, and the demand for it is as great as ever. 'Go where the Mists are Sleeping,' is the title of a vocal duett, written by WILLIAM SING, the music by J. DANIEL. The words are well adapted to musical expression, and Mr. DANIEL has evinced fine taste in the melody and distribution of the voices. It is accompanied in a masterly manner. 'The Shades of Eve are Falling Fast,' by the same composer, is a very charming serenade. They are published by REED, of Boston, and may be had of Messrs. WILEY AND COMPANY in this city. We derive also from Messrs. HOMANS AND ELLIS, 293 Broadway, 'Pestals, or Prison-Walks,' arranged for the Piano Forte. 'The Shilling Library' is the title of a weekly series of small volumes, from the press of Messrs. HOMANS AND ELLIS, Broadway. The three numbers before us contain 'The Mother's Medical Adviser,' a 'Description of Cotton, from the Pod to the Factory,' and a 'History of the Christian Sects; their Origin, Progress, Tenets, Rites and Ceremonies.' This 'Library' promises to place a great variety of books, embracing art, science, history, and fiction, within the reach of the humblest family in the community. . . . We have from the 'Daily Atlas' office at Cincinnati, a pamphlet entitled 'Justice to the Memory of John Fitch,' who, in 1785, invented a steam-engine and steam-boat, planned, constructed and put in operation the steam-boat 'Perseverance,' of sixty tons, moving at the rate of eight miles an hour, in 1788. By CHARLES WHITTLESSEY. It does no more than 'justice' to one of the very earliest of the pioneers in the science of steam; a man without education or property, struggling against adversity, against ridicule, neglect, want, and an accumulation of misfortunes, to perfect an invention which his age could not comprehend. . . . 'The National Magazine and Industrial Record,' published opposite St. Paul's Church, at five dollars per annum in advance, and edited by REDWOOD FISKE, Esq., has reached its fifth number. It has been well sustained, as we learn, from the beginning, and is now placed upon the most permanent basis. The object of the work is, to develop all the great resources of the country, as they are shown in its Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce; and in addition to essays and statements on these great national interests, the subjects which it contains are diversified by occasional articles on American History, Biography, and Literature; notices of Manufacturing Towns and Villages; Internal Improvements, particularly in Canals and Rail Roads; New Inventions of importance, and American advancement in the Arts; with various Statistical Tables elucidating the progress of National Industry. In the statistical department of the work, the editor has secured the assistance of Mr. EDWIN WILLIAMS, who is favorably known to the public for his experience and accuracy in researches of this nature. Our friends have our best wishes for the success of their useful and laudable enterprise. . . . We have before us a beautiful little annual, 'The Laurel Wreath,' edited by the Rev. S. D. BURCHARD, Pastor of the Houston-street church, and published by S. ANDREWS AND SON, Hartford, Conn. The articles are entirely original, and by some of our best writers. The name of the editor gives us assurance that its pages contain nothing that is not calculated to mend the heart and improve the morals. The 'Laurel Wreath' goes forth to the world with our best wishes for its success. As a neat and appropriate present for the holidays, we cordially recommend it. . . . 'The Chainbearer,' by J. FENIMORE COOPER, just issued by Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, is one of the very best of our distinguished novelist's recent works, if we may judge from a cursory examination of its pages. We shall have more to say of it hereafter. From the same publishers we have 'The O'Donohue' and 'St. Patrick's Eve,' by the author of 'Charles O'Malley.' The name of the author renders it unnecessary to add a word in praise of the book. . . . 'The Gazette Francaise,' edited by FELIX DAUOIN, and published at No. 26 South Twelfth street, Philadelphia, is a very interesting and valuable sheet, especially for the young, and all who are studying French. It will contain a synopsis of the literature, science, fine arts, etc., of the French capital, embracing always the most recent publications. It cannot fail to succeed.

i.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JANUARY 1960

TO THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF THE COLLEGE

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of January 14, 1960, regarding the proposed appointment of Dr. [Name] to the position of [Position].

The Faculty of the College has considered the matter and has voted to recommend the appointment of Dr. [Name] to the position of [Position] for a term of [Term].

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Signature]

[Title]
[Institution]

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BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.





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